

Eve's Journey



1923

Written and edited by
Gill Brackenbury

EVE'S JOURNEY: 1923

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For Ben

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Eve and Hotep, Dyneley House Private Hotel, Skipton, UK, in 1923

PREFACE

Coming as an immigrant to New Zealand, a small infant with my nuclear family, I never had any real sense of extended family. New Zealand is my home, but England holds the key to my cultural and family heritage. In pursuit of a sense of belonging, I delved into the history of my forebears: there is one person, especially, whose story captured my imagination — that of my rather out-of-the-ordinary paternal grandmother, Doris, who left a particular diary ...

The initial part of this book is a cameo of Doris' life which sets the scene before the reader accompanies her on a solo journey from Derby to Scotland with her pack donkey, Hotep — then her travel without Hotep, an episode punctuated by memorable escapades as she makes her way back to London, variously on-foot or by vehicle. On the way, she follows unconventional paths of interest and struggles to make a difficult life-defining decision. Her story is a captivating account of her journey and all the while the reader is immersed in history: the everyday life experiences and social mores of the early 1920s.

Doris, or Eve as she was also known, did not seem to comfortably fit, nor did she seem to accept, the social norms of her generation. She was very human, a determined and rather independent thinker, and controversial at times.

Her diary conversation is laced with wry commentary, and commonplace occurrences are often enlivened with her spark of wickedness and individualistic approach. Most of all one has to admire her pluck as she explores personal boundaries, meets challenges with courage and curiosity, and progresses — often battling harsh weather — on her physical and emotional journey.

Gill Brackenbury

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- my grandmother, whom I barely knew, for having the courage to leave behind such a personal and intriguing document which provides wonderful insight not only into her character and interests, but also into the social mores and environment of the time.
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Gill F. Brackenbury, Wellington, New Zealand, September 2018

PART 1: A SINGULAR WOMAN - DORIS AND EVE

by Gill Brackenbury

There was always something in the air whenever my grandmother Brackenbury, Doris, was mentioned. Our family had come to New Zealand in 1952 from England when I was 18 months old, and my earliest recollections of my paternal grandmother were her Christmas cards and money order from 'home' with her small, neat handwriting saying: 'with love from Grandmother'. Not knowing my grandmother at all meant that any snippets of information about her were somewhat abstract and did not become meaningful until I was an adult — then I became curious about her ...

Doris Noel Lovell was born on Christmas Eve, 1892, in Croydon, South London.

She was one of four children: brother Kingsley, who died when a small child; brother Lesley, killed in action 1916 (World War 1); and her older brother Gordon.



Doris with her mother Alice, c. 1894

Doris' mother, Alice, was a very religious woman. Doris was puzzled by her mother, saying they were never friends and that she had been somewhat afraid of her when she was very young. She rather wryly observes that her mother "and her friends always did what God told them, they left every decision to him. I often thought it strange that so many decisions he made for them were to their advantage."¹ She confessed that she wasn't very partial to the clerical fraternity, writing: "As children at home we hated the sight of them, and used to call our house The Curate's Home. They always seemed to be about the house, or in bed in the spare room having influenza." Luckily, it appears she had a childhood ally in her brother Gordon.

Doris' father, Arthur, worked for the well-known family firm, Lovell and Christmas on Smithfield, and the family lived in a house called 'Courtlands', Somers Road, Reigate, complete with butler and cook.²

Gordon and Doris seem to have had a life-long warm and supportive relationship. Gordon also worked in the family firm, and Doris' diaries record that he helped her financially in her later years. They corresponded and phoned each other regularly until late in 1980 when Gordon was 90 and Doris 88 years old — both having become very frail.



Leslie, Doris and Gordon at home, c. 1913

It has not been possible to discover much about Doris in her youth. Her family photograph album shows her at home with her brothers circa 1913, on a 1914 walking tour in Wales, at the beach on a horse, and boating with her brother Gordon on the River Cam, Cambridge in 1915. My maternal grandfather (who was also Doris' cousin) remembered her as a beautiful young woman and that she played a violin in the woods near her home — an enchanting image.



Doris on a walking tour in Wales, April 1914



Gordon and Doris on the River Cam, 1915

All the family became involved in the First World War (WW1): Doris, her father Arthur, her two brothers Gordon and Lesley, and her mother Alice who was a nursing matron during that time. From an unexpected source³ there is an anecdote about Doris when she was an ambulance driver during the war: "... a Zeppelin ... was shot down near London. Mrs Brackenbury was present in the course of her duties as an ambulance driver, and in walking over the field she discovered the body of one of the crew at some distance from the wreckage"

Old photographs show Doris in the uniform of the Women's Reserve Ambulance Corps (WRA), Green Cross Society. The WRA, which was established in June 1915,⁴ "was structured on military lines and members worked as ambulance drivers transporting soldiers from railway stations⁵ to hospitals, as night ambulance patrols for Zeppelin raids in connection with the D Division Metropolitan Police, transporting shells, delivering supplies, as orderlies in military hospitals" ⁶



Left to Right: Doris' father (Arthur Lovell), brother (Gordon Lovell), Doris, and a friend Jack, 1915

These women, mostly from genteel backgrounds, saw many very grim sights.⁷

Doris' experiences in WW1 would, undoubtedly, have had a profound effect on her. In her 1923 diary, there are references which appear to be related to war events: "I cannot bear sudden noises such as guns and thunder" Then on reaching York, 6 November 1923, she notes: "Don't care much for York — it has unpleasant associations too, perhaps that's the reason — a very different person arrived here one morning early — certainly 8 years ago, if not more." Given the timing, it is likely that the 'unpleasant associations' were the war. As one of the 196 receiving stations in the UK, "York struggled to cope with the influx of the war wounded, no fewer than 12 auxiliary hospitals were established in the city to treat those suffering both psychological and physical injuries."⁸ It is feasible that Doris was posted there for a time.



Doris driving a Cheshire Volunteer Regiment car, 1915

While not experiencing the extreme conditions of the young female ambulance drivers at the front in France,⁹ Doris would still have had to adopt coping strategies after the shock transition from normal civilian life to war work. Life now meant picking up the maimed and the wounded, and being present at, or near, bombing raids — there was no place for polite social veneer — interactions and language became, perhaps, more honest.

Another legacy of the war was a huge change for women in all parts of social and economic life. Before the war, young

women like Doris “had to be chaperoned on every social outing...”.¹⁰ War meant that those who became nurses and ambulance drivers rapidly had their eyes opened to life-in-the-raw, and the old sexual etiquette became no longer relevant. Also, most of these women would not have previously worked; “many ... developed new skills, self-confidence and contacts in their war jobs and were able to capitalise on these gains after the war in terms of greater freedoms both at work and in personal relationships.”¹¹

Politically, the landscape was also changing: “The Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act of 1919 made it illegal to exclude women from jobs because of their gender. ... Moreover, the 1918 Representation of the People Act enfranchised 8.5 million women, giving them a voice in Britain’s government for the first time.”¹²

In considering the roles of both men and women in relation to the war, Susan Grayzel (2014) wrote:

“Certain norms of Western middle-class femininity all but disappeared, and women’s visible appearance before 1914 and after 1918 markedly differed — with many women having shorter hair and wearing shorter skirts or even trousers. New forms of social interaction between the sexes and across class lines became possible, but expectations about family and domestic life as the main concern of women remained unaltered.”¹³

Doris appears to embody the effects of war experience and social changes on young women: by the way that she behaved and dressed, in her very matter-of-fact approach to men and sexuality, and the relative ease with which she took to travelling by herself.

It has become evident from diaries, letters and other documents that Doris wrote, that she was an intelligent, unconventional, complex, and cultured person, and in the narrative that follows (Parts 2–3) one gets glimpses through

a word-window into the world of this not-so-ordinary woman. I am sorry that I did not know her better and learn more of her life first-hand. But I did finally meet her in the early 1970s during the two years I lived in England, and I got a taste of the rebel still in her as she tried to shock my 21-year-old self with an extremely outrageous comment! It struck me then that she would have found life so much easier had she been young in the 1960s and 1970s!

At some stage, probably the early 1920s, my grandmother began using the name Eve. Documents show that she called herself Eve when she 'decided to go on an adventure' in 1923, and that she was Eve in 1946.¹⁴ An inscription found in one of her books (a gift to her in 1977) indicates that some people always knew her as Eve.



Eve on tour in Scotland, 1930

One can only speculate about her name use (the day she was born?), but it seems likely it was linked to her relationship with my grandfather, Graham Brackenbury, whom she married in July 1924 — Graham certainly had a penchant for name change....

Graham was born into the Simmons family, 2 August 1880, and named Ewart Walter. He was the third child of Mary and Edwin Simmons who had nine children. Edwin was an antique furniture dealer in London, moving to Clifton, Bristol sometime before 1897.

In the 1901 England Census, Ewart is noted as self-employed and living at home. Then in July 1906, when he was 25, he married the journalist and author Anita Bartle. Anita mixed in wider art circles¹⁵ and “knew everyone”,¹⁶ and it is about this time that Ewart became rather creative with his name. Their marriage certificate shows that by then he had five (or is it six?) forenames: Aloysius Gabriel Jose-Maria Ewart Walter Simmons, and Anita is recorded as Anna Ursula Agatha Juana Craven Bartle. Not long afterwards they changed their surname from Simmons to Brackenbury and in the 1911 Census of England they, and their children, bear the name Brackenbury. They were divorced 18 years later in 1924.

There is no clear motive for these name changes but, given the social milieu that Anita moved in, they may have simply desired a more flamboyant image in keeping with their social sphere — artists Sir William Orpen, Charles Stabb, Everard Meynell and Everard’s mother, Alice, an English writer, editor, critic and suffragist were witnesses at their wedding.

Eventually Aloysius Gabriel called himself Graham, with the first written references to this being found in 1923 and on his marriage to Doris Noel Eve Lovell, 16 July 1924, Graham’s names are recorded as ‘Aloysius Graham Ewart Walter Simmons otherwise Brackenbury’. Thankfully, he remained Aloysius Graham Brackenbury for the rest of his life!¹⁷

Records show that Graham was a talented inventor, and I was told that he was a rather tense, enigmatic person. A friend of his family was Sir Hiram Maxim¹⁸ who encouraged him, when he was a school-boy, to develop his inventive flair. Graham spent some of his earlier career as a member of Sir Hiram’s firm, Vickers-Maxim; he later joined Westinghouse Brake Company, staying for over 25 years. In that time

Graham developed a number of important inventions. His work was reviewed in a Westinghouse publication:¹⁹

“With L.J. Le Clair, he started up and developed the automatic vacuum-brake side of our business. ... His was the technical job. Mr Le Clair looked mainly after the selling end. Their joint patents, and those in Graham Brackenbury’s name alone, cover the entire range of the modernisation of the automatic vacuum brake, and have put this Company far in the lead in this field.”

Graham had yet another string to his bow as revealed by the 1911 Census of England and Wales — he describes his profession as ‘publisher’.

It was after Graham died in November 1952, in his early seventies, that references to my grandmother show that she started to use the name Doris again. Maybe she simply didn’t wish to be Eve anymore after Graham had died. In fact, she had remained ‘Doris’ to her immediate family, and was always referred to as Doris by our mother and father.

From conversations with family members, and from her papers it is clear that my grandmother had many interests: archaeology and history, the arcane (psychic research and ancient rites), interests in the literary world, country life and animals — goats in particular. Her interest in history was the most enduring. During a 1923 tour in Scotland she pursued not only information about historic architecture, castles and customs but also the more unusual, such as the history of witchcraft and a bizarre Scottish aristocratic cult originating in the 1700s that she stumbled across in Edinburgh.

Later in life her interest in history expressed itself in her involvement in archaeology and researching historical Bath. When I met my grandmother in Bath for the first time, in December 1971, she was soon to have her 79th birthday

and was still keenly interested and involved in historical research.

Before the Second World War, Eve and Graham lived at 12 West Smithfield, 'Smithfield Chambers', in the heart of London where Graham worked at Westinghouse in York Way, not far away. In 1939, at the start of the war, Westinghouse evacuated to Chippenham, Wiltshire, and Graham and Eve moved to Lime Kiln Cottage in nearby Grittleton.



Graham at Grittleton, Wiltshire, c. 1941



Eve at Grittleton, Wiltshire, c. 1941



Eve and goat, Pan, at Grittleton, Wiltshire, c 1941



Graham and goat, Pan, at Grittleton, Wiltshire, c. 1941

In a letter to Rebecca West dated 3 May 1946,²⁰ Eve wrote:

“We were turned out of our cottage at the end of the war and were forced to buy a house as my husband’s firm are still in Chippenham and no-one knows when they are returning to London. We had to give up our lovely flat in Smithfield after keeping it on all through the war to house our furniture.”

They were lucky to find, at an affordable price, the lovely country house ‘Little Fosse’ on the Fosse Way²¹ in the Nettleton countryside overlooking the beautiful Castlecombe valley in the Cotswolds. The house, complete with tithe barn, was originally a farmhouse, became a coaching house and then a pub called ‘The Jolly Trooper’. In the ‘Oakroom’ they had discovered a smuggler’s hiding cupboard with a tiny window looking down the road at floor level. Eve described the property to Rebecca: “It is 16th century with 8 ½ acres of land attached which we have let to a farmer for grazing. We have over 70 fruit trees ... apples, plums, pears, gooseberries, currants” There was also a large garden. The house had been completely modernised before the war with an electric plant for lighting and water, going onto main electricity in May 1946.

Upstairs was a self-contained furnished flat in which my parents lived for a time around 1948–1949 when my older brother was a toddler.

Eve's goats at Little Fosse were kept in the garden not far from the house. My mother told of an amusing incident when a goat emerged from the long drop and walked imperiously up the path carrying a toilet roll.

While running her goats nearby in Wick Wood on the Fosse Way in 1951, Eve discovered some Roman ruins. There are two anecdotes relating to the discovery; the first was that a goat had overturned a stone with a carved edge which Eve recognised as being from an ancient building. The second was that she heard a thumping sound, the ground sounding hollow underneath her feet. Most probably, both happened! In any event she brought her find to the attention of archaeologist William Wedlake who was involved in excavations at another site, Camerton, Somerset, also on the Fosse Way. He was keen to investigate the Wick Wood site but work didn't begin there until 1956.

In the interim Graham had died, Eve was forced to leave Little Fosse and so had moved to Bath. However, she joined the excavation team and in our family photograph album there is a photograph of her (now Doris again) working at the excavation site. Her note with the photograph is dated 30 September 1956 and reads: "Wick Wood, Nettleton ... part of an octagonal building Partially excavated and visited by Sir Mortimer Wheeler²² in 1956. May be a family tomb 1st–4th century A.D."

During the first five years of excavation at Wick Wood, the large octagonal Roman structure on the south side of Broadmead Brook was fully excavated and proved to be a shrine of Apollo, a place of pilgrimage in Roman times. In the book detailing the extensive work in the area, *The Excavation of the Shrine of Apollo at Nettleton, Wiltshire*,

1956-1971, Doris is acknowledged in the Preface as having brought the wall foundations in Wick Wood to the attention of the author, W.J. Wedlake. She is also thanked for her role as recorder.²³ It was a great delight to find three photographs of her in the book.



Doris at the Wick Wood Excavation Site near the inner circular face of second-phase octagonal podium wall, Nettleton, Wiltshire (By kind permission of The Society of Antiquaries of London)

Later Doris became interested in the Anglo-Saxon Boundaries of Grittleton and Nettleton in Wiltshire, and between 1959 and 1962 carried out research with A.E. Shore, identifying these.

Their typewritten document, which comprises an extensive list of field names against tithe numbers, is held in Bath Library.

Tithe Nos.	Sheet Nos.	Names
115	XII.16	Bull Furlong
116	XII.16	Part of Town Lease <i>Paline</i>
117	XII.16	Ditto <i>Asable</i>
118	XII.16	Great Bull Furlong <i>Asale</i>
119	XII.16	Patch
120	XII.16	Little Bury Croft
121	XII.16	Berry Croft. (Beryes Croft, 2 closes in 1528. Barycroft, 1518)
122	XII.16	Town Lease <i>Paline</i>
130	XII.16	Lon Sands <i>Paline's head</i> 1518
132	XII.16	Saari's Jockeys
133	XII.16	Shepherd's Head
134	XII.16	Lower Jockey's (now a Plantation) 1518
135	XII.16	Middle Jockey's (Jockey is probably a corruption of 'Jagges'. There was a 'Tumt' named 'Jagges' there in 1615 and 1657. [W.A.S. vol. XLIV])
137	XII.16	Upper Jockey's
138	XII.16	Lower Field
139	XII.16	Tight Four Acres
140	XII.16	Shepherd's Ground
141	XII.16	Lower New Lease
142	XII.16	Upper New Lease

Anglo-Saxon Boundaries Study by D.N. Brackenbury and A.E. Shore (Document held in Bath Library, photograph by D. Robertson)

Maps and papers relating to their 'Nettleton and Grittleton Charter Bounds' study are held by the Bath Record Office, Guildhall.²⁴ Also, the field names of these and other villages are apparently hand-printed on 25 inches to one-mile-scale maps in the library of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society in Devizes. A boundary record description indicates that the hundreds of field names they listed were sourced from documents going back to 940 AD.²⁵

In November 1965 Doris moved to Darlington Place in Bath, where she said she was happy, and from where you could see the whole City of Bath.



Doris at Darlington Place, Bath, 1968



Darlington Place back garden, 2016 (Photograph by D. Robertson)

Her diaries from 1969 reveal that she was a constant visitor to Bath Library, the Reference Library and The Guildhall, spending a good deal of time there, and in a family letter²⁶ wrote:

“What I find so fascinating about research is the way it lures one into further and further research down strange and unexpected bypaths. ... I am now making a short report on the history of an old Inn I found in ruins on the banks of our Canal. It was called ‘The Folly’ and it was the sight of the name on a map of 1840 that aroused my interest. I decided to find out why it was called ‘The Folly’. I did not know when I found it that it had been an inn which was bombed in 1942. I used to go and sit on a seat by the Canal and tackle any human being who looked old enough to know the local history and I got some very good results too.”

As a freelance researcher Doris, while continuing to pursue her own areas of interest, also responded to requests for information from historical records, noting in November 1971²⁷ that she had just finished a well-paid job that lasted a year!

In 1971, Doris told me about having won a prize for her research on ‘The Folly’, tracing its history and change of

function over time. Her research, written in typescript, is now in the Bath Library entitled 'The Folly, 1742-1942, Farmhouse, Pleasure Garden and Tavern' by D.N. Brackenbury, Bath (1970). Doris entered her research into the Local History Research Awards run by Bath Municipal Libraries and an article in the *Bath Chronicle*, 15 January 1971, states that D.N. Brackenbury of 17 Darlington Place, Bath, won second prize, (£7-7-0) for the best piece of research into lesser known parts of Bath's history.²⁸

In 1973 Doris was still earning some money doing genealogical research for people and tracing burial places or historical places of residence. It was not until November 1975 that she noted in her diary she could do no more research, and by 7 January 1976 she was registered as blind, although she still had limited sight.

Doris' interest in the arcane piqued my curiosity. Two papers²⁹ she had been involved with concerned investigations of supposedly supernormal occurrences in the late 1920s. These had been in my family's possession for years and provided a good starting point for enquiry. I began with the Society of Psychical Research, UK (S.P.R.) and found numerous references to E. Brackenbury on their website library. The S.P.R. advised that their Council minutes of that period were held in the Cambridge University Library Archives and the Library Archivist there was kindly able to provide Eve's membership details as follows: "The minutes record that Eve became a member on 1st December 1927 and at the same meeting it was proposed that she should work as a part-time assistant to Dr Woolley.³⁰ Her appointment was confirmed at the meeting on 7th March 1928 and states that she was to be paid 35 shillings a week. On 30th December 1931 it was recommended that her employment should be terminated as part of several cost saving measures." The Great

Depression of the 1930s was biting and the Society was struggling for funds.

I found several investigations that Doris (known as Eve at that time) had been involved in, mostly with Dr VJ. Woolley who was a British physiologist and parapsychologist. The extraordinary cases make entertaining reading and a summary of each is included in the appendices at the end of the book. Happily, Eve was not one to have the wool pulled over her eyes!

The earliest report of Eve's that I could find was from January 1927,³¹ concerning the controversial Australian spiritualist medium Charles Bailey who, although exposed as a fraud, continued to be lauded by the spiritualist community. That month Eve had attended a seance in Croydon, England, conducted by a medium Mills-Tanner whom she suspected was actually the Australian, Charles Bailey. She reported her observations of the seance and her suspicions to Dr Dingwall³² the research officer for the S.P.R. at that time. Her report opened up a new path of investigation into Charles Bailey. There is also a curious anecdote relating to her investigations where she writes of visiting a free healing circle for the sick poor of Lambeth that she believed was being run by Charles Bailey under the pseudonym, Mills-Tanner. She does not like what she sees and makes a plan: "Next Friday I am going to play the violin at this circle to 'help the vibrations'. There are many methods by which one can obtain inside information." Unfortunately, I could find no record of the outcome of this. Notes from H. Irwin's biographical study of Charles Bailey, along with Eve's delightfully mocking correspondence, are in Appendix 1.

The second report is 'The Battersea Case' which is Eve's typescript of the observations of herself and Dr Woolley in early 1928, at No.8 Eland Road, Battersea, "The house in

which disturbances of a supernormal nature are alleged to have taken place”

Eve recorded that for a few months, at the Eland Road house, furniture had been toppled and broken, windows broken and pieces of coal, soda, coins, and stones seeming to fly around by themselves, hitting people, windows, walls and doors. The resident family had become quite irrational about the happenings and were convinced that a supernormal element was to blame.

The S.P.R. were asked to investigate on 18 January and by 7 February, after recording the family’s account and observing over several days, Eve wrote: “I was quite convinced everything I had seen so far was done by Peter. ...” It was the 14-year-old boy who had been the ‘poltergeist’. She divulged this to the boy’s family and notes: “The S.P.R. came in for a certain amount of abuse but gradually they all calmed down” Apparently, the family were hard to convince and indeed it turned out there were reasons why they wished to continue to believe in the existence of the supernormal happenings, and therefore provide justification for them leaving the house

Eve prepared this report for the British Psychological Society Symposium II 1932 and a condensed version of this can be found in Appendix 2.

The next is a paper by V.J. Woolley and Eve, ‘II The Margery Mediumship,³³ and the London Sitzings of December 1929, A Criticism of the Method of Control’. Here Eve and Woolley meticulously record the ‘Margery’ seance demonstrations in order to make an ‘estimate of the mediumship’ and examine the effectiveness of Dr Crandon’s method of control of the ‘medium’ his wife, which he claimed he did by tying her firmly to a chair and using a specially made table and chair so she allegedly could not physically do any manipulations during the seance. Eve and Dr Woolley were

not convinced and again the scene description, the theatre of the seance and its choreographed distractions makes head-shaking reading. An outline of this case is in Appendix 3.



Left to right: Eve Brackenbury, Dr V.J. Woolley, Herr Krauss, E.R. Dodds, (others unknown) at Herr Krauss' house near Munich, Germany, 1928

Because of his link with Eve, I was curious about Dr Woolley and searched for other references to him, coming across one in E.R. Dodds'³⁴ autobiography *Missing Persons*. Completely unexpectedly, there too was a reference to Eve! Dodds' anecdote concerned a visit to Munich in 1928 for "sittings with the most celebrated 'physical mediums' of the twenties and thirties, the brothers Willi and Rudi Schneider. In 1928 their patron and manager, Baron von Schrenck-Notzing,³⁵ invited the S.P.R. to send a small delegation to Munich to witness their phenomena; it consisted of Dr V.J. Woolley (Research Officer of the S.P.R.), Mrs Brackenbury (a tough little sceptic), Miss Nea Walker (a spiritualist, secretary to Sir Oliver Lodge),³⁶ and myself."³⁷

This was a wonderful find! Finally, here was an explanation for several puzzling photographs in her family album showing Eve with Dr Woolley and E.R. Dodds at the home of a Herr Krauss near Munich, Germany in 1928. The relevant

excerpt from E.R. Dodds' autobiography describing the seance performance is in Appendix 4.

The last S.P.R. reference to Eve that intrigued me was connected with the 'Jack the Ripper' case, 1888. In an article published by the Society, D.J. West in 1949³⁸ reviewed the personal accounts and facts relating to the claims of the medium R. Lees, that he had traced the 'Ripper' and that he had informed Scotland Yard of this. West refers to follow-up interviews that Eve had done at Scotland Yard in 1931.

These interviews could well have been motivated by the report in the *Illustrated Leicester Chronicle*, 23 November 1929, that R.J. Lees confirmed his previous claims. West writes:

"In 1931 Mrs Brackenbury, who was then working for the Society, visited Scotland Yard and discussed the case with C.I.D. officials, one of whom had been keeper of the criminal records since 1901. No-one there had ever heard of R.J. Lees or of any medium connected with the Ripper murders. Mrs Brackenbury also questioned ex-Inspector Wensley, who had been a police constable in Whitechapel at the time of the murders. He had never heard, either at Scotland Yard or at any police station, any mention of the alleged visits and revelations of Mr Lees, although he felt certain that he would have heard of it if such an extraordinary thing had actually happened."

Eve's findings corroborated D.J. West's conclusion that the claim of the medium, R. Lees, "was not supported by known facts. ..." Notes from D.J. West's paper about the intrigue are in Appendix 5.

The last payment of salary to Eve, by the Society for Psychical Research, was for the month January 1932,³⁹ after her cost-cutting employment termination of December 1931.

The next glimpse of Eve's working life comes from the '1939 England and Wales Register' where her personal occupation is recorded as 'Secretarial Work - Colonic Irrigation' and 'Private Investigation'. The secretarial work was at a Harley Street practice,⁴⁰ the private investigation remains a tantalising unknown.

Eve also had links to the literary world. Working with Dr Woolley and E.R. Dodds for the S.P.R., she could possibly have had an opportunity to meet E.M. Forster, Aldous Huxley, and T.S. Eliot. But the most likely associations for her would have been made through Graham's social network. Graham being a publisher when he was younger, and his social life with his first wife Anita, provides a context for the 1940's Westinghouse article note: "His private interests have led him towards the world of art and letters, and he numbers many artists and writers among his personal friends."⁴¹

Archival material gives a sense of this social group. Anita Bartle's successful two-volume "anthology, 'This is my Birthday' (1902) compiled from her column published in the *Daily Chronicle* ... consisted of quotations relating to a famous person who was born on that day". These were accompanied by a host of autographs, signatures, musical notations and sketches by artists and writers — contributors and others she'd met — including H.G. Wells, D.H. Lawrence, George Bernard Shaw, Thomas Hardy, Leo Tolstoy, Hans Richter and William Orpen, amongst many others.⁴² Partly through the success of this book, she became friendly with many of the contributors. Notably, The Tate Gallery holds correspondence between D.H. Lawrence and Anita⁴³ and houses Sir William Orpen's⁴⁴ portrait of 'Anita', 1905, which Orpen presented to Anita on her marriage to Graham Brackenbury — then known as Aloysius Gabriel J.M.E.W. Simmons — in 1906.⁴⁵

Therefore, through friends Graham made during his first marriage and his own contacts, Eve would have met some of the well-known artists and writers of the time.

It was common knowledge in our family that Eve had travelled for a time in Europe as private secretary for the writer Rebecca West.⁴⁶ There is a photograph of Rebecca in Eve's family album, but frustratingly there is no information to provide a context for it, only the name and date, 1937.



Rebecca West, 1937 (Source: Eve Brackenbury's photograph album)

Judging by the letters I have obtained, Eve and Rebecca had a warm relationship. They write about their life and family and express the desire that each visit the other — Rebecca writes on 9 May 1946: “My dear Eve, ... I do hope if you are near you will come and spend a night with us. ... Your life sounds very amusing and interesting, ... I think you sound very happy.”

Eve herself enjoyed writing. In her letter to Rebecca, 12 May 1946, she wrote:

“Soon after I got my first goat I joined the British Goat Society and heard from the Secretary that they wanted to

produce a large hand-book on goats of about five hundred thousand words. ... so I undertook to do all the typing for the book and worked on it for nearly three years. It was most interesting and led me into corresponding with all sorts of strange people like Huxley,⁴⁷ Robert Graves — I had two extraordinary letters from him — Gilbert Murray⁴⁸ and various Museum officials. I have also written three sections of it myself. I make various odd guineas from time to time writing about goats for the various publications. ... I wonder if you are still writing. I am rather out of touch with the literary world now”

And so, this leads to Eve’s love of goats. She was heard to say, on more than one occasion, that she preferred goats to people! Photographs show that from 1940, when living in the country, Eve kept at least one goat.

During World War II, with her goat Pan harnessed, she did household collections of waste paper as part of the National Salvage Scheme.

Two photographs we have attest to her success. *The Bath Chronicle* photograph of 1941, has the caption “GOAT TO IT” and states: “This goat, owned by Mrs Eve Brackenbury, of Grittleton, has collected three-quarters of a ton of waste paper in the village salvage scheme.” The second photograph, displayed at an Art and Crafts exhibition at the Westinghouse Brake Co., Chippenham in 1942, shows Eve and Pan outside Grittleton rectory. This time the caption reads: “On Salvage Duty — 1¼ tons of waste paper already collected”.

When they moved to Little Fosse in Nettleton after the war, Eve bred goats and used their milk, regularly drinking a pint a day. At that time she could not keep more than three goats as the feeding was too difficult so she didn’t have enough milk to make butter and only made a few cheeses. She wrote:

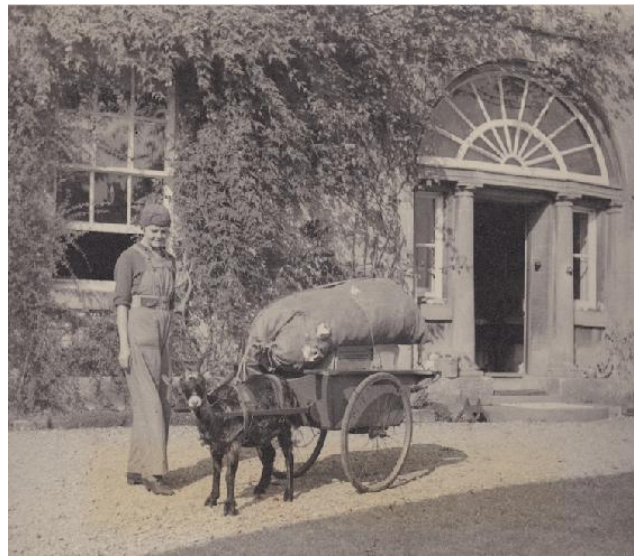
“I think goats are more like human beings than animals, they are very strange creatures and do odd things like coming into milk before they ever see a male. ... Some of the best animals give as much as two gallons a day. For pedigree, registered goats we get rations in the winter just as the farmers do for their cows. ... All my goats are harness trained and I find this most useful here as we have to take all our rubbish down to a dump a short distance away One I trained to pull the mowing machine. They work just as well as a horse. On one occasion when Graham had not yet learnt to milk the goats, I was in bed for a few days and the goat had to be brought up to my bedroom and I had to crawl out of bed and milk it there. The goat was delighted of course and tried to go to bed with me.” ⁴⁹



Eve at Grittleton, Wiltshire, 1940



Eve at Grittleton, Wiltshire, 1940



Eve and Pan outside Grittleton rectory on salvage duty, Wiltshire, 1942

In a family letter 1969, she reminisced:

“Goats have always been my companions in the country and I missed them terribly when I had to leave Little Fosse I used to show mine at all the local shows and got several prizes, I enjoyed sleeping in the large tent with a nice warm goat, but some of them snored terribly! I did once ask a lady in the next pen, whose snoring

female had kept me awake for hours, if she would wake the animal up — it wasn't the goat, but her husband! " ⁵⁰

Eve got into the spirit of life as one of the country folk rather than that of the wealthy farmers and county people whom she saw as hunters and shooters. She thought the country barter system was wonderful, recounting in the same letter to Rebecca: "I got 20 lbs of onions for a pair of corsets on one occasion, and a milk strainer for a pair of gloves."

So far, I have given broad-brush glimpses into my grandmother's world and the subject balance of her life story reflects only the information that was available. But there was a pivotal time of her life in 1923, when she was 30, that she left a detailed diary. This diary records her daily experiences, with the backdrop of life and language of the 1920s, over a seven-week-long walking trip with a pack-donkey, and subsequent eleven weeks in Scotland and northern England.

Her walking tour was a response to a need to get away from London, to try and resolve inner conflicts and to make decisions for her future. It all began, she says, at Dr Wright's house in Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, and it was he who advised her to take the trip and urged her to keep a diary. She wrote to him often during her trip and said he was the only person she could really talk to honestly, and who understood her whole situation. It becomes clear through the diary that she had much at stake.

A young woman walking from Derby to Scotland, with only a pack-donkey for company, invoked a lot of interest on the way. Eve noted, in her diary, on 4 October 1923:

"Just had a letter from Editor of *Country Life* asking for articles on my tour with donkey. Feel quite incapable of writing up that episode But no, it can't be done. Not till

it has faded quite a lot anyway and lost all its hard outlines.”

In August 1972 when Doris was 79, she wrote to me saying that when we met again she could tell me about her walking tour:

“I could not find a suitable companion so took a donkey as I thought the two extra legs might be a help. I can tell you the places I visited in Scotland ... the diary I kept which I am trying to make up my mind to write out.”

Sadly, we never got to talk about her tour when we met in October 1972 and I did not see her again because I left London to return to New Zealand. I wish I had understood the significance of her trip at that time.

Her diary entries from late 1972 to 1980 show that she did indeed ‘make up her mind to write it out’. On 8 December 1972, she wrote: “Began to write out the Donkey saga” and she worked on the ‘Donkey Tour’ manuscript at irregular intervals, until finally passing it to others to read and type when she could no longer see to type. She had hoped to get her story published, but I can find no diary entry suggesting that she had actually sent her manuscript to any publisher.

Sometime after Doris died in May 1982, my family kindly passed on to me: her complete ‘Donkey Tour’ typed manuscript; her hand-written manuscript that covers the period up to 1 September 1923; and the surviving part of her original 1923 handwritten diary covering the period 1 September to 7 December. The original diary, as well as missing the pages up to 1 September, has a few pages cut out and paragraphs inked over or rubbed out where personal thoughts have been removed and people’s identities protected — extremely tantalising especially where odd words or partial phrases are still readable!

As I was reading those later manuscripts, it became apparent that her journey had essentially ‘lost all its hard

outlines', and Doris had looked back on her walking tour with different eyes. She had preferred to write up her diary from the point of view of a married woman having an 'adventure', rather than from that of the determined, plucky, at times mischievous, fatalistic and somewhat troubled unmarried young woman that she was. Although the anecdotes are still delightful, the typed manuscript of her late years is quite subdued and rather censored even when compared with the handwritten manuscript — then there is the candour of the remaining original diary with its honest asides, more colourful adjectives and unveiled references to her very human story.

I have used the handwritten manuscript as the source for 'Eve's Diary' up to 1 September 1923, and while text editing was necessary most of it remains as she presented it. Thereafter, the edited narrative is taken entirely from her remaining original diary. It is here that the authentic 30-year-old Eve's voice takes over the recording of her personal journey — complete with the contradictions, evasions and funny, sometimes acerbic asides and comments, all of which provide a fascinating insight into Eve's character.

Eve did love to shock. Although her attitudes and life-style seemed in tune with the London Bohemian society, she still suffered the prejudices and constraints of the social realities of her time. Her continued pretence of being married reflects this — and also signalled her unavailability while travelling on her own — a signal frequently ignored!

Book references and notes in the diary indicate that part of Eve's personal journey included forays into spiritual, philosophical, and psychological subjects.

Accompanying her book list were notes on yoga positions, Leibniz's⁵¹ nature of monadic perception and consciousness, and hashish (its history, method of

preparation, properties and use — it was not a prohibited drug at the time).⁵² Eve had an enquiring mind and appeared to be searching everywhere for something.

Amongst the books in her reading list were:

- *The Varieties of Religious Experience: A Study in Human Nature*, by William James
- *Psychology of the Religious Life*, by George Malcolm Stratton
- *The Bhagavad Gita*, an ancient Indian text that became an important work of Hindu tradition
- *The Upanishads*, a collection of ancient religious and philosophical texts
- *Raja Yoga*, by Swami Vivekananda
- *Complete Arcana of Astral Philosophy*, by W.J. Simmonite
- *Transcendental Magic: Its Doctrine and Ritual*, by Eliphas Levi
- *A History of Philosophy*, by Johann Eduard Erdmann
- *Du Vin et Du Haschisch*, essay by Charles Baudelaire
- *The Unconscious: An Introduction to Freudian Psychology*, by Israel Levine

For 'Eve's Diary', Parts 2 and 3 of this book, the structure of a diary is maintained and for interest the approximate distances that Eve walked are noted. I have also sought to retain the feeling of a diary: by use of numerals for age, miles, money and time; and by preserving her more telegraphic style at times. People's names are written in the way that Eve penned them.

There are many references in my grandmother's diary which I felt would benefit from further elaboration — the web was a rich storehouse. The format of web-sourced footnotes remain as they were when downloaded.

I have only three old photographs from Eve's journey so in 1997 my husband and I drove the route she took taking

photographs on the way. Of course, 74 years would see many changes but experiencing the distance she travelled, crossing the moors, seeing the landscapes and still-existing inns in which she stayed created a reality to my writing her story. Some of these photographs are included.

The narrative takes unexpected turns as the reason for her trip unfolds ...



My grandmother, Doris, and I walking across the canal near her home in Bath when she was nearly 79 years old, December 1971

ROUTE MAP 1



With Hotep: Eve's walk from Derby to Selkirk

PART 2: EVE'S DIARY - A SUITABLE COMPANION

edited by Gill Brackenbury

June 1923

London

It was near the end of June when I decided to leave London for a while and set out upon an adventure which was considered, by some of my friends, as amusing, foolhardy or mad, according to their various temperaments. Perhaps it did seem a rather strenuous way of spending a holiday for it was to be a long walk, continuing week after week, in all weathers, until I reached Scotland. Sometimes I was asked why I chose Scotland in preference to any other part of the British Isles, but I could not answer this question because I didn't really know.

It is true that from early childhood I had been familiar with pictures of Scottish scenes: misty mountains, rivers in spate, heather-covered moors and those delightful shaggy, long-horned cows immortalised by Peter Graham in his Highland landscapes. I remember one that used to hang in our school-room at home which had been given to our parents as a wedding present. Our family doctor was a Scotsman and often talked to us about the beauty of his native land, and our favourite pet was a Scottish Collie dog. We had much affection for the doctor ... even more for the dog.

These childhood memories may have influenced my decision to go to Scotland, I'm not sure. In any case my mind was made up, to Scotland I would go or perish in the attempt. My husband⁵³ who was very much in favour of the project, said there would be many important matters to discuss before the journey could begin, so he had asked two old

friends to dine with us one evening. These friends had been keen walking tourists in their youth and could probably give me some useful advice.

They came a few days later and were very interested and anxious to help but dubious about a woman walking so far alone in unknown country and thought I ought to take a dog or a gun or both. After all, they said, Edinburgh was over 300 miles from London.

After dinner there was a friendly discussion and it became obvious that the question of my baggage would require some thought. I should have to provide for the vagaries of the British climate during the next five months, beginning in summer and ending in winter so some kind of transport, other than my own back, would have to be found. Somebody suggested a goat cart but I thought it would be too low and too slow; a pack-pony would be expensive to buy and might be difficult to manage and feed; a mule too temperamental.

Then my husband, Graham, had a brilliant idea. He said that Robert Louis Stevenson had travelled many miles with a donkey and there was no reason why I shouldn't do the same thing. When the applause died down we all agreed that this was the answer. A donkey has most of the qualities needed for such a journey. It is low enough for easy loading, has a quiet slow motion, an amiable disposition and is hardy enough to sleep in the open if at any time shelter was not available.

Our talk had lasted until nearly midnight so it was suggested that further discussion should be postponed until a suitable donkey had been discovered. It seemed only fair that I should do the searching myself as I had more free time than any of the other members of the party, but I had no idea where to look for a donkey in London.

So, Graham said he would make some enquiries and the others said they would do likewise. I was left wondering whether, if they were all successful, there might be a whole herd of donkeys to choose from without any effort on my part!

Eventually an interested and generous relative offered to get me a donkey and the necessary harness and pack saddle if I would promise to keep a diary of the whole journey and send it to him at intervals, perhaps once a month.⁵⁴ Of course, his offer was accepted with gratitude and a promise given for monthly diary instalments, possibly more often if anything exciting happened.

A few days later he came again to see me and asked if I could go with him to find a costermonger⁵⁵ for he felt sure that the costers would know where to find donkeys for sale in London. I was delighted to go with him and suggested that we searched Paddington first where I lived. He agreed and it was not long before we found one standing with his donkey barrow outside a public house called 'The Load of Hay'.

I made friends with the donkey while my companion explained to the owner what we wanted. At first he seemed to think we were joking and suggested trying the zoo, but when he realised we were serious he became anxious to help and pointing to his own animal said, "I'd sell Lizzie for £10." He then became sentimental and murmured that it would be like selling his own child; he couldn't part with her for less than £12. We told him that Lizzie was too valuable for our purpose, all that we needed was a hardy, healthy animal capable of carrying packs in all weathers, over rough roads if necessary. Looking rather disappointed he told us to get on the barrow as he thought he had just what we wanted in the stable — only £6.

With some help from a passing workman we climbed onto the barrow and Lizzie trotted gaily down Edgeware Road. Bus drivers cheered us and street urchins jeered at us and soon we arrived at a dark stable in a very dreary street, Praed Street, near Paddington, where we were shown five donkeys, two of which were for sale.

For one he asked £3 which seemed very reasonable until she was brought out into the daylight. She was obviously in her dotage, with a drab mangy coat and drooping ears. Her owner assured us that the numerous bare patches were not due to mange but to a habit she had of rubbing herself against the stable wall. It seemed to us, however, that some of the patches were too inaccessible to be rubbed by the most acrobatic of donkeys so we passed on to the next stall.

Here we were greeted by a pretty grey female, much younger than the other. She looked clean and healthy, with small well-shaped feet and clear intelligent eyes. I fell in love with her at once and decided that she, and no other, would be my companion for the next few months. The price was £5 which seemed cheap for such a good-looking animal. And so the matter was settled and nothing remained but to arrange the date of departure and the route.

My intention had been to begin the walk from Paddington but when I considered that this would mean travelling through densely populated suburbs with a beast I hardly knew, the undertaking seemed altogether too formidable. I had no experience of donkeys and doubted whether they were really as humble as they look. This donkey was used to London traffic and uproar, having been born in a slum, but how would she behave when freed from barrow and harness? Between two shafts the destructive end of her was under control, but with both ends free there might be a problem. How would the general public react to the unfamiliar sight of a pack-donkey in their midst?

I thought a better plan would be to begin our walk from some unfrequented place where we could settle our differences in private. Once more, kind friends came to my rescue. They were going by car to Derby early in August and suggested that I should go with them and begin the walk from there. The donkey could easily be sent to Derby by train. And so it was arranged, the coster promising to see Lizzie off by train. Of course, we paid him well for his help.

Before I left London a farewell party was given by some of our friends in Chelsea who wanted to hear about the arrangements and the route we were taking. A guest asked the name of the donkey — this was something I had not yet thought about. Her owner had called her 'Lizzie' but this was his name for all female donkeys. They objected to the name 'Lizzie' saying it was a backstreet name and we all thought she should have some name more suitable to her new status.

The rest of the evening, between drinks, was spent in trying to think of something original. Suddenly it happened. Someone, who had appeared to be sleeping, sat up and said in a loud voice "Hotep!", just that word, nothing more and closed his eyes again.

There was a clamour for explanation. He said it was an Egyptian word meaning 'peaceful'. We all liked it; it was short, easy to say and non-committal as to sex. And so Hotep was named.

THE JOURNEY BEGINS

Friday 3 August

London to Derby, by car

I said goodbye to Graham and joined the friends who were taking me to Derby, having arranged for Hotep to be put on the train that morning.

On leaving these friends I found myself depressed and lonely outside Derby station. My baggage consisted of two bulging saddlebags, a pack-saddle and a bridle. These items, and the riding breeches I was wearing, soon attracted the attention of the station loungers. From the conversation of two small boys it seemed they were hoping to see my horse and they looked disappointed as I took refuge in a taxi to be driven to the nearest hotel and await the arrival of Hotep the following day.

There were only two people in the Royal Hotel lounge on my arrival: a depressed-looking pale young man, and an elderly white-haired woman of severe countenance, grim and unfriendly. From their conversation, I gathered they were mother and son. I noticed she eyed my costume with obvious disapproval and tried to distract her son's attention when she caught him looking, with approval, in my direction. I was wearing riding breeches and a coat to match, and no doubt she thought that a woman in riding breeches without a horse was indecent, and in a hotel lounge unpardonable.

I had no chance of making the young man's acquaintance for she kept him by her side nearly all day and she looked the other way when we met on the stairs. His room was next to mine so perhaps she slept with him as a precaution. How strange that a woman should seem to object to her own sex wearing breeches. Surely such unassailable garments are more helpful in preserving female virtue than the attractive and accessible short skirt. A man's objection to them is quite understandable, but this careful mother should have welcomed them.

In the evening I went to the local cinema but the pictures were out of date and boring. The only really amusing picture was a horse race run backwards by mistake, everyone enjoyed that. I left before the end and was glad to get back to the hotel, and so to bed.

Saturday 4 August

Derby to Brailsford, 8 mile walk

I awoke at 5.30am longing for a cup of tea and lay wondering what mischievous imp had prompted me to undertake this journey alone with a donkey. How would Hotep behave? Supposing she refused to carry the packs? Supposing she died on the way? Fortunately tea came at that moment and I began to feel more cheerful again, especially when I remembered that Hotep should have arrived at Derby station sometime during the night and would have to be collected as soon as possible.

After breakfast I went to the station yard and wandered amongst the sheds but could not find Hotep; plenty of sheep but no sign of a donkey. A porter then came along and asked me if I was looking for the horses, if so I should find them on the siding. When I told him it was a donkey I wanted he seemed to think it was a great joke and laughed heartily. But I insisted that a donkey should have arrived by the night train so he took me to the Goods Office. The clerk, an inarticulate being in shirtsleeves, searched through a pile of papers giggling at intervals murmuring, "She wants a donkey, a little ass."

Finally, he produced a receipt for two horses saying that it was all he had and asked if I was quite sure it was a donkey I wanted? I replied that I was quite sure, so off he went to another office and soon returned with a receipt for a donkey. He handed it to my porter remarking, "Better take some carrots along and mind 'er 'eels."

Then a new difficulty arose; no-one seemed to know where she was. We roamed through the goods yards peering into cattle sheds, sheep pens and even pig-pens, but saw no donkey. I suggested that we look in the horseboxes we had been told were on the siding. The porter gave me a scornful look and said "Horseboxes! More likely to be in a cattle truck!", explaining that sheep, pigs, cows and donkeys would never be allowed in horseboxes; they are classed as cattle and occupy the cheaper form of transport. Horseboxes were for the gentry and hunting people.

It was evident that I had lost face by owning a donkey and I followed him meekly to the cattle trucks. He was right, we found the Lady half asleep at the far end of a cattle truck. A dilapidated old bridle hung around her neck and she stood placidly chewing the frayed end of an old rope attached to it.

The porter, a large man, eyed her hindquarters distrustfully and made a peace offering of sugar while I explained that if he kept close to her heels she would not have enough room to lash out. Reluctantly he gripped her by the rump and pushed while I pulled in front. Hotep showed no interest in these proceedings and did not attempt to co-operate. After more sugar and a carrot she did however shuffle to the door of the truck, and there she stuck despite our continued combined pushing and pulling.

Then suddenly, finding it too much trouble to resist any more, she rushed forward through the door and down the ramp leaving the porter flat on his back and knocking me through the door and pushing me sideways off the ramp. Fortunately, I fell amongst the small gathering of spectators, landing against the stomach of a fat gentleman who wrapped his arms round me stopping me from ending up on my back in the mud. The others cheered with delight.

Hotep, meanwhile, trotted happily across the railway lines and soon had a panting porter and several excited small boys in pursuit. Fortunately, she was heading for the road and they caught her before she reached the gate and handed her to me. I hoped the spectators would go back to their work but they waited, anticipating more entertainment.

To my surprise and relief Hotep made no further trouble and allowed me to lead her, at a slow and stately pace, out of the rail yards to the centre of the town. She was not disturbed by the heavy traffic on the road and walked calmly along the tramlines. Suddenly she stopped and with a Londoner's indifference tried to bite a horsefly off her hind leg, ignoring the warning of a tram bell behind her. The passengers were delighted but the humourless driver, dancing on his foot bell and yelling angrily, invited me to "Take your bloody circus off the line!" Hotep ignored this, and having dealt with the fly took herself off. The passengers waved goodbye as they passed and our first day's journey was completed without further incident.

When we reached the Royal Hotel we received an enthusiastic welcome from the landlord and his staff. We were taken to a garage where a straw bed had been prepared for Hotep in a stall labelled 'Motor Cycles Only' and someone with a sense of humour asked whether she took Mex or Shell for breakfast.

After lunch while I was drinking coffee in the lounge the head waiter, his curiosity overcoming his dignity, asked if I was the owner of the donkey in the garage. I admitted that I was. He asked what I was going to do with the animal, was it for sale? When I explained that we were going to walk to Scotland together he smiled kindly and went back to the dining room. A few minutes later he came back with a road map that he said I could keep for luck, and he hoped I would send him a post card if I got to Scotland. I did not like

to tell him that I had several good road maps in the saddlebags so I thanked him for his help and went to prepare Hotep for the journey.

As I passed through the lounge carrying saddlebags and bridle, several people joined me and offered their help. Boots, who had been in the mule transport during the war, led the way followed by the hall porter, the barmaid, the pale young man I had met in the lounge the previous day, and a chauffeur or two. Boots took charge and proved most helpful in explaining the management of saddlebags. But his remarks upon donkeys and their habits were very depressing and some, I was not supposed to hear, unprintable. He seemed to be confusing donkeys with mules. He was certain that I should never get Hotep to Scotland or even half way, and laughed aloud when I said I expected to arrive there before Christmas, reminding me that it was now August. However, in spite of Boots' disbelief in our journey he showed me how to fasten the saddlebags so that they could not slip even if she lay down every few miles, as he said she surely would.

It was 4pm before we were ready to start. To escape inquisitive sightseers we had taken Hotep into a disused harness room where we had packed the saddlebags and loaded her. It had been easy enough to get her into the room, but with the saddlebags bulging at her sides, we could not get her out! Boots gave her a prod in the rear which made her jump forward only to find herself wedged between the door posts, so we were obliged to take the saddlebags off and begin again in the yard outside.

When at last we were ready to go the landlord and his wife came out to wish us good-bye. They seemed rather worried about the journey as it was dangerous for a young woman to wander over the countryside with only a donkey for company. They told me tales of people who had been lost and found dead on the moors where I intended to walk, and

that a boy had been found murdered on this very road only 3 weeks ago. They warned me of the dangers of thieves, floods and storms and feared that someone might steal the donkey and all that she carried. I thanked them for their kindly interest and turned Hotep's head northward ...

Boots smiled ironically when I mentioned that I should be staying at Ashbourne for the night which was over 10 miles ahead. At last, cheered by all our friends, we set off into the unknown. It was a hot late afternoon and Hotep jogged along drowsily, ignoring passing traffic and undisturbed by the saddlebags on her back. She seemed unconscious of the world around her and even gentle prodding had no effect. The journey was going to be very slow indeed unless I could wake her from her dream; 2 miles an hour was not going to get us to Scotland before Christmas.

Towards sunset we left the houses behind us and came into open country with a broad grass verge on each side of the road. It was here that I made my first bad mistake by allowing her to stop and feed. I gave her a quarter of an hour and then took her by the bridle to lead her on to the road again, but immediately she began to back away from me until her hind feet slipped into a hidden ditch and there she remained offering a passive but determined resistance to every attempt to dislodge her. I tried sugar, persuasion, and even force, but only succeeded in breaking a bridle strap. Nothing would break her resolution; she remained where she was, an immovable object.

The situation was beginning to look serious for it was getting late and we had several miles to go before reaching Ashbourne. The occupants of passing cars waved in a friendly manner and the idea of stopping one and having her towed out of the ditch did just cross my mind, but admitting defeat at the beginning of our journey would be very unwise and might destroy a happy relationship forever. So I tied the reins to the saddle in order that she could not

get her head down to eat and then sat down to await her next move ... if there was one. After all, this journey was an adventure; I had a rug in one of the saddlebags and there was a dry ditch handy so why not sleep in it if necessary? People do sleep in ditches sometimes ...

Whether I should have dared to spend the night in a ditch I shall never know for, at that moment, two young boys pushed their way through the hedge across the road from where they had probably been watching, and no doubt enjoying, my absurd predicament. The elder boy looked about 14. The younger who might have been 7 or 8 ran to Hotep and began to stroke her nose which evidently pleased her for her head drooped lower and lower, then her eyes shut and she appeared to be asleep. His brother, the elder boy, offered to help saying he knew all about donkeys, his grandad had one and he "wouldn't stand no nonsense, he'd give Hotep a kick in the stummick".

Fortunately, with one half of her in the ditch the 'stummick' was inaccessible so he went to the hedge and came back with a stout stick, asking me to get in front and pull while he got behind and walloped her. Of course, his offer was refused and I tried to explain, as kindly as possible, why walloping and stomach-kicking couldn't be allowed when a shout from his brother ended the lecture and we were astonished to see Hotep coming out of the ditch unaided.

When all four feet were on the road I grabbed her bridle and turned her round several times. Then the boys joined in and we turned her round and round until she was so confused that she didn't know which way she was going; indeed she must have thought we were going back to the stable for she kept moving and gave no further trouble.

I thanked the boys for their help and hoped they would now go home but they capered round us for the next half hour possibly hoping for more fun. The elder one still carried his

stick and I felt sure he was longing to use it. He kept saying she ought to go faster and I had to pretend that I was too tired to walk any faster. The end came when he asked to be allowed to lead Hotep and this I refused. Evidently he was offended for without another word to me he called to his brother, "Let's go home", then they climbed over a fence, disappeared into a wood and that was the last I saw of them.

By this time it was growing dark as storm clouds were gathering on the horizon and I realised that even if Hotep could be induced to hurry we were not likely to reach Ashbourne before dawn. It was after seven o'clock, we were both tired and hungry, and I was anxious to take Hotep's packs off as she was not used to carrying weights on her back.

I decided to ask at the next cottage we came to where we could stay the night. Luckily a few moments later a postman appeared on a bicycle so I stopped him and asked his advice about accommodation. He was very interested in our journey but rather worried about a lady walking alone so late in the day. He said that about half a mile further on we should come to the village of Brailsford and he knew they had a spare room at the inn, The Rose and Crown, as some visitors had left that morning. He added that there were stables so Hotep would be no problem. Turning back he walked as far as the inn with us, asking many questions about our journey. I noticed with amusement that Hotep increased her speed directly she heard a man's voice beside her. When we reached the inn he wished us luck and left.



Rose and Crown Inn, Brailsford, Derbyshire



Rose and Crown stables

Our arrival caused some excitement and Hotep was soon surrounded by a small crowd of visitors, all anxious to know where we had come from and where we were going. The landlord's wife said she had owned a donkey when she was a child and was delighted to see Hotep. Several people escorted Hotep to the stable where she had a loose box to herself and a groom aged 14 to wait upon her. He quickly provided hay and corn then helped me to unload her. We examined her back to see if the saddle had made any sore places and I was very relieved to find it had not. We gave

her a thick bed of clean straw and a pail of water then left her to settle down for the night.

After an enjoyable dinner of lamb and home-grown vegetables I went into the lounge for coffee and began to study the map to try and find a way to Ashbourne that would enable me to avoid the main road. As soon as I opened the map two motorists came and asked if I was the lady with the donkey they had passed on the road that morning. I admitted that I was and they immediately produced their own maps, asked where I wanted to go, and offered their help. A few minutes later another member of their party joined us with his map and an animated discussion on various routes to Scotland took place, during which they seemed to have forgotten all about me until I interrupted the argument to explain that, when one travelled at the rate of 2 miles an hour, scenery was much more important than surface.

I wanted to keep off the main roads as much as possible to avoid the traffic, especially horses, as the sight of a donkey seemed to upset some of them. The motorists laughed and wished me luck saying they had no knowledge of the by-roads and suggested that I consulted the landlord who had lived in the district for many years.

Later in the evening, Mr Mac. the landlord, and his wife invited me to their private sitting room for a drink and hoped I would tell them about my journey. They were very amused by the story of Hotep in the ditch but were not very optimistic about our reaching Scotland before Christmas. They also thought it rather dangerous for a woman to undertake such a long journey alone with a donkey. They did know of some by-lanes I could take but thought the main road would be safer. I said I thought the main roads would be safer without us, remembering the way motor drivers had turned their heads to look instead of keeping their eyes on the road.

Before going to bed we visited the stable and found Hotep lying comfortably in her straw bed. She opened her eyes when she heard my voice but was too tired to get up so we left her to sleep, perhaps to dream of ditches full of small boys.

It has been a tiring day — to bed hoping for a long night's sleep.

Sunday 5 August

Brailsford

I was awakened at dawn by the crowing of cocks and chattering of hens. My room overlooked the cowsheds, and I expect it was near milking time as the animals were very restless, stamping about and complaining. A few minutes later screams of distress came from the direction of the pigsties and I feared they were having a pig killed. This made further sleep impossible so I dressed quickly and went into the kitchen to get away from the noise. I knew they had pigs for sale so I asked the landlady if a pig had just been killed. She laughed and told me not to worry, the pigs were being fed, not killed. She said I should probably hear the same noise every morning about 7 o'clock. Their pigs were sometimes sent to market but were never killed on the farm.

After breakfast I made friends with the landlady's two children, aged 8 and 10, and took them to see Hotep in the field which she was sharing with the pigs and poultry. They were delighted and begged me to let them ride her. I was rather doubtful about this as I had no idea whether she had ever been ridden or handled by children, but I need not have worried. Without waiting for an introduction they rushed up to her and flung their arms round her neck, pulled her ears and indulged in other familiarities I would not have attempted. She must have been used to children

for she even allowed them to clasp her front legs; then when she lay down they sat on her and she made no attempt to dislodge them. After this demonstration I thought it would be quite safe to give them rides and promised to do so if their mother agreed.

I spent the rest of the morning exploring the farm and saw their prize boar Billy. His girth was enormous but there was a kind of rugged grandeur about him that was quite attractive. He had recently become the father of eight piglets which were their mother's pride and joy. She lay on her side grunting happily while the family fought for places at the feast. The cow-man took me round the pig-sties and showed me several families all fathered by Billy. He said there were five sows and only Billy to do the work. They all looked clean, healthy and happy.

While having our coffee after lunch we were disturbed by a tremendous uproar in the field. We ran out to see what was happening, fearing there might be a dog or fox about as ducks and chickens were scattering in all directions. Then something heavy lumbered past us in a cloud of dust and when it cleared we saw Hotep with flattened ears and waving tail chasing Billy the boar round the duck pond. It was not a very large pond but Billy was heavy on his feet and unused to violent exercise, while Hotep was fresh and full of corn.

Her speed was such that she soon over-ran poor lumbering Billy, and being quite unable to stop found to her disgust that Billy was now behind and chasing her! This unexpected change in the order of things seemed to hearten Billy considerably and he made a vicious snap at her tail. To be chased by a pig was too much for Hotep's dignity and with a snort she bolted through the first open door she came to.

A riot ensued — much loud squawking and wild flapping of wings. Hotep suddenly backed hurriedly out of the hen-

house with an enraged hen clinging to her neck, followed by a young groom who had been collecting eggs inside. We left the groom to pacify the furious and indignant occupants, took Hotep back to her stable, where after brushing off a few feathers we left her to rest while we went back to the house for dinner feeling better for the entertainment.

This evening I sat in an obscure corner of the bar-parlour pretending to read the newspaper but actually listening to three farmers discussing their agricultural and domestic problems. As I have always suspected, men gossip just as freely as women, although perhaps not as maliciously. I heard the end of a story of “our Sarah’s” confinement; “... she ever that big in t’ belly we thought for sure it ’ud be twins” and that somebody’s pedigree stallion had failed to function even “... after we’d put ’im to her twice.” I gathered also that I was known already in the village as the ‘donkey-lady’ and that there was still a good deal of uncertainty as to my sex.⁵⁶ I supposed this was on account of the breeches I wore.

The landlord sent a message saying that they would be very pleased if I would join them in their sitting room and so I spent the rest of the evening with him and his wife. Like so many other people they seemed worried about my walking so far alone and warned me of various unpleasant things that might happen; the donkey might become sick or I might fall ill myself far from any town. My reply was that if I fell ill then the donkey would have to carry me as well as the packs!

Monday 6 August

Brailsford

The local doctor, Dr Leys a Scotsman, and his wife called at the inn to see the children. He was very charming but

rather lame as he was just recovering from a broken leg. I heard his wife telling the landlady that her husband ought never to have had a motorcycle, he was much too absent-minded and she hoped he would sell it and be content with a car. They asked me to visit them before I left Brailsford as they wanted to hear all about my plans for the journey and perhaps give me an introduction to someone in Scotland.

I have made so many friends in the village that I hate the thought of leaving so soon. There is no fixed date for my arrival in Scotland, and hardly anyone believes that Hotep and I should get so far, so I have decided to stay on for at least another week if the landlady will have me. I have promised most of the small children in the village a ride on Hotep and it will take at least a week to fulfil those promises!

The landlady said she would be very glad for me to stay as long as I liked and that the children would be delighted to see more of Hotep. The mother of one of the little girls, who has been given a ride already, told me that her daughter now mentioned the 'darling donkey' in her prayers at night asking God to "please make darling donkey be good always and never kick"!

Tuesday 7 August - Saturday 11 August

Brailsford

It has been beautiful summer weather and I have spent these few days giving the promised rides, but to only one child a day as I did not want to tire Hotep or myself before the real journey started. I found that while the children were learning to ride, I was learning to navigate Hotep and came to realise that she was used to being driven not led.

Sunday 12 August

Brailsford

This morning a small child joined me and together we leant over the gate watching in silent admiration as Hotep stood there so still, so peaceful, in harmony with her surroundings. The child looked longingly at her and I asked her if she would like a ride. For a moment her face lit up with joy but quickly clouded again as the tin-can clang of the village church bell rudely destroyed the quiet of the day. She remembered that it was Sunday and that her grandmother would not let her ride on Sunday. I was tempted to say that grandmother need not know, but I already knew the old lady by repute: a formidable old poke-nose of nearly 90, bed-ridden but in full possession of all her faculties and some to spare. She was alleged to have an uncanny knowledge of the private affairs of all the inhabitants of the village; no happening, however trivial, escaped her.

No-one cared to cross her will as it was believed that she had inherited the faculty of 'ill-wishing' from her mother. There were whispers that her mother had been a witch who did strange things with toad skins and adders' tongues. I recently heard about this 'witch', (the child's great grandmother), while talking to the village's oldest male inhabitant, aged 93. I discovered him one evening in the churchyard and we sat, appropriately enough, on one of the oldest tombstones listening to the hooting of the owls and discussing ancient magic and witches' spells. The story, as he told me, was that on certain nights of the year the 'witch' mysteriously disappeared from her cottage and was seen returning in the early hours of the morning looking much the worse for wear accompanied by a he-goat which, they declared, was never seen at any other time. It is implied of course that she visited the local Brocken.⁵⁷

Certainly, the old poke-nose lady was treated with respect by the villagers. A respect, I am afraid, that was engendered by fear rather than affection, but she was as

much a part of the community as the ancient church itself. Even the Postmaster, a bully and the most hated man in the place, with an evil tongue and worse manners, had never dared to insult her or speak ill of her behind her back. Even he believed that she knew every word that was said about her. I heard too that the Vicar, after one visit to the old lady, conveniently forgot to put her on his visiting list, wisely deciding to let the devil look after his own.

So, I knew it was useless to suggest to the child that anything could be hidden from her grandmother, and took her for a walk instead which was a very poor substitute for a ride on Hotep, but the best I could do in the circumstances. The girl said she was 12 years old and lived on a farm nearby. During our walk I learned many things regarding the habits of mares with stallions, and the mating of cows and bulls, which came curiously from the lips of such an infant. Evidently sex held no romance for her and no terror. It was all in the day's work and this, perhaps, is not such a bad way for the young to regard these matters, particularly in the country where they lead less protected lives than the town-bred child.

Monday 13 August

Brailsford

This afternoon I met Dr Leys the village doctor again. He took me to his house to see his wife and introduce me to his dogs.

He was very interested when I told him how I had taken a small boy out on Hotep and been bombarded with questions such as, "What does Jesus do at night? How many angels are there? Do angels make it rain?" The boy had always expected an answer to his questions and was very hurt if I did not treat him seriously. The only answer I could give him was that he should ask his Grannie. The doctor knew the

boy well and said that he had almost sufficient curiosity to become a scientist if only school did not destroy his natural intelligence.

I later returned to the hotel and have spent the evening, as usual, talking to the farmers in the bar, and so early to bed.

Tuesday 14 August

Brailsford

I awoke late to hear rain pouring in torrents. I do not enjoy it and neither does Hotep and it makes me wonder, more than ever, why I started this venture. Unhappily there was not much rest during the first part of last night as a calf had been taken from its mother during the day, and the poor creature was shut in the barn crying pitifully for her lost baby.

I realise it is nearly time to take up our packs and begin the journey we have set out to do but strangely each time I think of our approaching departure I feel so tired it seems yet another day's rest is necessary. Brailsford has become like home and my subconscious appears to be providing me with excuses.

Wednesday 15 August

Brailsford

This morning the rain made it impossible to go out so I examined the Hotel Library. All I could find in the way of light reading was *Treasure of Heaven* by Marie Corelli.⁵⁸ I tried it out of curiosity but found it impossible to endure the sentimental, illiterate meanderings of the woman. To write as badly as that must be a gift.

In the afternoon it continued to rain so I went to see Hotep in her stable. We are beginning to understand each other at last and she condescended to turn an ear in my direction

when she heard my voice. I was rather startled at the shape of her figure, which seemed to have expanded to an enormous degree in a very short space of time. The landlord came in later and I pointed this out to him. He too thought she looked pregnant but said he would like another opinion and went back to the bar where he found a farmer who was also a veterinary surgeon. He explained the position saying it was necessary to know whether the lady in question, Hotep, was fit to travel to Scotland. The vet very kindly came out and made a very thorough examination. At the end he said there was nothing to worry about she was not pregnant but suffering from too much grass and too little exercise. Being a stable-bred donkey she was not accustomed to living on grass. I felt very relieved and very grateful to him for setting my mind at rest.

I went back to the bar with the landlord and the vet where I was introduced to a man who looked like a jockey. I found out eventually he was Colonel S.'s head groom. He had heard all about Hotep and had even been to see her in the stable. He said she was a very good type of donkey and would look and feel much better if she were clipped. He offered to come and do it for me the next day as his employers were away on holiday and he had nothing particular to do. I accepted his offer gratefully as I had thought several times that Hotep looked rather untidy and shabby and that her thick coat would be very hot for travel in August.

We talked donkeys and horses for a time, then he asked if I would like to go to the stables and see his horses, which I did. One horse, his pride and joy, was a highly-strung thoroughbred mare about 2 years old which he was breaking in for the Colonel's daughter to hunt. In the course of conversation he asked if I liked riding and without thinking I said I did. "What a good idea," he said. "You can try out the mare — I want to put a lady up to see how she

behaves." I told him I had not ridden very much and, not having been on or near a horse for 4 or 5 years, the idea did not seem so good to me. However, he made light of my objections saying that he had tried a saddle on her three times already and had put the stable boy up once and the horse had behaved as well as could be expected.

I began to wonder anxiously what ought to be expected but he did not enlighten me. As he was going to clip Hotep for me it seemed mean to refuse his request and pride would not allow me to admit that I was scared, so it was arranged that I should ride on the morrow if the weather was fine.

I feel temperamentally unfit for horse-breaking and think it likely that I shall be the one to be broken in, in the end.

To bed early and praying for rain ...

Thursday 16 August

Brailsford

I awoke with a Monday morning-ish feeling which puzzled me at first — then I remembered that I was to ride a wild horse this afternoon, if fine. Hopefully I looked towards the window, but there was no comfort there. The sun was pouring through every chink in the blinds, the birds were singing and the farm hands whistling.

At breakfast I met a fat commercial traveller (CT) who was very interested in the journey to Scotland, about which he had heard in the bar the previous night. He seemed to consider it an odd, eccentric way of amusing oneself and did not expect I should get as far as Scotland, 'hampered with a donkey'. He told me he had travelled three times from Derby to Scotland; once by car, once by train and once he and his wife had done it on a tandem — he had never thought of going on his feet. He himself would rather ride a horse. I agreed, providing of course that the horse had been broken in ...

In my childhood tandem bicycles were favoured by married couples for their Saturday outings. It is strange that now while the double bed is largely out of fashion the double bicycle remains and increases in popularity. The queer contraptions can be seen in the dozens on every country road at weekends. They are certainly an economy for two people who like each other!

The tandem, of course, saves many a perspiring husband the extra fatigue of walking two bicycles up every hill. My own parents owned one, which must have been a great boon to my father, since my mother could not ride up hills and would not ride down anything that looked steep — there was no brake that she could ever trust wholeheartedly. From the woman's point of view the tandem has many advantages; if she feels lazy she can sit still and let her feet go around with the pedals, or if she wishes to work off her irritation after a quarrel she can back-pedal on an upward slope and double her husband's labour, or again if she feels amiable she can give a helpful push when the road is difficult. For the man there is little recompense for his labours beyond the certainty that his wife is always with him and not lagging behind with some more attractive member of the party. I once heard a tandem-riding friend say to my father that their weekly outing was the one occasion on which his wife could not go her own way!

At eleven o'clock the Colonel's head groom came to clip Hotep and to his surprise she made no difficulty about the business and appeared to sleep soundly until the end. When it was finished she actually looked years younger! The groom refused any payment for his trouble so I took him into the bar and treated him to beer, hoping that it would make him forget that I was to ride that afternoon. It did not. After his second pint he beamed at me over the top of his mug and said he would have the mare round about four

o'clock then added — quite unnecessarily I thought — that he might be a few minutes late as it might be a ticklish business getting her saddled.

They were late. I had begun to hope that they had found the saddling so 'ticklish' as to be impossible, but at 4.30pm they arrived and the fun began. After four unsuccessful attempts to mount in the usual way a box was procured and on this the groom stood while he lifted me up and dropped me neatly upon her back from above. Oddly enough, beyond a snort of surprise, she made no objection to this method of approach but she would not tolerate any climbing up the side.

Once I was up and more or less securely seated she behaved moderately well but insisted on walking backwards down the lane, presumably from a desire to face anything coming up from behind. To humour her whim we turned her tail-end towards the paddock and she backed amiably down the short path that led to it. As long as she got there somehow, it did not matter to us which end went first. The moment she felt turf beneath her feet she gave an exuberant leap, landing me ungracefully upon her neck. After I regained the saddle she settled down and indeed behaved so well that the groom said he would be grateful if I would try her on the road the next day. I agreed to do so without much enthusiasm.

After tea I visited Hotep and found her on good terms with all the occupants of the farmyard, except for the pigs — these she loathed. I noticed that she kept a respectful distance from Billy, although they were obliged to eat off the same field. The ignominious end to her marathon round the duck pond must still have rankled.

This evening I sat outside the bar, not from choice but because there was no room inside. I listened to a discussion between some farmers in the bar-parlour on the subject of

myself and Hotep and the reason for my being about on the roads alone with a donkey. It was not possible to hear all they said on account of the passing traffic and the difficulty of understanding the dialect, but one suggested that I might be doing it for a wager, another being of a more romantic turn of mind said he expected it was something to do with 'luv'. Yet another remarked that I was married because he had heard me called 'Missis' and that my husband "must be a fool to let a 'lass like that' roam the country alone without even a dog to protect her". A further voice joined in, "Nay, she ought to have a man with 'er, 't isn't safe or natural for 'er to go all these ways alone with only a dumb beast."

The attitude of the average male, even in these days, seems to be incurably Victorian but I suppose they know their own sex better than we do. The conviction that I ought to have a male companion is amusing. It is, presumably, to protect me against their own sex — and who would protect me from my protector! Life is much safer and more peaceful with only a 'dumb beast' as they scornfully styled poor Hotep. 'Dumb' is rather a misnomer too, as they have not heard her in the early mornings, waking the echoes with a voice like the rasping of a rusty saw!

Friday 17 August

Brailsford

Last night I dreamt that I was at sea in a storm, the boat uncontrolled, heading towards rocks. Each wave brought disaster nearer. Suddenly a great wave, more powerful than the rest, caught the boat from behind and lifted it crest-high as it hurled itself towards the rocks. I clung to the side in terror — there was a grinding crash and I woke to the sound of knocking on my door accompanied by Hotep's rasping voice calling for her breakfast.

During the morning I was unable to shake off a feeling of depression left by that dream. There was a peculiar horror attached to it all out of proportion to the cause which must have been the slight feeling of nervousness at the thought of riding the mare again. Even when I sat down to write letters the dream still haunted me and I found my pen wandering idly over the paper sketching the outline of a minute rider on a gigantic horse — symbolic, no doubt, of my feelings during the dream-ride. When the drawing was finished I felt better and went to see Hotep. Her homely unromantic appearance soon brought me back to earth and I leant over the gate and talked to her. Hotep is not demonstrative and usually ignores me when I talk to her, but this time she did flap her ears and heave a sigh of welcome, which is probably her nearest approach to emotional expression.

At 2.30pm the groom brought the mare as promised and after a futile effort to climb up the side I was again dropped on her back from above. Apart from her objection to being mounted, the mare's behaviour was perfect. For half an hour we cantered round the field while the groom and a friend, helped by the hotel's dog, tested her reactions to various nerve-shattering tricks such as throwing his hat in her face, waving his arms and whooping as she passed, and making any other noise or contortion that occurred to him. Beyond a snort and toss of the head she ignored his childish attempts to annoy her and cantered on peacefully.

At last he was satisfied that she would be quite manageable on the road. I reminded him that he had not yet made a noise like a motor. He remedied that by beating an iron bar against a loose sheet of corrugated iron. She shivered and stopped dead and I do not blame her — that kind of car was long before her day. I could not stand it myself and asked him to try something more up to date. He laughed and led her into the road, saying, "If she can stand that she's all

right." He said I could go slowly on and he would get his bicycle.

Before we had gone one hundred yards a real car came up behind us with a horn like a ship's siren. The mare immediately leapt round to meet it — I lost both stirrups and pulled out a handful of mane, but miraculously stayed on her back. The driver looked very worried at what he had done and pulled up to see if he could help. The mare waltzed round him twice, then lost interest and quietly walked backwards down a side lane. Once the car was out of sight she righted herself.

She did not mind farm carts even when loaded with hay. However, the groom had to give up the idea of following us on his bicycle because of the mare's habit of turning to face anything coming behind her. She will have to be cured of this unless Colonel S.'s daughter is prepared to hunt backwards. Eventually he rode ahead and we had an hour's uneventful ride.

On our return he thanked me for riding the animal and congratulated me on the way I had managed her. "Of course," he said, "horses always know if people are afraid of them. Had you been afraid she would have done what she liked with you." I had heard that one before and felt inclined to tell him it did not apply to this horse who had me entirely at her mercy from the start. However, I said nothing but gave him another beer and had another myself. Horse-breaking is thirsty work.

This evening I dined with Dr Leys and his wife. It was no great pleasure to sit down to dinner due to my aching muscles and bruises but in spite of this I felt very fit and hungry. The Doctor's assistant was there also, a Peter-Pannish creature with a passion for playing odd musical instruments which he does very well, in fact far better and with more zeal than he practises medicine. I wondered why

he chose such an exacting profession when he seems so obviously fashioned by nature to lead a jazz band. The local malicious gossip, coming from the Postmaster, was that the assistant had tried to use his pocket knife on one unfortunate victim having just wiped the knife on his handkerchief!

On returning here to the inn at about 10.30pm I was surprised to see a man standing in the middle of the road trying to take photographs of nothing in particular. As I came up to him he addressed me in what I took to be Welsh, but on being repeated turned out to be inebriate-English for 'stand still a minute'. I stood still for several minutes while he pointed the camera unsteadily at my feet. The only light there was came from the window of the bar, so I suggested that he should wait until daylight when he'd get a much better picture. He didn't believe me and said so, but eventually I got rid of him — he was quite good-natured and went staggering down the road singing merrily pointing his camera at nothing.

I mentioned the incident to the landlord who said they had had some fun with him earlier in the evening. He had come into the bar with the camera and after a few drinks had taken photographs, or thought he had, of everything and everybody in the bar. This had included the old Toby Jug on the mantle shelf which he had said 'kept smiling at him'. His friend had explained that there was no film in the camera but he had only grinned happily and said he'd get films tomorrow, and that he was going to get 'damn good photos tonight of the mugs on the shelf and the mugs in the bar'. All he had really taken was too many mugs of beer.

Saturday 18 August
Brailsford

This morning the landlord's wife, Mrs Mac., asked if I'd like to motor into Derby with her. We met an old friend of hers at lunch, who invited us to his table. He was a wealthy Lancashire mill owner — very large, ugly, and good-natured and it was easy to see he had, what Samuel Pepys terms, 'a month's mind'⁵⁹ towards women.

I had been told that he had a young and beautiful wife who had become bedridden after they had been married 10 years owing to an accident from which recovery was impossible. This was indeed a tragic ending to what was assumed to be an ideal marriage. Later, when we were taken to see her I wondered if it had actually been ideal for her. She was certainly lovely to look at but there was a sad wistfulness in her eyes when he spoke to her that reminded me of the eyes of a dog which has received kicks when it expected caresses.

After we had been with her a short time her husband asked me to go downstairs to see his collection of pictures procured for him, he said, by one of the best dealers in London. He was no connoisseur of art but firmly believed that the more he paid for his pictures the better they must be. How the dealer must have cherished him. When he made the request to see his collection there was a look in his eye I did not like but it was not possible to refuse, especially as his wife agreed that I ought to see them if I was interested in art. I followed him down to a large room on the ground floor and immediately his manner changed. He gave a leering grin — meant to charm no doubt — shut the door and without any preliminaries kissed me vigorously on the mouth. I submitted meekly sensing that he was probably the type to be roused to violence by any sort of resistance or struggle. To submit without joining in would, I felt certain, be the quickest way to end the business.

It happened as I expected. He realised something was missing and with a final juicy salute as vicious as a bite, let me go. He even apologised for having acted too hurriedly adding, "But it's your fault you swept me off my feet. I should not have been so impatient." I assured him that had he been as tortuous in his wooing as the domestic cat the result, as far as I was concerned, would have been the same. His egotism would not allow him to believe this and he became sentimental and said he must see me again — no-one else had attracted him so much for a long time, this could not be the end — all the time-worn platitudes used by generations of predatory males. Do they really expect women to believe them? If they do it is no compliment to our sex. I told him firmly that we should not meet again, but he only laughed and said smugly, "We shall see."

He had been invited back to the inn for dinner and we had to sit together in the back of the car. I spent most of the time trying to avoid his hands and feet and trying to make him understand that I really did not wish for his company on my walk — one donkey is enough. He, however, made it quite plain that he intended to follow me when I left the village and stay the night wherever I stayed. He said, "Of course it would only be as a friend, I don't mean anything wrong — you can trust me." That is the one thing I know I cannot do!

The whole business is a nuisance and a bore because in order to avoid his attentions it will be necessary to change my plans and find another route. The route I have planned is known to too many people so he could easily find it out. I have already made up my mind to leave tomorrow having delayed a fortnight longer than I intended, and Hotep is getting too fat. I feel very downhearted and will get out the map.

Sunday 19 August

Brailsford

In spite of all my good resolutions, however, I have not left for at the last moment Mrs B. asked me if I could stay one more day and go with her and some friends to Birmingham. I jumped at the excuse for putting off my departure yet another day and so it was settled.

We set off, four of us, in brilliant sunshine and arrived at Lichfield in time for lunch at The George, where 9 years before I had breakfasted one Christmas morning after an all-night drive through a heavy snowstorm. Though so many years had passed, vivid pictures arose in my mind of that wild night's adventure.

Two of us had left London by car at 4pm on Christmas Eve⁶⁰ hoping to arrive in Manchester on Christmas morning but we reckoned without the snow, which started at the same time as we did, and increased as we went northwards. It was freezing too and soon the wheels refused to grip the frozen surface even up a small gradient. I remembered how thankful we were to find some rope at the bottom of the tool-box and how we had wound it round the wheels.

Soon the rope was worn through and useless so we tore up an old driving coat into strips to get us up the next hill, and finally when all our available and legitimate resources were exhausted and cut to ribbons, we crept into a field and took the chain off a gate, but it was not much use. Being rusty and old it broke half way up the next hill and we came to a complete standstill. It was so slippery that our brakes were useless to hold the car, so we backed into the hedge and prepared to tramp through the snow until daylight.

The nearest village was some miles away and the chances of any vehicle passing on such a night were very small. Even now I can recall clearly our relief and joy when we caught sight of the black outline of a donkey silhouetted against the

snow. It was tethered to a stake in the ground by several yards of chain. This was a Godsend not to be ignored. I looked at my companion and caught him looking at me with the same question in his mind. We spoke no word but clambered up the bank. We were cold, hungry and desperate — it was 2am in the morning and snow was still falling.

With apologies to the donkey we separated it from its shackles and hoped it would find some more sheltered spot to sleep in until dawn. The chain was our salvation and enabled us to get to The George in time for breakfast with no worse mishap than a leak in the radiator. Dishonesty was certainly the best policy on that occasion and I think even the author of the Ten Commandments would have forgiven us our lapse that night!

After spending an enjoyable day with Mrs B. and her friends in Birmingham, we got back to the Rose and Crown in time for dinner. One of the party ordered champagne to celebrate my last evening with them. As much as I hate leaving all the friends I have made during my stay I really have decided to leave tomorrow.

Monday 20 August

Brailsford to Wirksworth, 9.2 mile walk

I woke unusually early and lay wondering what the future held for Hotep and me and how we should fare. For me there was no thrill in the idea of wandering from place to place never knowing where we should rest at night or what the morrow would bring forth. Discussed over a studio fire, surrounded by warmth and friends it had sounded romantic enough but the reality left me rather cold. I suppose I lack the true spirit of adventure and am more akin to the home-loving cat, hating to be parted from places and people that I know.

Nor do I like strange beds! In English inns I find the beds very strange indeed. Usually a night's sleep can only be achieved after one has learned how to lie to the best advantage amid the lumpy contours of the flock-stuffed bag. In English inns, if you value your sleep, never turn, or allow your mattress to be turned once it has become servile — however great the provocation! In my inexperienced days I once unwisely demanded that a veteran bag of flock should be turned. It was turned and churned and how bitterly I regretted this during the ensuing sleepless night, tossing and groaning till daylight on an unyielding mountain range! Travellers in foreign parts tell a different tale; they say that the meanest hovel of an inn can boast a bed fit for a sybarite to rest upon.

But enough of beds! It is time to get up and I have no complaint against this bed I have occupied for so long, and happily ...

Before we left this morning the landlord very kindly rode out on his motorcycle to make sure that rooms were available at the next village, 10 miles away, which I had chosen as a stopping place. It was as well that he did so for there was no room there and no other inn for 6 miles. I was most grateful to him for 16 miles would be too great a distance the first day, both for Hotep's figure and my unhardened feet.

He told me also that the Lancashire mill owner, my fat follower, had been making enquiries in the bar as to my route and destination and that armed with the information he had left the inn by car a few minutes before I should have started. Fortunately owing to my change of plan I saw nothing of him and hoped he would continue to go in the wrong direction for a long time.

For lunch we stopped at an old Coaching Inn in Idridgehay and Hotep caused a great commotion amongst the village

children who begged for rides. This I refused as it would have delayed the journey too much and I could not give a ride to one child and not another — there were 10 of them which would have taken the best part of the afternoon.

When we left, several children accompanied us for about a mile along the road still hoping for rides and they would have come further if we had not met the village parson who promptly sent them home. The parson was full of curiosity and wished to find out where we were going and why. I told him where and why, also the name of the donkey and the reason for the name and its sex. He was very puzzled that I should be doing such a journey for pleasure and said Scotland seemed a very long way for a walk and not very safe for a lady alone. He was very charming about it but obviously the whole venture was beyond his understanding and we left him gazing after us with a worried frown on his kindly face.



View of Wirksworth town, Derbyshire

At about six in the evening we arrived at a dreary mining town, Wirksworth, and there is nothing to say in its favour. It is an ugly blot upon the beauty of the surrounding country — full of architectural monstrosities. There is only one hotel, The Red Lion, which I was told was the same age as the church dating back to the 11th century. It certainly

smelt like that and Hotep's stable smelt even older. The whole place was dirty and depressing but it was late and there was nowhere else to stay. At least it was more interesting than the town.



Red Lion Hotel, Wirksworth, Derbyshire



Red Lion Hotel — rear where stables were

The potman,⁶¹ also an antique, told me that there were secret passages running under the cellars, supposed to have been used by smugglers. The entrance had long ago been walled up or he would have taken me down to see them.

Poor Hotep disliked her dreary stable so much that she tried to leave it directly my back was turned, a most unusual display of energy for her. Usually, at the end of a

day she would stay wherever she was put — it was seldom necessary to tie her at night however rickety the stable door might be. But this night she had to be tied up to the remains of a rusty manger.

Before dinner I went to see St Mary's Church and found the sexton there, who let me in and showed me round. Part of the church is 11th century and there are Saxon relics. Curious stone carvings have been embedded in the walls in odd places which the sexton said were put there during rebuilding to ward off evil spirits. I think a less romantic and more probable reason is that it was done to preserve them from loss and decay as they probably belonged to the older building. The other feature of interest is a Burne-Jones window⁶² which I thought rather too modern to harmonise with its surroundings.

At 7.30pm I returned to the hotel for a meal. It was a bad meal served in an unclean dreary dining room, where from the fly-bespattered walls, 'Queen Victoria' vied with 'The Soul's Awakening'.⁶³ Enough to give me very bleak thoughts ...

By 8.30pm the bar was full with an evil-looking crowd and I seemed to be the only female in the place, apart from the landlord's wife who acted as cook and barmaid. So I left the bar and came here to my bedroom to inspect the mattress — it is well up to standard and looks as though it has supported many heavyweights in its time. I wish Keatings⁶⁴ had been included in my kit, for I have a feeling that I might not be sleeping alone tonight.

On looking at the map it appears that Hotep and I have walked about 10 miles, which is not too bad for the first day's journey. She has given no trouble as long as I walk a few paces behind and poke her gently with a stick from time to time, and I never have to hurry as she always waits at a turning. Of her own accord, I suspect from long habit,

she stops outside the door of every inn we come to and always seems to know which door leads to the bar!

About to get into bed and the miners downstairs have begun to quarrel and sing hymns. Why do miners so often sing hymns? The Welsh do it too.

Tuesday 21 August

Wirksworth to Bakewell, 13 mile walk

I awoke this morning feeling tired and irritable. I had not slept alone and part of the night had been spent in hunting. I had one kill but the others got away. To make matters worse the village band had hired the room underneath mine in which to practice, and when any tune emerged from the medley of noises it sounded drearily like a hymn. It was difficult at times to know where tuning-up ended and playing began.

After a poor sort of breakfast I paid the bill which for supper and bed and breakfast for two of us was only 7/6d, cheap and very nasty. But the music was free ...

I found Hotep leaning against the stable door eager to get out. She had pulled down the remains of the manger during the night and seemed very pleased with herself, as she greeted me with a piece of rusty iron dangling from her halter-rope. I felt very guilty at having asked her or rather forced her to sleep in such a place, but there was no alternative.



The Via Gellia Road, Derbyshire

We left at 10.30am for Bakewell taking the Via Gellia Road⁶⁵ which is steep and wild. Soon after we began to climb rain and hail came down in torrents and I found to my surprise Hotep was afraid of storms. It was only with difficulty that I managed to get her to walk through the rain — the prodding I gave her hurt me, I think, more than it hurt her — but when the hail came she stopped dead, planted her feet firmly in the middle of the road and stood with bowed head and flopping ears, looking a picture of martyrdom and misery. There was a wall only a few yards away which would have given us a little shelter, but nothing I could do would induce her to move to it. In a few moments we were both soaked through and bitterly cold.

Eventually we got going again, and after 13 miles in the rain we reached Bakewell looking so bedraggled that I wondered if the Rutland Hotel would refuse to take us in. The town did not attract me very much and the hotel was full of expensive looking visitors with equally expensive cars. They were dressed to kill and carrying guns and rods. Usually I try to avoid staying at this type of hotel; it does not suit my purse or my purpose, but here all the more humble and interesting hostelries are full up. To travel on one's feet with a donkey and then pay 5/- for dinner and 3/6d for breakfast is to leap from the sublime to the ridiculous.



Rutland Arms Hotel, Bakewell, Derbyshire

I did not much like the way some of the chauffeurs looked at us when we arrived; almost as though we were something off a rubbish heap. I would not change Hotep for the finest car Mr Rolls ever built. Hotep is slow, but at least we can see the countryside and keep in touch with humanity, and wild things don't flee in terror as we pass.

I very much doubt that these motorists would pause by the roadside to make a friend, stay to see a kestrel hovering in search of prey and listen to the sound of the wind through the reeds as they pass a sleepy stream, or listen to the hum of insects on a still summer day, or watch the changing colours of the clouds and a sunset. What do they know of the countryside when they dash through it with their eyes glued to the road, mind occupied with mileage and road-signs, speeding through the most peaceful villages and lanes with a wireless blaring forth the latest jazz, seemingly satisfied only if the journey has been accomplished in less than scheduled time. Maybe they are afraid of peace, afraid of silence, afraid of their own thoughts.

No, I would not part with Hotep for the finest car on earth!

Wednesday 22 August
Bakewell

The weather today is well up to the standard of an English August: grey skies and torrents of rain accompanied by a vicious biting wind — not robust enough to be a gale but equally unpleasant in effect.

After an expensive breakfast I went into the lounge but did not find the company much to my liking, and I think they felt the same way about me. Out of politeness they tried to draw me into the conversation, but when they discovered that I had not come to kill anything and did not possess, or even want to possess a car, they lost interest and turned again to their talk of fishing, shooting, record-breaking runs and makes of cars. These are topics about which I know little and care less, and having driven cars for a living in the past I now find them very dull subjects for discussion.

I have no sporting instincts, whatever they may be, and do not understand the mentality of the habitual killer who spends all his leisure and a good part of his income in taking the lives of beautiful creatures, just for the pleasure of killing. It is distressing too to think that even the women take pleasure in shooting and hunting down wild things, and bring up their sons and daughters to take pride in it as soon as they are old enough to hold a gun and sit a horse. It is no great wonder if, in later years, some of these youngsters will consider war violence heroic and manly. In listening to the conversation of sporting men and women I have often thought how curiously inconsistent human beings can be. For these people would be very shocked on hearing that any of their friends had broken the 8th Commandment⁶⁶ and yet they give expensive hunting house-parties in order that they and their friends may break the 6th Commandment⁶⁷ with a minimum amount of trouble and maximum comfort and it is quite likely that the local parson will be invited to join them!

Feeling out of sympathy with the people in the lounge I decided to go and see All Saints Church which was founded

during Anglo-Saxon times but rebuilt by the Normans in the 12th century. Some Anglo-Saxon relics and fragments of Saxon stonework remain and I eventually discovered some mason's marks and the 14th-century hexagonal font.



All Saints Church, Bakewell, Derbyshire

From the church I went on to the stable to see Hotep and found the stable grooms had a much more interesting view of life than the sportsmen in the lounge. The ostler there said he had travelled in the Highlands with a pack-pony in his youth. He related his experiences with great enthusiasm and became almost lyrical in his description of the dawn and sunsets and the glories of hills and moors. He was one of the few people with whom I talked who did not make any remark regarding the danger of travelling alone on country roads, and did not think it an eccentricity to enjoy the company of a donkey.

This evening, because it was too wet to go outside and the hotel lounge full of damp tweeds and smoke, I went to the local cinema. It was in a sort of tin shed at the other end of the village — the audience was much more amusing than the film.

Thursday 23 August

Bakewell to Chapel-en-le-Frith, 15 mile walk

We set out early for Chapel-en-le-Frith via Monsal Dale and Peak Forest and as we were leaving the stable the landlord came along to see us off. I had not spoken with him in the hotel but one of the stable boys had told him about us. He said he wanted some exercise and walked with us for about a mile. He knew the country well and was very helpful about routes and inns and warned me that there might be difficulty in obtaining accommodation at this time of the year. On hearing that our next halt was to be Chapel-en-le-Frith, about 14 miles ahead, he said he had a friend there, Mr MacDonald, who was Superintendent of the Police and advised me to call at the Police Station to see him. The Superintendent's wife who loved all animals would, he was sure, be delighted with Hotep.

Although the sun was shining the high wind made walking very uncomfortable. Hotep had proved extraordinarily sensitive to atmospheric conditions throughout the whole journey and the wind always made her very sluggish.

Soon we left the smug, well-wooded beauty of Bakewell behind and began to climb through rugged treeless country with a magnificent view of Monsal Dale from the upper road. We stopped for tea at a tiny inn miles away from any other habitation, surrounded by gaunt forbidding hills. Life must be terribly lonely in these isolated inns, especially when they are cut off from civilisation, as they must often be during the winter snows.



Peak District, Monsal Head, Derbyshire

Soon after we left the inn a man and girl riding a motorcycle stopped and asked if they might take a photograph. They said they had not seen such an extraordinary sight on the roads in England before and wished to have a record. The photograph was taken and we exchanged addresses — the only one I could give them was the General Post Office (G.P.O.), Edinburgh and they promised to send prints of the photo if it came out. I added their names to the rapidly growing list of people to whom I had promised to send cards, if and when, I crossed the border. None of them were really expecting to hear from me.

As we climbed the steep roadway through the Peak District the scenery became wilder and more rugged. There was not even a cottage in sight, nothing save green-grey rocks and heather-covered hills. No sound could be heard but the gentle tap of Hotep's feet on the stones and the plaintive mewing of the curlews circling above our heads. After an hour of this awe-inspiring solitude I was very glad to see a cluster of cottages ahead which turned out to be Peak Forest village. Half a dozen children collected round Hotep in great excitement and asked all manner of questions. To my astonishment I learnt that one small boy aged about 8

had never seen a donkey in his life, not even in pictures, and thought it was some new kind of horse. He ran into a cottage and called his mother out to see the pony with 'long lugs'. Lugs in this part of the world means 'ears'.

I took Hotep's packs off and gave some of the children rides up and down the road, an experience which they will probably cherish for months. Hotep is a perfect angel with children. I said goodbye to them about half an hour out of the village and plodded on beside Lady Hotep who seemed to be deep in thought and took no notice when I spoke to her. We had gone some considerable distance before I realised that we were not alone — I heard soft padding feet just behind me that had nothing to do with Hotep's rhythmic tap, tap, tap. I looked round and saw the small boy who had mistaken Hotep for a pony; he must have followed us on the grass or I should have heard him sooner.

We stopped by the roadside while I tried to make him understand that he must go back but we hardly understood one another's speech which made matters a little difficult. The poor infant looked so hot and tired I had not the heart to scold him. He had followed us for over a mile and a half and he either could not, or would not, understand when I tried to find out if he knew his way back. Hotep was evidently his Holy Grail and having found her he had no intention of losing her again; he stood gazing at her.

Without further argument I dumped the boy on the saddle bags and firmly led him back along the road home. I did not want to be accused of kidnapping a small boy. It was as well I did so, for just before reaching the village again we came upon a distracted mother, followed by the remainder of her brood, in full cry after us.

With a sigh of relief I returned him to his mother rather expecting some show of gratitude for my trouble — but there was nothing of the sort. She snatched her son from

the saddle, gave him a clout and said she would “tell his Pa, she would” for following strangers about — here she gave me a feline glare and turned her back on us, a picture of outraged motherhood. I believe the poor woman really thought I was part of a circus, stealing children for the show. I left her and turned towards the north again with that deflated feeling experienced by most of us when having done a good deed we find it totally unappreciated. It seemed a little hard after we had gone back on our tracks for over a mile that good intentions should have been misunderstood.



Sparrowpit, Derbyshire

Just before we began the long descent to Chapel-en-le-Frith, a workman from the quarries nearby joined us. He wished us good day and asked where we were going. At the sound of a male voice Hotep increased her speed to such a degree that I let her go on ahead lest we should appear to be running away from our new friend. I apologised for her hurry and explained that he should take it as a compliment to his sex; that my voice made no impression on her. He laughed and said, “Animals always go their ways with women folk.” He was a friendly, happy soul full of vitality and fun even after a day in the quarries. He talked of his work and his wife and their cottage in the next village which had the attractive name of Sparrowpit. On the way,

as a matter of interest, he pointed out the spot where a tourist had been found dead in the snow the previous winter. This was after I had told him I expected to be returning in December — maybe it was meant as a warning. He said further that he had heard death by freezing was practically painless. I doubted this and hoped there would be no chance of my making the experiment on my homeward journey.



Road down to Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire

Sparrowpit is as picturesque as its name and stands poised on the edge of a very steep and rough descent into a small market town, Chapel-en-le-Frith. Hotep could not endure going down steep hills although she would climb up the roughest tracks like a goat. In this case her pace was a sulky slither of about one mile an hour — she couldn't have made more fuss if it had been a trackless mountain side. Possibly she would have found it easier without shoes, but as she was accustomed to going shod in London I thought the stony roads would cut her feet to pieces if she travelled shoeless.

About half way down the hill, a brown cow which had been grazing by the roadside took a fancy to Hotep and could not be shaken off. I drove her away with my stick once or twice, and threw small stones at her, but each time I looked back she was still following. Hotep seemed a kind of magnet for

children and animals. Even horses attached to carts occasionally tried to follow her. I wondered how I could get rid of her latest admirer before we reached the village. Hotep herself roused quite sufficient curiosity without the addition of a cow. When we came within sight of the first cottage I tied Hotep to a gate and chased the cow up the hill again and round a bend where I left her quietly cropping the hedge. She looked at me with a pained expression as though the idea of taking a walk with a donkey had never entered her head.

On returning to Hotep I found her standing miserably on three legs. The one she wasn't using was hanging helplessly over her halter-rope against which she was pulling in an attempt to free herself. The more she pulled, the more her leg got hung up. What ingenuity to get into such a silly position! She had only to cease pulling against her head-rope and her leg would be automatically released. However, I couldn't make her understand this so released her myself. All the thanks I got was an attempted kick. I say 'attempted' because she had forgotten that no four-legged animal can stand on just two legs while kicking with a third one — her effort at self-assertion fell rather flat, indeed as she herself almost did.

This was the first time she had shown any loss of dignity since we first met and it was some time before she could be soothed. With ears laid back and a nasty look in her eye she shuffled on her way down the hill. We had only gone a few yards when I heard a soft clop, clop, clop behind us which I recognised instantly. It was the inquisitive cow again, following with slow determination a few yards in our rear. This time I did not try to drive her off but hurried Hotep forward hoping to keep so far ahead of her that when we passed through the town our connection would not be noticed. It was a vain hope for Hotep was still in a bad temper and crawled a few paces slower to spite me.

We entered Chapel-en-le-Frith in single file and were immediately surrounded by children and barking dogs. The children were delighted. They probably thought we were the beginning of a travelling circus and made such a noise that people came to doors and windows to see us pass. Hotep and the cow were quite unconcerned but I was feeling distinctly embarrassed as the procession grew larger.

Mercifully, as we approached the Royal Oak Inn the landlord came out to satisfy his curiosity and I explained the situation to him asking if he could supply food and lodging for myself and Hotep but not for any cow or dogs. He said he thought he could manage it just for the two of us and added with a twinkle in his eye, "I thought you were bringing your own milk supply along." He opened the yard gate and we all trooped in together. The landlord then collected the children, the dogs and the cow and drove them back into the street. I saw no more of the cow but children and dogs were always about us during the rest of my visit.

The inn was clean and comfortable but rather cramped and my evening meal was served in a combination dining, writing and billiard room where the young men of the town came to spend their evenings. There were several of them there when I arrived and more came in during the evening so I had plenty of time to study them at close quarters. Their chief topics of conversation were girls and football; the latter predominated. I thought their socks more brilliant than their conversation — their ties more curious than artistic.

Three of them began to play billiards and at the end of the game one of them asked if I would play and make a fourth. I assured them I did not play and scarcely knew one end of a cue from the other. He insisted that it did not matter as he could easily teach me, so not wishing to appear churlish I

consented. He did his best and the others were most patient and showed nothing of what they must have been feeling. Nevertheless, I felt my efforts only hampered the game and refused to join in a second time. No amount of teaching will ever make me a player I'm afraid, although I had one or two brilliant accidents which, with real chivalry, they pretended to regard as skill.

Before going to bed I had a chat with the landlord who had just been relating the story of Hotep and the cow to his cronies in the bar. This had evidently increased his popularity and I found him in a very merry mood. In appearance he was like the landlord one reads of but never expects to meet in the flesh. He was round as a barrel, red and jovial with a booming voice that echoed round the rafters.

He had once been a music hall artist and gave a demonstration of some of the acrobatic feats he had performed in his youth, which included standing on his head on a chair. The entertainment was very funny — much funnier than he'd intended it to be — as things did not quite go according to plan. He wrecked the aged oak chair, sent the cat up the curtains in a panic, and gave himself, poor man, a nasty bump on the head which seemed to surprise him. It depressed him too as his high spirits vanished and he became lugubrious about our journey to Scotland. He considered the road to Glossop very dangerous for a woman alone, and he thought up a harrowing story of an assault upon a young woman which had occurred a few weeks before. Furthermore, he said, the donkey would find the Glossop road too hard for her feet; she would go lame long before we reached Scotland. When I suggested that the way we had come was no softer he merely snorted — it seemed that he did not like the Glossop road at all.

As he went towards the bar to renew his lost spirits I heard him mutter, "Donkey's feet very small, tiny feet". I realised

that the beer and the bump were working together and he was lost in a spirit of gloomy prophecy. Not wishing for further discouragement I bade him goodnight and came upstairs.

Hotep and I have walked 15 miles today — bed is very welcome.

Friday 24 August

Chapel-en-le-Frith to Chinley Head, 3 mile walk

Before leaving this morning, I went to see the Church of St Thomas Becket, part of which is 13th century.⁶⁸ The sexton was there and showed me around. He told me that the Curfew⁶⁹ is still rung at eight o'clock every evening and at seven o'clock on Sundays. We climbed into the belfry to read the inscriptions on the bells which are rather awe-inspiring things at close quarters, and then we walked in the graveyard.



St Thomas Becket Parish Church, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire

The Sextonship had been in this man's family for 4 generations and obviously he loved every stone of the place, tending the graves as though they were those of his own children. He showed me one or two very quaint inscriptions on some of the stones. One I remember was a cheerful

reminder to the young that they should not set too much store on their youth:

*All ye who are young prepare to die
for I was young, tho' here I lie*

On my way out of the village I remembered my promise to the landlord at Bakewell and called on Mr MacDonald, the Police Superintendent. He and his wife, a very pretty woman of about 35 and with almost white hair, were delighted to see us as various reports had already reached them and the Superintendent had seriously considered calling upon me. Apparently one report had said that I was 'something to do with films', another that I was 'part of a circus' and yet another that I was 'a peddler'. They were charming and hospitable people and said I must be sure to visit them on the way back which I promised to do.



Road to Glossop just outside Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire

As Hotep and I started off again, someone on a motorcycle stopped us. He was a local journalist who wished to get a photograph of us, but the light was so bad that it is doubtful if any were successful. The prospect ahead was not cheerful — rain was beginning to fall and leaden-hued clouds hung low over the hills, sagging earthwards, bloated with the moisture they carried. Hill and valley were soon blotted out

as we splashed our way through mud and puddles. Even Hotep lost her air of indifference and walked listlessly with drooping head and ears flapping in sympathy with the surrounding gloom.

We were soon soaked through and presented such a forlorn bedraggled appearance that a lady in a pony cart stopped and offered us shelter and some hot tea in her cottage nearby. Hotep was taken to the stable and shared a bran mash with the pony. We found them later rubbing noses through the bars which separated them.

After tea we set out once more with grateful hearts and warm inside. However, the weather looked even worse; the sky was an ashen-grey blanket and mean little gusts of wind blew the rain in our faces. I hoped the saddlebags were as waterproof as I had been told. As we slowly climbed Chinley Head the wind increased to a gale and I decided to stop for the night to get dry if there was any accommodation to be had.

I stopped a farmer who told us there was a cottage close by where we could get food and shelter. He pointed out the roof just visible through the dank mist which was rising from the valley below. Here we were both given a warm welcome by a very deaf, but charming old lady who lived there with her two sons. She was worried about our miserable plight and particularly about my wet feet — wet feet are the bane of old ladies' lives I find!

We turned poor Hotep loose in the adjoining field to gain what shelter she could from trees and hedges. I felt very mean about this but beyond bringing her into the kitchen there was no other place to put her. I was made to sit by the kitchen fire wrapped in a blanket and drink hot tea while my hostess dried my clothes and shoes.

She had an ear-trumpet which she turned in my direction while I endeavoured to give her an account of our travels. It

was very hard work and part of the story miscarried badly for when it was ended she remarked, "Do you have to have a licence?" She too thought I was some sort of peddler. She told me that one of her sons had once travelled through Lancashire with a donkey, selling brushes and other household articles. At the end of his tour the donkey died; no-one could tell why as it had shown no sign of illness the whole way.

By bed-time the rain was still falling heavily and the problem of shelter for Hotep during the night became urgent as she could not be left to the mercy of such wild weather indefinitely. I consulted with my hostess who agreed that something must be done about it. There were only two outhouses attached to the cottage, one a privy and the other a fowl-house. Of the two places the latter seemed more suitable, providing that Hotep could come to terms with 20 resentful hens who would certainly not welcome such an intruder. We spread straw over the floor amid a storm of protest from the inhabitants and hoped for the best — then we set out with a lantern to find the Lady and take her to her new quarters.

It was not very easy to find her for a dreary fog had risen from the valley enveloping cottage and field in a murky gloom. Carefully feeling our way round the hedge surrounding the field we found her pressed against the wall behind a small haystack. A wet donkey is always a miserable sight, but Hotep had achieved such a masterpiece as picture of misery, I suspected she had staged it when she heard our voices. The spectacle she presented should have been harrowing enough to soften the hardest of hearts, but her drooping ears, bowed head, and hanging under-lip immediately suggested such a quaint and humorous combination of Holman Hunt's 'The Scapegoat'⁷⁰ and a lop-eared rabbit that it rather spoilt the effect.

The discomfort of a wet fur coat and the general gloom had so depressed her spirits that it took some minutes of our combined efforts in pushing and pulling before she could be persuaded to leave her scanty shelter. With rain dripping down our necks and off the end of our noses we continued to pull, push and prod the ungrateful animal into the fowl-house where we left her to make peace with the irate feathered bedfellows. The old lady and I returned to the cottage and chatted by the fire; that is to say my hostess chatted while I contributed an amiable bellow down the ear trumpet when necessary.

Suddenly my attention was distracted by battle sounds out in the fog. Vituperative screams and squawks came from the direction of the fowl-house, with an occasional thud as of wood hitting wood which suggested that Hotep had joined in. As the sounds increased in volume I decided to go out and investigate, but when I reached the door there was a lull; the noise had died down to a few angry clucks and finally ceased altogether. I listened by the door for a few moments, but heard no sound save the swishing moan of the wind through the dripping trees. The riot had ended, whether by victory or compromise I could not tell. We, or rather I, heard nothing more but we decided it might be as well to visit the fowl-house before shutting up for the night.

Later we took a lantern and went out into a black storm-ridden night. For a moment we listened outside the fowl-house door and hearing no sounds inside we very softly opened it and peered in — immediately we understood the meaning of the silence.

In the light of the lantern we saw Lady Hotep lying peacefully in the straw, her legs neatly tucked under her belly, while upon her back roosted a cockerel and a couple of white hens. Disturbed by the light from our lantern she opened one sleepy eye and flapped an ear in our direction — the birds gave an irritable flutter here and there but

mostly seemed calmed by the steamy warmth arising from Hotep's damp coat. It was a strange scene ...

Reassured we quietly closed the door and returned to the cottage where we have had tea and biscuits before going to bed. I am more than grateful to my hostess for her care and kindness. It is no light matter for an old lady (she must have been well over 60) to run about in the wet and cold in order to shelter two storm-bound strangers.



Chinley Head, Peak District, Derbyshire

Saturday 25 August

Chinley Head to Woodhead, 12.5 mile walk

Hotep and I started out for Woodhead hamlet through cool green leaves. The rain-washed fields and hedges glowed with the freshness of spring and from every branch and leaf iridescent drops of water gleamed like jewels in the sun. A night with the birds seemed to have renewed Hotep's vigour; she ambled along at such a pace that I could scarcely keep up with her. A few feathers still clung to her coat in spite of the brushing I had given her before starting off.

At about lunchtime we reached Glossop and created a good deal of interest as we passed through the town. A policeman held up the traffic for us and enquired about our

destination, Hotep's age, and the reason for travelling in such a fashion. He said it reminded him of a man, he had read of, who had bowled a hoop from London to Glasgow. This puzzled me at first as there seemed very little similarity between Hotep and a hoop, but when he added, "And he won his bet too", the trend of his thought became clear. I assured him that it was not for gain or fame that I travelled thus, but simply for pleasure. He looked incredulous but his reply was drowned by the shrieks and hoots of neglected traffic.

About a mile further on we were overtaken by a sailor who stopped and asked all the usual questions, and expressed the usual misgivings regarding a woman going about alone with a donkey. Perhaps I should have some leaflets printed to hand to people who stop me on the road explaining:

Destination: Scotland, via any place that happens to be on the way.

Reasons for journey: Pleasure only — not for the films, nor the circus, and I am not a peddler.

Name of Donkey: Hotep, an Egyptian word meaning 'peaceful'.

Age of Donkey: 6 years.

Sex: Female.

Trouble with Donkey: None whatever.

Trouble with Tramps: None — no-one has tried to steal the donkey or assault me.

These questions, in one form or another, I answered every day.

The sailor accompanied us for about a mile and then we went our separate ways. As a parting gift he produced a bag of chocolates from amongst his clothes and gave it to me. They were rather moist and battered but the gift was

kindly meant and I took them and thanked him. When he had disappeared from view I tried them on Hotep. I had to give her the whole bag as they were in one brown glutinous mass — she had to eat all, or none. She preferred none and spat the chocolate mass out at my feet, but kept the bag which she chewed contentedly as she walked.

Soon after the sailor left us we were joined by an elderly man who was taking his usual Saturday stroll and evidently found us a very welcome diversion. As he walked beside us he unburdened himself of many matters, domestic and financial. It is strange how the presence of a donkey makes people forget their inhibitions. Had I been alone I doubt if any of the people, who walked and talked so confidentially with us, would have spoken to me at all. As things were, I received an embarrassing number of confidences from complete strangers without giving them the slightest encouragement beyond being a willing listener.

At Woodhead the elderly man left us saying it was a long time since he had enjoyed his walk so much. The little village consisted of one inn, The George and Dragon, and two or three cottages in the midst of wild and lonely country, 6 miles from any other habitation. There were lakes close by which I was told were reservoirs.

The landlord of the inn objected at first to giving Hotep a bed. He said cattle were strictly prohibited near the lakes for fear of pollution. This was very awkward as it was already 4.30pm, late afternoon, and I did not want to travel another 6 miles in such rough country. I pointed out that Hotep was not cattle and promised to be very careful and see that she did not pollute the lake if he would take us in just for one night.

In the end he consented and let her have the use of an old outhouse close to the inn which had once been a stable and said that I should have to look after Hotep myself as he was

short of staff. As I always do look after her myself I accepted his offer gratefully. Once again before leaving he reminded me that she must not pollute the lakes. Later he unbent enough to bring me water in a pail for Hotep and invited me inside for a glass of beer. As I do not like beer at tea-time I refused on the grounds that Hotep must be fed and groomed before the evening as there was no means of lighting the shed.



Woodhead, Derbyshire (Photograph by Paul Bell)

When at last I returned to the inn the bar-parlour was so full that I could not get inside the door. The occupants overflowed into the passage and yard. Hopefully I looked into the tea room but that also was full. There seemed nowhere for me to go at all, and no possibility of tea. The landlord saw me wandering about disconsolately and apologised for the crush. He said it was Wakes Week⁷¹ in Lancashire and that they would be full up and overflowing until closing time. He said, however, that if I would not mind sitting in the kitchen until then, his wife would be delighted to give me tea there and look after me. I thanked him and set out to find the kitchen.

Perhaps it should be explained here that the Wakes is an annual holiday lasting from a week to ten days and is an institution in the north of England. The millworkers and

factory hands save up for it throughout the year and the money is paid into clubs formed for the purpose. Two days before the holiday begins there is a share out between the various members, and an individual may receive as much as £30 as his share. It is the custom to spend every penny of this money before the end of the holiday.

Packed into charabancs⁷² they tour the country on a glorious pub crawl — free from work, worry and hurry and often from their wives too. Though their heads are often heavy, their hearts are light as they progress slowly from village to village and town to town. They may not be able to tell you which village has the oldest church or which town the best architecture but they will always be able tell you which house has the best beer. As there is nothing to spend their money on but food, lodging and beer it is not difficult to imagine the condition of some of them by five o'clock in the evening. I am told they very rarely pass an inn and then only by accident or because the hours are not propitious. I was not very happy when the landlord told me it was Wakes Week.

The kitchen was nearly as overcrowded as the bar-parlour. There was the landlord's wife who was nursing a yelling infant about a month old, the usual kitchen equipment, two cats, a mongrel dog which yelped hideously every time it thought someone was going to tread on it, three small children and a distracted barmaid. In spite of the landlord's assurances his wife did not look at all 'delighted' to see me and could not make herself heard above the uproar of her infant. She made signs however, indicating that I could sit down, which was hospitable enough, if there had been anything to sit on! The only other chair in the room was occupied by a litter of non-descript kittens lying on a bed of socks, undergarments and broken toys!

Feeling discouraged and hungry I stood about aimlessly making occasional soothing noises at the mewling infant. I

hate noise, but out of pity for the long-suffering mother I went up and smiled at the baby, but this only increased its woe. Distressed at my own incompetence and the sight of the mother's thin worn face, I racked my brain to think of some way to be distracting, and remembered that I had seen nurses in Kensington gardens poke babies in the middle with a playful forefinger, making gurgling noises at the same time.

For want of a better idea I extended a forefinger and I gave a tentative poke in the region where I judged the middle should be — the gurgle was beyond me, I was too thirsty and did not want to attempt it. Even without it the effect was instantaneous and astonishing. The crying ceased as if by magic, the face un-puckered, the gaping mouth closed, then quivering for a moment widened to a grin — then suddenly gave vent to a delighted chuckle. The poor mother beamed with gratitude and sent the barmaid to fetch me a chair but none was available. However, she produced an empty packing case which I accepted thankfully. Having settled myself as comfortably as the nature of the seat allowed I asked for tea and biscuits. At that moment the maid was called to serve in the bar, and the mother not knowing what to do with the baby while she made tea, dumped it into my lap saying, "You hold her, she'll be good, you've got a way with 'em."

This is not actually true. I know very little indeed about babies beyond the fact that in their elementary stage they are composed mainly of wind and water — this I have observed when meeting with them in the houses of friends and relatives. I have never had any experience in handling or feeding them.⁷³

As time passed sounds of drunken revelry could be heard in the bar and I felt very thankful to be safely out of the way. My tea was ready and the baby restored to its mother when unsteady footsteps wavered up the passage and a

completely intoxicated potman stood swaying in the doorway saying, between hiccups, that the landlord needed his wife to help in the bar at once. With an appealing glance at me, she thrust a feeding bottle into my hand, and the baby into my lap and left me to deal with them both. My tea stood on the floor getting colder and colder but I could not drink it for want of a free hand. At last the baby's mother returned and apologised for leaving me, saying some of the customers had got 'a bit above themselves' and her husband could not manage alone. I suspected that her husband had also got 'a bit above himself'. People had been standing him drinks all the evening from 5.30pm onwards.

As soon as I could, I left the inn and took refuge in the stable with Hotep who must have been feeling lonely because she actually snorted a greeting when she heard my step outside; she very rarely did more than cock an ear, sometimes not even that.

Unluckily at the moment I entered the stable I was seen by a crowd of joyriders who were on their way to the inn. On the lookout for some amusement they stopped and got down from the charabanc. This was an awkward situation to be in for the stable was some distance from the inn and all the newcomers seemed more than 'a bit above themselves'. Certainly no call for help would be heard at the inn, even if anyone was capable of helping, which I doubted. They had begun at 5.30pm and it was now 7.30pm.

Seven men came into the stable and about six remained outside to see what would happen. When they saw Hotep they demanded that she should be brought out for them all to ride. They tried to drag her out by the halter and I was wondering what I could do to stop them pulling her about when suddenly she decided to settle the matter in her own way. She probably knew the sound of drunken voices far better than I did and disliked them just as much. Directly any of the men approached, to get to her head, she lashed

out with her heels to such good purpose that none dared to go nearer.

One, however, more intelligent or more foolhardy than the rest, climbed the dividing partition between the two stalls and so reached her head without having to pass her heels. He managed to persuade her that he was not as bad as he smelt and sat on the edge of the manger with an arm round her neck, whispering into her ear. This tickled her so unbearably that she threw up her head and caught him a blow on the chin which laid him out on the straw. It was the neatest knock-out imaginable and scared his friends into a panic. They dared not go and pick him up so I rushed in to pacify Hotep, and prevent her from trampling his face into the dust. I told him he'd better get up and get out quickly as a donkey didn't mind which foot she kicked with, front or back. I was really thinking of mules, but it served the purpose — they didn't notice my mistake; they were much too frightened.

Having decided to leave Hotep alone, they showed signs of turning their attention to me but I easily defeated their intentions by taking up a position at Hotep's head so that they could not get at me without passing the dangerous end of her and this they were not prepared to do. At length, after a good deal of unprintable abuse at Hotep and some lewd remarks about women in general, particularly those who went about with donkeys instead of husbands, they stumbled out and disappeared in the direction of the inn. But for Hotep's unexpected and timely intervention I might have fared rather badly and I made up my mind to be more careful where I stayed during Wakes Week in future.

When I got back into the inn it was after 8pm and the landlord's wife sent word that my supper was ready in the kitchen. This didn't attract me at all but I found the muddle had been cleared up and the room put in some sort of order. The cat's litter had been cleared away with the socks

and toys, so there was a vacant chair for me and a table had been laid beside the fire — I was able to enjoy my meal undisturbed. It was the usual mongrel evening meal that one always gets in the north — a mixture of tea and dinner. In this case it was strong tea and fish — at least they said it was fish but it might just as well have been fried rubber. After that there were eggs, ham and homemade jam and cake. They called it High Tea.⁷⁴ Why 'High' I don't know — the highest thing about it was the fish, which had clearly been dead a long time before it was cooked.

After closing hours the landlord came in for a chat and wished me luck on our 'most dangerous' journey. I did not tell him of my adventure in the stable as I thought it might distress him. He was rather under the weather after his strenuous evening and very soon went to bed.

Sunday 26 August

Woodhead to Huddersfield, 14.5 mile walk

This morning I awoke feeling unwell and heard the sound of rain lashing the window panes.

Last night I was wakened by a strange noise which sent uncomfortable shivers down my back and made me sit up and light the candle in a hurry. It was a curious creaking moan followed by a tapping sound, as though someone was hitting the wall with something hard like a key. It happened again and again and I sat up in bed ready to leap out at a moment's notice.

I listened intently but could hear no sounds in any other part of the house to account for the noise. An owl suddenly hooted, the groan simultaneously came again and the candle flickered so violently that it nearly went out — this was too much! I leapt out of bed and made for the door. Behold the ghost was laid, flat! As I reached the door, which I had shut on going to bed, I saw it very slowly open,

groaning as it did so, then very slowly shut again creaking as it went. The tapping noise came from the buckle attached to my belt which was hanging on the door and which knocked gently against the door as it moved.

All this mystery and fright must have been simply because of a faulty latch, an open window, a rather high wind and an overtired, frayed nervous system. I've never really believed in ghosts or in supernormal happenings of any kind. Nevertheless, in the darkness of the night, in quiet, lonely places I've always had an uncomfortable feeling that some ghostly form might emerge from the shadows. I was relieved, but ashamed, and propped a chair against the offending door, blew out the candle and slept soundly for the rest of the night.

I did not see the landlord before I left so imagined he was sleeping it off. It was with some reluctance that I left the warmth of the kitchen where we breakfasted, for about 13 miles walk to Huddersfield. I found Hotep still asleep and very unwilling to face the weather again — she had to be coaxed out of the warm stable with sugar.

During the first part of the walk the scenery was magnificent but rather frightening. The wind howled through the telegraph wires overhead, making a weird uncanny lament as we climbed higher and higher. For many miles there was no sign of human habitation, no sheep, no birds — we seemed to be the only living creatures in a wilderness of stern grey boulders and wind-flattened grass. As we neared the summit the gale grew fiercer plucking at the screaming wires until even Hotep was shaken out of her usual calm and, for the first time since I have known her, began to trot uphill. When the strain became too much for her she slowed down and pressed close against my side, trying to hide her head under my arm — anything to shut out the grim and unearthly screaming of the wires. We bowed our heads against the onslaught of the wind and

struggled on reaching Holmfirth wet and exhausted where we stopped for lunch at the Golden Fleece Inn.



Holme Moss, Peak District, Derbyshire

I had started the walk with a headache and after lunch felt worse. By the time Hotep was packed and ready for the road again I was shivering. This I recognised as a chill, or 'flu, both equally unpleasant at the top of a high hill. I enquired where a chemist could be found and was told that there was one 5 miles ahead. This was not encouraging and made me feel seriously ill. The landlord noticed my greenish hue and brought me a double brandy which he told me to drink neat. After I had finished choking I felt much better and able to face the road again, determined to reach civilisation as soon as possible.

I don't remember much of the first 2 miles thanks to the brandy. The rain had stopped and I was quite happy just floating down the road with a donkey which disappeared at intervals and then came back. It all seemed quite natural. The effect wore off after a time and I now managed to feel giddy without any brandy and it was not a happy giddiness either.

By good luck, as we were passing a cottage I caught sight of a brass plate on the door and stopped to examine it. It

wasn't a doctor, as I had hoped, but a vet — which was one better than a dentist for my purpose. He was working in his garden and saw me stop to read his plate so he came out at once and asked if Hotep ailed anything. I had forgotten by that time that I had a donkey and was quite surprised to see her standing beside me. I shook my head and he looked closely at me and said, "Come inside." I didn't have to explain anything. He was a most understanding person and sat me in a chair while he mixed a stiff dose of something nasty — a horse drench I expect — and took my temperature which was 101F. He then handed me a white powder to swallow and gave me more brandy to wash it down before making me lie on a couch for an hour before I continued on my way. In fact he said it was impossible for me to go on and I agreed, but pointed out that I could not be ill until I got to Huddersfield. I think he saw my point. I shall always remember his kindness with gratitude. He refused to take any payment for his trouble.

Soon after we left the vet the rain began again, but I was long past caring what the weather did and just hung on to the saddle straps letting Hotep pull me along. My memory of the greater part of the journey is very vague but I know that we crawled along interminable tram lines and reached Huddersfield drenched and miserable, oblivious of the attention we must have attracted.

I came to myself, however, when we reached the centre of the town and a lady jumped off a tram and ran after us as though we were long-sought friends. I stopped Hotep and waited for her to come up feeling sure there was a mistake somewhere. She was very breathless and excited and could only gasp out, "It is like a miracle seeing you there!" Still completely mystified I began to wonder which of us was delirious, until she explained that she had only just finished reading Robert Louis Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey* and could hardly believe her eyes when she saw us there

right in the middle of the traffic 'like a dream come true'. I assured her that we were real, as real as the crowd that had begun to collect around us and which was soon going to stop the traffic if we did not move on. She was so anxious not to lose sight of us that she tramped beside us all through the deluge until we came to the Sun Inn where she said I could get a bed for Hotep. She would not hear of my staying at the Inn myself but insisted that I should spend the night at her house and meet her family.

We saw Hotep dried and fed and left her surrounded by the usual crowd of admirers. Then taking the saddle-bags with us we took a taxi and made our way to my new friend's house bedraggled and disreputable as I was.

At the house, my friend Miss Gledhill introduced me to her mother and Uncle. If they were surprised to see me they did not show it but were most kind and hospitable, giving me food and a hot bath and treating me as one of the family. The mother is a fragile gentle creature who had spent the best years of her life nursing an invalid husband. This had destroyed her health but left untouched her natural kindness and generosity.

After the evening meal she brought out an album of photographs. They were views of the places she had seen in Canada where she took her husband in the hope that the climate might restore his health, but it proved to be a vain hope. It was easy to see that this visit to Canada had been the greatest adventure of her hardworking life, and she lived it all over again as she lingered over each picture. Her face brightened and her voice sounded youthful as she pointed out the beauties of the places she loved so well and described the people she had met. With the help of guide books we made the journey again together and her enthusiasm was so infectious that I too forgot for a time that we were sitting in a small house in one of the ugliest towns in Yorkshire with rain pouring from an angry sky. It is

sad to see such a charming woman obliged by circumstances to live out the remainder of her days in this uninspiring little house.

The Uncle is of a different temperament — he does not smoke, is a strict tee-totaller and takes rather an austere, serious view of life. His welcome to me was as kindly in its way as that of the mother, but I do not think he likes women very much — perhaps he is shy. I do not feel at ease with him and dare not smoke. Miss Gledhill herself has inherited all her mother's charm, generosity, and love of travel and new places. She said she would enjoy, above everything else, a holiday where she could be free for a time from timetables, newspapers, set hours for meals, and all the ties of civilisation. She has not complained but I guess that her present, rather restricted, life is sometimes irksome to her.

Now in the security of the town, surrounded with friendly noises, the nervousness I experienced last night seems quite absurd, but in that old and lonely inn miles from any other human contact, surrounded by gaunt hills, it had seemed very unpleasantly real.

And ...! The next time I am ill I shall go to a veterinary surgeon instead of a doctor as the chill, or whatever it was that attacked me, has almost disappeared. The vet's medicine has worked wonders. I still feel a little light in the head and rather weak about the knees, but nothing more — never been cured of anything as rapidly before!

Monday 27 August

Huddersfield to Halifax, 7.5 mile walk

At breakfast this morning Miss Gledhill said she would like to go for a long walk and her mother suggested that she should go part of the way with me, have lunch out, and return by train in time for dinner. The Uncle, fortunately, had not come down and it was agreed that nothing should

be said until after we had left when Mrs Gledhill would tell him herself. One of his peculiarities was a habit of putting obstacles in the way of any project that was suggested; but once it was accomplished and he had had a satisfactory grumble he ceased to worry about it.

After breakfast we went to the Sun Inn and brought Hotep back to be saddled at the house and on our return we found the Uncle standing on the doorstep with a camera looking quite genial. Hotep was taken into the front garden and photographed from several angles, with packs and without. A famous actress could hardly have been more photographed than Lady Hotep during the course of her travels.

We decided to go to Queensbury which would enable us to avoid Halifax — a place I had no wish to see. We set out gaily in spite of gloomy clouds overhead which rapidly turned to a soaking rain. Nothing could dampen Miss Gledhill's high spirits and she walked beside us singing merrily and looking years younger than her 25 years.

Unfortunately we took a wrong turning and very soon found ourselves on the outskirts of Halifax — the very place we had tried to avoid. It was too late to go back so we decided to call upon some friends of Miss Gledhill who lived in the town. Before we had gone very far through the town I realised the truth of that well-known quotation 'From Hell, Hull and Halifax good Lord deliver us'. I certainly wish we had been delivered from it.

The first hotel we saw was The Northgate, and here I stopped and booked a room for myself and a stall for Hotep, where I left her while I went with Miss Gledhill to call on her friends. The weather was so bad that we stayed for lunch and tea and afterwards I saw Miss Gledhill off by train. She was very depressed at the thought of going back while we were going forward in search of fresh adventures.

I returned here to the hotel, paying a visit to Hotep to see that she was comfortable, then came to my room to change into day clothes before the customary High Tea.

As I was struggling to peel off sodden breeches my door opened and a young man came into the room. As usual I had forgotten to lock the door. He caught sight of me, half in and half out of the breeches, and retreated saying, "Sorry old chap, wrong number!" Before I could say a word he was gone. We met later, however, at the High Tea and became good friends. In fact we've rather scandalised the hall porter as Mr Eve and I sat up until 1am discussing our families and life in general.

Mr Eve never mentioned the incident of the wrong room, and neither did I, so I imagine he did not see my face. He told me he was a professional photographer and asked if he might take some photographs of Hotep in the morning before we left. I agreed.

Tuesday 28 August

Halifax

Late last night I had some trouble with the manager of the hotel who was an Italian. When I booked my room he had spoken to me rather insolently and eyed me in a way I did not care for, but I took no notice and thought no more about it. When I went up to bed, however, he was in the hall late as it was, and stood and watched Mr Eve and I go upstairs with a peculiar expression on his face — a kind of suggestive leer which puzzled me. I could not see any reason for it although I don't pretend to understand the foreigner's attitude toward women.

I was just going to get into bed when someone knocked on my door and thinking it was the porter bringing me back my dried breeches I called out, "Come in." It was not a porter but the manager, and although I was in my pyjamas

he walked in and shut the door. I realised that he had been in the bar and was not altogether responsible for his actions which made the situation even more unpleasant. Mr Eve had the room next to mine so I stood as near the dividing wall as I could, intending to thump hard if things got difficult. The manager was an evil little brute and talked very insolently, making various unmistakable insinuations regarding my reasons for staying alone at hotels.

I handled him as tactfully as I could, at the same time edging nearer to the wall. I took no notice of his would-be amorous glances and pretended I did not understand his insinuations. At last, realising that he was not making any impression he decided to give it up, for that night at any rate. I shut the door on him and turned the key with a sigh of relief at having got out of the difficulty with comparative ease. Being a foreigner and a Latin, I suppose the manager found it difficult to believe that a woman of 30 could travel alone and stay at hotels alone without expecting or wanting to be seduced by any male who happened to be about.

At breakfast I met seven commercial travellers from whom I gathered a good deal of information on a variety of subjects including soap making, the reproduction of 'old masters', and fake antique furniture!

As rain was still falling steadily, I spent the afternoon in writing to people who did not believe we should ever reach Scotland just to let them know we were still moving northwards in spite of the weather.

This evening I went to the theatre with Mr Eve, the photographer, and told him of my experience with the manager. He said he had heard the man come into my room and wondered if he was making himself unpleasant. Had I knocked on the wall he said he would have come immediately and got rid of him for me.

Wednesday 29 August

Halifax to nr Keighley, 12 mile walk

Mr Eve took photographs of Hotep and me before we set out for Keighley, and he promised to post copies to Scotland if they were good.

The day was dull, the road was dull and there was the usual gale blowing dust into our eyes and nostrils. I have never known so many gales in August. We passed through the Bronte Country and I wondered how anyone living in such a dour grey place as Haworth could ever have had the heart to write. It was not surprising that their books were concerned mainly with tragedy. It was a gloomy setting for any writer.

At Haworth a soldier joined us saying he would like to walk along with us if we would put up with his company. On such a dreary day I was glad of some human companionship and so welcomed him. He said he had been in the mule-transport during the war and told me worse things about their habits than I had heard from Boots at Derby, the day Hotep and I started our journey. Before the war he had been in a bank but had decided that there was more variety in a soldier's life and so had remained in the Army. He expected to go into the Airforce before very long — he was now on leave and did not quite know what to do.

Although he had no great opinion of mules, he loved Hotep at once and was soon walking by her side caressing her and talking to her. She evidently recognised a kindred spirit in him for she kept an ear cocked in his direction and forgot my existence. After all the days we had spent together I felt rather hurt. Surely, I thought, she will wait for me as usual at the next turning? But she did not, nor did she hear when I called to her. Without a backward glance she followed the soldier round the corner. It is strange how feminine creatures will follow a uniform!

I have thought that it would be well for the domestic happiness of women who marry uniformed men if their husbands had the wisdom to sleep in their uniforms. Surely there is no more foolish or monstrous sight than a man clad only in his shirt and socks — unless it is a man in a nightshirt!

Before we reached Keighley the soldier had almost decided that he would come all the way with us. I hoped fervently that he would not, and said all that I could to discourage him. I had no wish to arrive in Scotland with a soldier and a donkey. However, he refused to be discouraged saying it was just the kind of trip he'd love and he would be able to 'make things much easier for me'. I doubted that, but did not hurt his feelings by saying so.

Eventually he stopped Hotep beside a gate and said he would think it over, which he proceeded to do, leaning over the gate while I waited anxiously for his decision. At length he straightened up and said in a firm voice to Hotep, "No I can't do it. It wouldn't be fair." He then realised I was waiting and looked at me sadly saying, with a deep sigh, "No it wouldn't do, you might fall in love with me — most women do — and that might cause trouble for you." Here he looked meaningfully at my wedding ring and said no more.

The egotism of this man was astonishing — it left me speechless. It is true that he was handsome in a film star fashion, very well made and fairly well educated. But even allowing for all these attractions we had only walked together for a short time and he had mostly walked ahead making love to Hotep, so I had little chance of becoming enamoured of him. In the circumstances I could think of no suitable reply so I made none, but bade him a rather confused farewell. I led Hotep away feeling rather foolish but glad to be rid of him so easily. Maybe he really did think

it was for my good that we should part, and he was probably right too.

After this adventure we travelled a while without meeting with anything living, either animal or human. I got so tired of the road and the weather that I have stopped walking and have put up for the night much earlier than usual.

Thursday 30 August

Nr Keighley to Keighley, 2.1 mile walk

We made an early start for Keighley this morning and found the weather better but the road just as deserted. Hotep seemed as depressed by it as I was, and jogged along with her ears flopping — always a sign that she is tired or bored.

Suddenly a figure appeared on the road in front of us as if by magic. There were no side roads or turnings that I could see and he had certainly not been visible 5 minutes earlier — I began to wonder if he was real. He moved so slowly that we soon caught him up and then I saw that he was very real and very dirty — a tramp who must have been resting in the ditch at the roadside. The spectacle he presented was not at all reassuring. His toes were out of his boots, his hair hung in black, greasy wisps nearly down to his shoulders, one tooth was missing and he smelt, even at a distance.

We soon caught him up and as we passed him he turned and stared at Hotep. I saw a small beer house in the distance and tried to hurry Hotep on, but with the perversity of all her tribe she hung back when she saw the tramp almost as though she had recognised a friend. Perhaps the smell reminded her of her coster days when she had many disreputable friends no doubt, but I was not going to encourage her to make new ones on this lonely, deserted road. After we had passed him I looked back and saw him picking up something from the road. When we reached the beer house Hotep stopped and looked

enquiringly at me as she always does on coming to such places. I told her we were not going in and had to goad her past the place, getting her away just as the tramp arrived there.

We had only gone a few yards when I heard steps behind us and looking back saw the tramp running to catch us up. It was no use trying to hurry Hotep, this was one of her slow days. So I pulled her up and waited, expecting trouble and remembering the various warnings that had been given to me about the dangers of lonely roads. If I was to get away I'd have to leave Hotep, and all that she carried, and run by myself. This was unthinkable so I just waited — feeling slightly sick — for I judged that only fear or the prospect of some substantial gain would cause a tramp to run.

I was wrong. He stopped, very breathless but beaming through his whiskers, and produced a bag of peppermints one of which he offered to Hotep. I had never thought of giving her such things myself, but she loved them and nosed his hand for more. He fondled and petted her as though she was a long-lost child and she reciprocated by rubbing her head all over his ragged, greasy old coat. I asked him how he knew she would like peppermints and he replied, "Donkeys always do, I 'ad one once." He told me he had once been a tinker and travelled from place to place with a donkey cart, then the war had come and times grew harder — he could not keep his donkey and now he was just tramping the roads. Sometimes he got odd jobs repairing things, at other times he just tramped.

Tactlessly I asked him how he fared for food. His only reply was a knowing wink and a chuckle, so I said no more. He did not whine or even hint that he wanted money — he was cheerful, carefree and perfectly harmless. Before leaving him I gave him a shilling to get a meal — advised him not to drink it too quickly. At this he gave another wink and chuckle and turned back to the beer house, the ragged

edges of his trousers flapping in the breeze ... we saw him no more.

Keighley is not an attractive place at all; it has a cold inhospitable atmosphere and seems to contain more children to the square yard than any other town we have passed through. On our arrival they swarmed round Hotep like flies, clutching at any part of her they could reach until I was afraid she would lose her temper and lash out at some of them, but she did not — so far, her manners with children have been perfect.

The Kings Arms — the only inn I could see — is old and uninviting but the landlady who came out directly she saw Hotep, is a large dark-haired attractive Yorkshire woman. She probably weighs 15 stone but she carries it so well that it does not seem to matter.

The interior of the inn is devoid of any kind of comfort. The visitors' sitting room smells like a vault — I don't think the window has been opened for months. The furniture is shiny horsehair with stuffing protruding from the corners of the chair seats. I think the landlady noticed my look of distaste for she suggested that the kitchen was much warmer if I did not mind sitting with her and sharing her meal. I replied that nothing would please me better and followed her down — it was certainly warm and comfortable. She gave me what she described as "a good Yorkshire feed". It was exceedingly good, especially the home baked bread (baps) which she made herself.

Her husband is away attending a market some miles distant and is not expected home for 2 or 3 days so she was glad to have someone to keep her company.

After closing hours we sat together before the fire and she told me something of her history. She had been a singer on the Halls and afterwards had gone on the road with a touring company. Then she had met and married a man

many years older than herself — he is the owner of this inn. She had found marriage very much less romantic in reality than it had been in the plays in which she had taken part, and she had finally run away and left him for 2 years — whether alone or with someone else she did not say. Nor did she say what had made her return to her husband.

She has only been back a few weeks and I suspect it is on account of her son 'our Bert', as she calls him, who is just 14. She brought out an album containing photographs of 'our Bert' taken during infancy and adolescence. As she gazed at the photos I thought how fortunate it was that mother love is indeed blind for he is one of the most unattractive-looking youths I've ever seen. His two outstanding features were his ears — something should have been done to restrain them in early infancy. Evidently he took after his father ...

In one photograph he was 12 months old and crawling nude on a goatskin rug. In another he was shown standing in a sailor suit clutching a spade and pail against a background of wild waves, impossible-looking shells, and seaweed and sand. Later ones showed him with hair well plastered down, standing stiffly by a long plush curtain, with one hand resting on a highly polished, high-backed chair — a watch chain slung across his middle.

Friday 31 August

Keighley to Skipton, 9 mile walk

This morning we had home-made bread and Yorkshire pastry for breakfast, some of which was offered to Hotep as a parting gift, but it was not really appreciated — although she did have the good manners to wait until our hostess' back was turned before she spat it out.



Near Skipton, North Yorkshire

Continuing our journey we reached here, Skipton, at about 2.30pm after a very hot walk through beautiful country. The only inn I could see was The Devonshire Arms but they are full up owing to a rush of visitors to the local show which is to be held tomorrow, so they could only take Hotep in. Fortunately, I met a lady in the stable yard who said she thought I could get a bed at the boarding house where she herself is staying and this I was able to do. The lady, Miss Wilson, is a schoolmistress in a boys' school. She is very pleasant but a rather masculine type, very keen on sports and riding. She said she would be riding in the show ring tomorrow. I like her but find her heartiness rather trying at times. Back slapping, sporting women are not very attractive.

It is curious that the average woman cannot behave in a normal way with animals. I suppose they tend to regard them as a substitute for children — something on which they can lavish affection when they feel like it. To hear a woman talking baby-talk to some unfortunate dog is nauseating in the extreme.

Dyneley House is comfortable and run by very kindly people. Most of the guests seem to be related to them so it

is more or less a family party. During the evening a young man sang love-songs accompanied by another young man who played the piano with more enthusiasm than skill. Several of their friends dropped in during the evening and most of them had some musical ability with the exception of a little man of indeterminate age who imagined he could play the flute. The pianist did his best to drown out some of the more agonising notes but it would have been easier to drown a cat without a brick ...



Skipton, North Yorkshire

When they heard I was leaving the next day they begged me to stay for the show. Miss Wilson was particularly insistent so I made a bargain with her that I would stay tomorrow if she would walk to Kettlewell with me the following day. It is only 16 miles and it does not seem too much to ask of a sporting, athletic woman. She agreed to do this and asked if she might bring two friends with her as she thought they would be thrilled at the idea of a walk with a donkey.

Later she introduced me to these friends — I doubted if either of them would be thrilled by anything at the end of 2 miles. However, I said I should be delighted to have their company if they would not mind an early start.

Saturday 1 September

Skipton

Being Show Day today the town was very crowded: pigs, cattle and sheep came from every direction. Unbelievably fat bulls straddled the main street — be-ribboned stallions with shining coats and massive arched necks marched proudly beside their grooms, while a flock of sheep, terrified by the crowd, lost their heads and stampeded amongst the cars and horses. Some children riding thorough-bred ponies tried to round them up and completed the confusion. The whole street became a pandemonium of shouting men, barking dogs and bellowing bulls.

When we reached the show ground I met Miss Wilson with her two friends. They said how much they were looking forward to the walk with Hotep tomorrow. I looked at their feet — no they were certainly not walkers, but did not like to discourage them since they were determined to try.

It was like most shows of its kind. The jumping was good but the rest of the horsemanship rather poor — even the jumpers had seemed to get over in spite of their riders. I left the party and wandered away to a corner of the field where Cheapjacks⁷⁵ were trying to shout each other down. I spent an amusing half hour listening to a man selling some patent medicine until he became so indecent in his explanation of its virtues that I was dragged away by the rest of the party.

Just then Mr Carr, the son of the boarding house owner, turned up and gave us a considerable shock. He was guided by a friend and the most important parts of him appeared to be held together with plaster and bandages. He had one eye closed up, one arm in a sling, patches on his chin and a bad limp. We had seen him off on a motorcycle this morning early and it appears that he had a bad smash on the way

home. He looked a dreadful mess and certainly not fit to be walking about — sure to collapse from the shock sooner or later.

The largest crowd gathered round a rotund, jovial little man who had exhibited on his stall two lengths of drainpipe — one clean and new, the other dirty and blocked at one end with a lump of earth or dung. I could not hear all he said but concluded he was selling some gadget connected with household plumbing and I wondered, when I heard the shouts of laughter that greeted his remarks from time to time, how he contrived to make such uninspiring objects as drainpipes amusing. I edged my way into the crowd and caught the words, “There’s a bad smell all over the house isn’t there ...?” Then I felt a tug at my arm. My friends had found me and seemed quite unreasonably anxious to hustle me away. I protested, saying I wanted to stay and find out how he cured the bad smell all over the house, but they would not listen. As we left Miss Wilson whispered to me, “He’s always here and he sells aperients.”⁷⁶ We couldn’t listen to that — not with men there.”

I saw her point and suggested that we should go to see a milking competition which had just started, but again she demurred on account of the men in the party. I never realised before what a handicap male companions could be! I left her to make the next suggestion which was that we should find the refreshment tent for tea, which we did.

After tea and some music we returned to the house to rest before having dinner and going to the Village Fair in the evening.

When Mr Carr joined us at dinner he was hardly recognisable and certainly should have been in bed. We tried to persuade him to do so but he insisted upon joining the party for the Village Fair. Had he dropped out it would

have left five females and four males in the party and they evidently intended to go in pairs.

The problem became acute — they were too polite to offer me the damaged male and yet it was obvious that each one coveted a perfectly whole male for herself. I settled their difficulties by deliberately and shamelessly attaching myself to Mr Carr — I was the eldest of the party by 5 years at least and there was nothing improper in such an action. Besides, a youth with one eye closed up, an arm in a sling, patches on his chin and a bad limp cannot be very eloquent. The tension relaxed and the others paired off according to plan; this was evidently the mating season. Our destination, I had been told earlier in the evening, would be the 'Lovers Walk' behind the church, so it was not from any unselfish motive that I chose an invalid as my escort. I find the love-making of the youthful male bores me — I suppose I'm not yet old enough to appreciate it!

The lane was pitch dark there being no moon. After splashing through many puddles and disturbing more than one of our party at their amorous devotions we anchored against a brick wall and listened — not to nightingales but to the curious whisperings and sighs and faint lingering squelch made by lips reluctantly severed when air became urgent necessity. My companion did his best with his one undamaged arm but I assured him it was not necessary and persuaded him that leaning against a damp wall with one's feet in a puddle was more conducive to rheumatism than amateness and so took him home.

The others came back an hour later somewhat ruffled about the hair trying not to look self-conscious, as lovers will. They all said they'd had a most enjoyable walk and then winked at me and laughed — anyway why shouldn't they.

Sunday 2 September

Skipton to Threshfield, 10.4 mile walk

After breakfast I collected Miss Wilson and prepared Hotep for her journey. At 10.30am there was no sign of her two friends; I didn't really expect them. So at 11am we started for Kettlewell, which is 16 miles via Grassington.

After the first 3 miles Miss Wilson began to show signs of wear, being a large and robust creature — she kept wanting to sit down and smoke — very bad for one's wind. We were then caught in a deluge of rain and hail and at the end of the eighth mile it was obvious that she wished she had not come. By the time we reached Grassington I knew Miss Wilson would go no further and would hate me forever if I reminded her of the bargain — I told her we would stop in Threshfield and look up some old friends there. She jumped at the idea, as I expected, and out of joy and thankfulness insisted upon paying for my lunch.

I have put up at the Old Hall Inn — kept by people named Metcalfe, who curiously enough remembered me quite well even though it is 10 years since I met them when staying with an old school friend. At 5pm I went and called on the Southernns, the family of my old school friend, and had tea and dinner with them.

9.30pm. Came back to the inn. I entered the bar and heard a man talking about a Captain Lovell. Curious, I moved closer and discovered that it was the son of our butcher at home. When I told him that Captain Gordon Lovell was my brother he looked much astonished and a little confused as he clearly was trying to remember what he had said!



Old Hall Inn, Threshfield, North Yorkshire

Monday 3 September

Threshfield to Gargrave via Airton, 15.5 mile walk

I breakfasted early and heard that Lady Hotep had broken loose during the night — she had been brought back at 6am by a policeman who said he had found her behaving in a disorderly manner amongst someone's flower beds a mile away and that when he arrested her she assaulted him with violence. I assured him that if he kept to the right end of her she was as quiet as a lamb.

Before leaving Threshfield I took Hotep up to see my friends the Southernns as promised. She made no objections to going up their garden steps and came down them just as readily.

It was a glorious day as we left at 10.30am for Gargrave, via Airton, through beautiful scenery. I didn't want to walk and Hotep seemed to feel tired too so we rested frequently, stopping for refreshments at Airton. A lady in the village spoke to me as though to a child of 12, asking if I was home from school for the holidays — idiot! Wonder she didn't buy me some sweets!



Airton, North Yorkshire

We stopped to rest again after lunch beside a stream, Hotep saying she simply couldn't move another step. We were both exhausted by the heat. There was no-one in sight for miles, not a cottage or barn, so I took off her packs and my own shoes and stockings to try to get cool. Hotep lay down on the grass and I lay beside her leaning against her shoulder for a pillow. At the moment I had both arms round Hotep's neck and was singing to her there were sudden loud chuckles from the bank above us and we saw two farmers, who had evidently been resting also, looking through the hedge and thoroughly enjoying themselves. I don't know what else they thought I had been doing or was going to do to her. Perhaps it made them think longingly of their pigs ...



Outside Airton, North Yorkshire

Fearing they might come through the hedge I replaced Hotep's packs and my shoes and still watched by the two farmers we moved on our way — I feeling as though I had been caught in a criminal act as murmurs of "Lucky donkey" floated through the hedge.



Old Swan Inn, Gargrave, North Yorkshire

We arrived at Gargrave at about 5.30pm and put up here at the Old Swan Inn. The landlady is very friendly and as there is no-one else in the place I saw all the family wedding group pictures and listened, as usual, to the entire family history — even including the children's children. And learnt more about the Royal family than I ever knew before!

I went into the coffee room to read — the light was very bad and on looking around for a candle I caught sight of a large full-grown brown bear standing up on his hind legs, glaring at me from the opposite corner of the room. As this species of animal is not common in Yorkshire I sat up and rubbed my eyes thinking sleep must have taken me unawares, but no, it was still there — I could have sworn that it moved so I got up quickly and went to examine it and found it was stuffed. Very relieved ... they are dangerous pets.

The landlady was very amused when I told her about it — said it used to stand in the hall outside the bar but at 10pm so many people had tried to kill it that they were obliged to have it removed.

I phoned Mr Eve this evening as promised. He is in Keithley and wants to come over and take some more photos of Hotep.

The 'curse' has arrived — to bed at 11pm feeling rotten so no walk tomorrow.

Tuesday 4 September

Gargrave

Torrents of rain today but I rode all morning. At 2.30pm I took Hotep to have a new pair of shoes fitted — 3/6d.

7.30pm. All the villagers have come to the Swan Inn to 'listen in', there being a wireless set newly installed. I found it quite amusing for a time but was overpowered by smell of humanity in bulk and have retreated early.

Wednesday 5 September

Gargrave

Still feeling rotten so have decided to stay another day.

This morning I went to see a recently restored church which has two Saxon stones remaining ... not very

interesting.

Saw Mr Eve this evening.

Thursday 6 September

Gargrave to Clapham, 18.1 mile walk

Hotep and I had a lovely walk over the moors, Kirkby Fell, on the way to Settle and I was very inclined to stay at the 'Naked Man' inn there because the name amused me.

But instead we carried on, going through Clapham to stay at Cross Streets Hotel about a mile outside — and this is a very comfortable bed, a rare find in country inns in England!



Airton-Settle Road, North Yorkshire



Kirkby Fell, North Yorkshire



Entrance to Settle, North Yorkshire



Settle, North Yorkshire

Friday 7 September

Clapham to Kirkby Lonsdale, 11.3 mile walk

We left for Kirkby Lonsdale where I expect letters.

The 12 miles of tarred road was very trying on one's feet and we were stopped at intervals all along the road. As we were crossing the moors seven cart horses came after us and surrounded Hotep. It required much energy and many large stones before they understood that they were not wanted. I am rather scared of horses where Hotep is concerned — they either run away, or come after her. Soon after this we were stopped by some motorists who had seen us much earlier in our wanderings. Addresses were exchanged — they were four men from Lancashire who were most interested in our trip and anxious to hear of our arrival in Scotland, which I could see they doubted.

We arrived here at the Royal Hotel, Kirkby Lonsdale, tired and depressed. It isn't much of a hotel but the stabling for Hotep is good.

10.30pm. And so to bed.



Just before Kirkby Lonsdale at Cowan Bridge, Cumbria

Saturday 8 September

Kirkby Lonsdale

Breakfasted at 9.30am. I sat at a table with a lady from University College, London, doing a motor tour with her brother. What a joy to hear one's own language spoken again, after all these barbarous dialects.



Royal Hotel, Kirkby Lonsdale, Cumbria



St Mary's Church, Kirkby Lonsdale, Cumbria

I inspected St Mary's Church⁷⁷ after breakfast, fairly interesting with the usual early Saxon coffin. I think that at some time a Saxon burial place must have been sacked and a coffin distributed to every church in Derbyshire and Yorkshire; they all seem to possess just one! This church was restored in the 15th century, the original being built in the 12th century. The curious carved pillars are early Norman, like some in Durham Cathedral.

I saw Lune⁷⁸ salmon advertised all over the town and had some for lunch. Just tasted like any ordinary salmon ...

The whole place is packed with motorists so I shall be glad to get away. The scenery here does not attract me much; it's too regular and 'pretty' — just the kind of scenery amateur lady artists invariably try to paint — always a river bounded on one side by respectable and well-dressed trees, a sober and well-groomed hill or two in the background. Give me the bare, bleak peaks or the rugged mountains of Scotland and Wales, naked and unashamed. Certain parts of Derbyshire too rouse the devil in me with their smug respectability; the wind for very shame would hardly dare to lift the leaves from the trees lest the nudity be revealed.

This evening I dined again with the lady from London and her brother. She gave me *Cupid and Psyche*⁷⁹ to read, a delightful book and one to be read many times.

They both thought I was much too young to be wandering the countryside alone and would hardly believe that I have a child myself. I should have my age printed on my back and front — most annoying to always be mistaken for a child.

To bed early, bored with this place ...

Sunday 9 September

Kirkby Lonsdale to Kendal, 12.3 mile walk

At 10.30am Hotep and I left for Kendal via a beautiful road over moorland where we met only one human being the whole way.

After 12 miles we made a triumphal entry into Kendal town accompanied by 12 village boys in their Sunday suits, some of which had a distinct aspect of Monday viewed from behind. Having hindered me with their help in undressing Hotep they were driven off by a policeman and we put up here at the Royal Hotel for the night — a 'commercial' of the most dreary type.

6.30pm. I indulged in that abomination called High Tea and have wandered into a sort of cupboard known as the lounge, why God knows as there is only room to sit upright! The other occupants are two tourists from London, a fat uncle and his nephew. I made advances to them, as usual, but they are both rather shy and not as willing to talk about themselves as men usually are.

I find that men mostly begin by thinking I want to talk about myself but when they find that I honestly want to listen to them they will usually let go and really enjoy themselves and then tell me I'm the most intelligent woman they've met for years, bless their hearts! One man I met on the road

told me all his history and matrimonial and financial difficulties at one fell sitting of 2 hours. At the end he expressed a sincere regret that I was not staying longer as it was so seldom he'd met a woman who could talk sense and had such complete understanding — my share had been the odd yes, and a no!



Road between Kirkby Lonsdale and Kendal, Cumbria



Stone wall between Kirkby Lonsdale and Kendal, Cumbria

Monday 10 September

Kendal

I stayed here for the day in order to climb the Langdale Pikes. I had my first experience of a charabanc trip — it will

be the last I hope. I was scared to death every time we came to a steep hill, especially as the driver didn't go down in low gear, which is the only safe thing to do. I thoroughly enjoyed the climb as soon as I had left the rest of the party behind — not very difficult as all of them were short of breath and most of them were fat!

I was very amused at tea-time. There was a suggestion of the party going to a place which made a car ferry necessary. A lady of the party absolutely refused to go if the whole car load was put on board but she was quite willing to go over on the same ferry if they allowed her to get out of the car and stand beside it. The others could remain in the car if they liked; she wasn't going to take any such risks.

This evening I made the acquaintance of a Scottish motorist named Granger, a Glasgow man, who offered me a lift in his car to Scotland. When I explained that I had a four-legged companion he seemed quite thrilled at the idea and wished he could leave his car and walk with us. I promised to visit him if we went to Glasgow.

I then went to a tea shop for a meal, where there was only one other occupant who, I thought, looked like a solicitor. Being anxious to find out I asked him about the road to Shap, and found he was indeed a solicitor! Mr T. was very nice and friendly, took me to his office, and offered to phone for rooms as his brother was in Shap and had said it was very full. Luckily he got a room for me. We sat and talked for about half an hour. I gathered that he liked London and hated Kendal and was not on good terms with his wife — at least not a husband to her but quite friendly etc. Usual story, early marriage neither had enough courage to back out before it was too late. Poor souls, martyred by fear of public opinion and damned for life. I promised to write when we reached Scotland. He said his wife and family never saw his letters — why that remark I wonder ...

Tuesday 11 September

Kendal to Shap, 16.4 mile walk

Hotep and I left at 9.30am this morning and were overtaken by Mr Granger in his car. We talked for a short time and then he left us having promised to forward us a touring map of England.

The road was steep and very beautiful with the usual gale blowing. I have noticed that wind always makes Lady Hotep bad tempered, as it does me. I had an argument with her after lunch and got kicked for the first time, giving me a nasty cut on my shin bone — hurt like hell. It was all because she took a fancy to a patch of grass on the road and refused to leave it. I explained that there was heaps more further on, much better, but she didn't believe me.



North of Kendal, Cumbria

The gale became worse as we climbed higher until we encountered miniature sandstorms at intervals which blotted out the view completely and filled our eyes and clothes with fine sand from the road. We had nearly 16 miles of it ...



Shap Fell, Cumbria

Hotep caused great consternation on the road today — the horse we met started to bolt directly it smelt us coming. I thought there would be death and destruction at the end but they managed to stop it.

The people of Shap seem very nice and friendly; mostly they are Lancastrians. But the food is bad, High Teas of course, and how my insides loathe these. They are full up here at the Greyhound Hotel so I have to sleep in a cottage, and have been introduced to my fellow lodger there, Ted. There were great jokes at dinner because my luggage had been accidentally put into his room. Everyone seems full of curiosity as to my destination; 'the lady with the donkey' has evidently been well discussed during the afternoon.



The Greyhound Hotel, Shap, Cumbria

After dinner, I was cornered by a charming spinster, one Jackson by name, who saw me writing up my diary earlier — she asked if it was a book and whether they were all going to be in it. She confided to me that she had heard of the 'Bohemian' life led by artists in London, talked of naughty books in a whisper and was altogether charming and delightful. I lost my heart to her father, a dear old man of 70 with white hair and beard — a very jolly old soul.

Wednesday 12 September

Shap — Penrith — Shap

It's a wet day today so I wrote letters and called at the Penrith Post Office where there was a second letter from Dr Leys, a curious epistle, very interesting.

Thursday 13 September

Shap

This morning I walked to Reagill with five others, about 3½ miles.



Reagill Village, Cumbria

We saw the remains of an old house that belonged to Thomas Bland (1799–1865), a sculptor; the garden is full of quaint stone figures,⁸⁰ some remarkably well done.





House and garden of Thomas Bland, sculptor, Reagill, Cumbria

The village people evidently dislike tourists and we had great difficulty in getting tea anywhere. We asked an ancient farmer, a very surly man, for information about the place — when asked how many inhabitants there were in the village he said he'd never counted them.

The country all round here is very beautiful. I walked back with Ted, I don't know his other name yet, and we discussed shire horses. He is a farmer but is suffering from some sort of nervous trouble caused by grief and shock at the death of his son.

After dinner, 8.30pm, we had some music. Mr Connard, a relation of the artist P. Connard,⁸¹ has a very nice voice. He's a curious and delicate looking youth who is very keen on Y.M.C.A. work — a very sensitive type, must try not to shock him!

All the visitors have apparently paired off and formed themselves into separate camps: the young things occupy the sitting room every evening and play noisy card games; the older ones occupy the smoke room and criticise the younger members in the paternal manner common to middle age. I have joined the middle-aged camp because they are more interesting and love being shocked.

At 10.30pm our landlord, who has never been seen sober at any hour of the day or night, came in when he heard music in the smoke room and demanded to be allowed to sing. He sang a song consisting of at least 20 verses without any accompaniment, beating time with an unsteady hand and rocking backwards and forwards like an ill-regulated pendulum. At the end he bowed very gravely in acknowledgement of our applause and, of course, collapsed in a heap. We took him back to his bar and there he tossed with me for drinks. I won much to his disgust and then his wife, a dear old soul who must have weighed 20 stone at least, took him off to bed. He sang 'The Derby Ram',⁸² unexpurgated version, all the way up the stairs.



Eve and Hotep, Shap Fell, Cumbria, September 1923

11.30pm. Set out for the cottage with Ted, missed it, nearly fell into a well. We lost our path and arrived almost at the next village. Our landlady, who keeps strict and early hours, came down in her nightgown and seemed annoyed at our late and rather dishevelled appearance. Am afraid Ted will lose his reputation, fortunately I have nothing to lose.

A very wet and pitch-dark night ...

Friday 14 September

Shap to Penrith, 10 mile walk

I arose at 10am. I had a bad night, and so had my companion, I believe.

I walked to the Post Office and was stopped on the road by two gypsies in a cart who said they had seen Hotep and me some miles back and heard of us all along the road. They had come out to see if they could find us here having heard that Lady Hotep was in a field nearby. I was invited to go to their camp, which I did, and had a most hospitable reception especially when they heard my name was Lovell and that I knew of Gypsy Lee and the Stuarts and Smiths. It is a fair-sized camp, two caravans and two tents, about six children, four or five dogs, many cocks and hens and four grown men.

The old mother is related to the Lovell tribe and was born on the road as was her mother before her; her husband is a

horse dealer. She had a wonderful mahogany wrinkled face and the clear sea-blue eyes peculiar to people whose lives are spent in the open. We sat on the ground round the fire while her daughters did the cooking — a very good meal it was too, fried eggs and bacon and some green looking soup which tasted very good but unlike anything I've met before.

Apparently, two of the old mother's daughters have 'broken faith' — the gypsy term for those who live in houses — and she said she herself had married a 'house dweller' and had never been happy since. She has 13 children poor devil! A human incubator rather than a mother! She told me they had been very interested when they saw me with the donkey some miles back and had enquired for me at each village since.

They asked me to travel with them as they were on their way to Scotland. I was very tempted but the dirtiness of the men and children put me off. I'm afraid I broke faith many generations ago. So I stayed with them till 3pm and then said a reluctant goodbye.

At 4pm I left Shap with many regrets. Everyone was very charming and five people took photographs before we left. I promised to write to them all when Hotep and I crossed the border.



*Outside the Greyhound Hotel, Shap Fell, Cumbria, September 1923
(Photograph includes Mr Ted Dugdale, Miss Edwards and the Proprietor's wife)*

On the road I was stopped firstly by a lady with a small child who I let ride Hotep, and then was stopped again by two

people in a car who said they had passed us on the road a week ago. We had tea together. Later Mr Connard and friend passed us on bicycles saying they were going to Penrith Post Office and they offered to book a room for me in Penrith. When I met them again on their way back from Penrith, they told me they'd booked at The Crown — very nice of them.

Arrived here at 6.30pm. It's a commercial hotel, but not bad. I shall stay over the weekend and get alterations done to my skirt. Think I shall have to wear one from now onwards — there is a non-conformist feeling against legs as one goes northward.

At 7.30pm I met a young man in the lounge, a commercial traveller for a tailor in Cork Street, London — Stephens by name. I was quite interested as I have not come across the tailoring business yet amongst CTs I've talked to so far — I dined and wined with him. Among other things, he told me of certain women who came to them privately for men's clothes, having a permit from the police that they might wear them — don't think he knew or understood why. He took a very morbid view of my journey with Hotep and assured me I couldn't possibly walk back in winter.

After much whisky and soda we said goodnight and I found that his room was opposite mine. He asked if he could come and say goodnight, I told him he'd already said it and sent him disconsolate to bed should nature like to test his bedside manner.

Most males' things seem to be much the same in bed; the entire lack of originality is enough to drive any woman to sterility — shall lock my door tonight.

Saturday 15 September

Penrith to Shap, by train

After breakfast I phoned Miss Edwards who asked me to go back to Shap for the day. I managed to catch the one and only train that morning by jumping on a milk cart. The owner seemed surprised but on hearing that I wished to catch a train hurried his aged animal and got me to the station on time.

I was met by most of the Shap party at the station including two of the gypsies who asked me to tea later in the day. Then I motored with Miss Edwards, Mr Dugdale (Ted), and Connard, to Lowther,⁸³ a very cold and windy drive. We left the men to fish and went back to the Greyhound Hotel for lunch.

At 3pm I took Miss Edwards with me to see the gypsies and we had tea with them. I returned to the Greyhound Hotel and at 7.30pm met the landlord who, drunk as usual, tried to pour a jug full of beer down my throat — nearly drowned in it! I was very glad to see his wife again though; she's a dear and must have a rough time with him — apparently, she is an old servant of Lord Lonsdale.⁸⁴

I have decided to stay the night in Shap as I have met some people who are motoring to Penrith tomorrow morning — they offered to take me with them.

10pm. I went for a walk with Ted before coming to the cottage — and so to bed.

Sunday 16 September

Shap to Penrith, by car

This morning I returned by motor to The Crown in Penrith and met Mr Stephens in the hall. I lunched with him and afterwards walked with him to a place with an unpronounceable name and had tea at a cottage before returning to the hotel. The proprietor said he got a fright when he heard Lady Hotep calling for food. Her voice is like a rusty saw and he did not know there was a donkey in the

stable; he thought one of his horses was in the last stages of some kind of fit.

After dinner, 9.30pm, I was invited into the bar-parlour by the proprietor. Mr Stephens said it was a great honour as ladies were not allowed there. There were four other men there, servants to Lonsdale in some capacity or other, a jockey, myself and Stephens. The whisky was pre-war — so were the stories. Despite this, or maybe because of this, I had four doubles and a port — then thought I'd better leave before I began to tell stories myself, so left them still hard at it ...

Monday 17 September

Penrith to Carlisle, 18 mile walk

I heard Mr Stephens stagger up about 2am last night. He tried several doors before his own, including mine ...

I breakfasted with him at 9am — I should think from his appearance they had a heavy night after I left them.

It was pouring with rain as usual, a cheerful outlook with over 18 miles ahead of us to Carlisle. Hotep and I started out at 10am and were soaked through after 2 miles. We did not see our gypsy friends but met some of the Stuart tribe and had a chat with them. One dear old woman had a perfectly white beard and moustache and was smoking a clay pipe — she told me she had never lived in a house. Her two grandsons fell in love with Lady Hotep and wanted to keep her. The Stuarts were waiting for the Lees to come along so I left messages with them and we went on our way.

The only other soul we met before lunch was a wet and weary policeman who walked and talked with us for a while. His wife was expecting a baby that day and he was worried about her and evidently wanted to talk.

By 1.30pm, drenched to the skin, we stopped for lunch at the Salutation Inn, High Hesket, where I was mothered by a perfectly sweet old lady who insisted, not only upon drying my stockings, but also took a towel out and dried Hotep. She told me a quaint but charming tale of the origin of the cross on every donkey's shoulder, saying that it dated from the time when Christ rode the donkey in Jerusalem and afterwards carried the cross on his own shoulders. Ever since then, she said, donkeys have been born with the mark of the cross. I've met that story several times amongst the old folk in villages but very stupidly didn't make a note of the districts.

After lunch my Lady firmly refused to face the weather. She couldn't be moved beyond the gate even by brutal persuasion, until a hefty young Scot took pity on me and got behind and pushed. Three hours later we crawled into Carlisle dripping and miserable surrounded by swarms of dirty, damp children.

I left Lady Hotep outside the hotel, The Red Lion, while I went to enquire for rooms. When I came out there was a hooting of motor horns, a crowd and a policeman stooping over something lying in the road. I pushed my way through and there was my Lady, thoroughly tired out, lying comfortably in front of the door just where the motors wanted to drive up. The policeman was completely helpless in the matter; she simply gazed at him with a sleepy eye and wagged her ears. With many apologies to a motorist I begged her to rise which she did with a very bad grace and covered with mud.

The Red Lion Hotel is like a barracks — 70 bedrooms and very little else as far as I can see. Hotep's stable is very poor and I had to go and buy her food myself. In all this vast place it is not even possible to obtain a hot bath — I shall avoid 'controlled' hotels in future. The manager gets a fixed yearly salary and the money from the guests goes to

the Estate, hence there is no incentive to put people up or to make them comfortable. It makes no difference to his salary whether the hotel is full or empty.

Now 10pm, and so to bed — stiff and cold — cannot even get my clothes dried properly.

Tuesday 18 September

Carlisle to Longtown, 8.6 mile walk

It is a fine day, an unusual event! Hotep and I left for Longtown, or Longtoon as they call it; the countryside is very uninteresting and flat.

We were stopped just outside Longtown by two more gypsies, relations of the Lees. As there was a fairly dry ditch handy we sat down at the roadside and had a long chat while Lady Hotep fed. They were Scots people with a delightful accent and intonation and could talk really well. They were both born on the road and had never 'broken faith'. Owing to the war they had come down in the gypsy world and had to give up their caravan. For the last 3 years their only shelter has been an old tent, which they wheel about in a pram — they make a very poor living by weaving baskets.

We talked and smoked the whole afternoon. They told me stories of the other tribes, of their great annual meeting in Scotland and their king who is really wealthy although he lives in a tent or caravan. I heard stories of the Lovells, Lees, Smiths, and Stuarts and many other tribes. Nowadays it seems only the old people speak Romney. The real gypsy is fast being replaced by the 'half in half', that is, the people who live in a house in a town all the winter and have a caravan only during the summer. Although ill-fed, unwashed and unshaven, even in this terrible weather they seem quite content and such restful people to talk to. They don't whine as the town-dweller does.

We arrived at Longtown at 5.30pm to find the only hotel in the place was full up, but luckily I managed to obtain a bed in a cottage nearby. It is a very uninteresting place, and I shall be glad to leave it.

Tomorrow we cross the border — ‘bad cess’⁸⁵ to those who said we couldn’t do it!

Wednesday 19 September

Longtown to Canonbie, 5.9 mile walk

Today we crossed the border to Scotland!

The rain came in torrents, as Hotep and I walked from Longtown, so I decided to stop at Cross Keys Hotel, Canonbie. We crossed the border about 11am reaching Cross Keys at 1.30pm drenched, as usual. Fortunately, they had a room vacant, and a stable.



Cross Keys Hotel, Canonbie, Dumfries and Galloway

I found a bachelor party of three in the lounge, all Indian Army men and all keen fishermen judging by the mess of hooks, rods and tackle surrounding each one. Two of them got into sea boots and went out so I had tea with the Major, a very pleasant man but entirely devoid of humour. He bore the nose of a Jew, had the liver of a retired colonel, and practised early Victorian manners which is very delightful after the mannerlessness of the modern youth. After tea,

the weather clearing a little, we went for a walk. He must have been over 60 but he walked like a youngster.

During the evening there was a good opportunity to study fishing obsession. The three men spent the entire evening taking hooks out of boxes and putting them back, rolling and unrolling cat-gut — miles of it — and almost quarrelling over the merits of various makes of mounts, reels, lines, rods, traces and so on, like a lot of school boys. Their hats seem to be the receptacles for everything they are not using at the moment; one hat looked like an old fly paper. They are never so happy as when standing up to the waist in ice-cold water watching the fish go by and insulting them with imitation flies. Incurable optimists — no wonder their wives stay home!

Now we're in Scotland, I must send lots of post cards and a wire to Dr Wright.



Canonbie Bridge, Dumfries and Galloway

Thursday 20 September

Canonbie to Langholm, 6.4 mile walk

I collected letters at the Post Office before leaving for Langholm at 10.30am.

I've met some interesting people here in Langholm: a Captain Gatherer and his wife, who seems a delicate woman and who longs to go East again, and a Captain Henderson from West Africa, a Scotsman. We went to the pictures together this evening.



Langholm, Market Place, Dumfries and Galloway

Captain Henderson has given me an address of a private hotel in Edinburgh:

*Mrs Handyside,
15 Windsor Street,
Leith Walk.*

I must try it if Francis Stuart⁸⁶ does not find me a better place.

Friday 21 September

Langholm to Mosspace, 10.2 mile walk

Hotep and I left Langholm for Mosspace, over 10 miles away. The scenery was very beautiful, rugged and wild, the road running through heather-covered hills with scarcely a house in sight the whole way. While sitting down by the river to let my Lady feed I saw a man going through some extraordinary antics with a horse — he could not see us ... [editor — the next page was cut out.]

I arrived at Mosspace Inn at 5.30pm. The landlord's daughter fell in love with Hotep directly she saw us coming.



Mosspace Inn, Scottish Borders

At 8.30pm, after dinner, I played whist with the landlady and her son and daughter in the kitchen; then sat up late in the bar talking to the landlord who spent 10 years in Canada before going to the Californian Gold Coast. He told vivid and interesting stories of the wild life they lived in the North West. They are very hospitable people.

1am. To bed. There are no other guests in the house and it's a very wild night ...

Saturday 22 September

Mosspace to Hawick, 12.5 mile walk

We left for Hawick — 12½ miles ahead of us. The last 6 miles were very uninteresting — and in torrents of rain.

The town is very crowded on account of a football match and I discovered that the only other guests at this hotel, Hawick Tower Hotel, are members of one of the football teams staying for the weekend. I seem to be the only female in the place!

I've written letters, and now to bed.



Hawick, Scottish Borders

Sunday 23 September

Hawick

It proved a very lively night, last night!

I was wakened at 2am by part of the team (who had won their match) singing and playing tin whistles outside my door — then someone tried the handle and called out for the ‘something lazy bugger’ inside to open the door. If it had not been locked they’d all have come in. Sorry I locked it ... They sang, rang bells and banged on doors and made speeches till 3am when, finally, the landlady came out and had words with them — then there was peace. The football team came down to breakfast in a varied assortment of garments: pyjamas, scarves instead of collars, knickers and bare feet and some in bath gowns!

I’ve decided to have a day’s rest today as walking in the rain, day after day, is very exhausting especially when one has to navigate a donkey as well.

This evening I played whist with two commercial travellers one of whom had been a witness in the Carstairs case —

unusual for a Scot to play cards on Sunday.

Tonight the football team is quite quiet. I had a talk with two of them, the subject of their conversation being the illegitimate children of Edward VII ...

And so to bed, 11.30pm.

Monday 24 September

Hawick to Selkirk, 10.9 mile walk

I was wakened at 1am last night by a noise outside my door — suddenly it burst open and four pyjamaed figures marched in and requested me to 'get a move on quick'. As they seemed inclined to make away with my bedclothes I sat up and turned on the light. Their faces were a study — blank amazement and complete consternation on finding that I was not one of the team. It was not until I burst out laughing that they collected themselves sufficiently to leave with profuse apologies. They were much more upset than I was.

I had my first experience of a Scottish bank before leaving Hawick. I tried to get money on a Credit Note, and it was viewed with suspicion and hatred although all the English banks had their signatures to it. The Bank Manager was fetched and he read the whole thing twice to himself making grunts and other disapproving noises, then he looked at me hard, front and side view, and asked where I last cashed it, whether I was known in the town, and what had the Bank Manager in London said when he issued the note. Did I sign anything? What was my maiden name? I thought he was going to ask for both birth and marriage certificates, but instead he read the whole thing again aloud to me and the clerk.

Obviously, he didn't think it could possibly be genuine, but failing to discover any fraud in it, he then asked if I wouldn't prefer to go and cash it elsewhere. On assuring him that I

would not, he reluctantly asked me to sign my name and spent quite 5 minutes comparing the signatures. In the end, and after wasting nearly an hour, I got the money — it was only £5 anyway. Even after I got outside he sent a boy dashing after me to make sure he'd got the number right!

Hotep and I then left Hawick for Selkirk, a wonderful walk over the hills. I was stopped by a dear old man, aged 90, who said that when he saw us coming it reminded him of his childhood when people travelled in the country that way with ponies and donkeys.



On the road from Hawick to Selkirk, Scottish Borders

It now seems certain that I shall have to sell Lady Hotep and carry my own packs back to London. I'll send this diary home with other things today, and continue in smaller and lighter books for the future — I can send them home as they are filled.

My Hotep of unhurried feet seems extra slow today and somewhat depressed. Does she feel that a parting is imminent, I wonder, and is she as distressed about it as I am? It is impossible to keep her any longer; funds will not last if I do, and loving her as I do I wish I'd never met her. Stabling in Edinburgh, I am told, is nearly impossible and is

very expensive. But having crossed the border I'm going to reach Edinburgh or die in the attempt.

This hotel The County, Selkirk, seems very comfortable and I think I shall stay until Wednesday and try to sell Hotep — what a horrible thought ...



The County Hotel, Selkirk, Scottish Borders

Tea was at 6.30pm and there are lots of commercial travellers about. I wonder what they do in this small place? Why do Scottish commercial travellers look so depressed I wonder? Is business bad or are they simply afraid it might be. They seem to take my presence in their room as a personal insult, but there is nowhere else to sit and nothing to read but *The Life of John Wesley*. I prefer my *The Buddha's Way of Virtue*.⁸⁷

What a curious life these CTs live; all their talk is of prices and markets — they wander from place to place, some only going home once a month. They are a small community apart, having their own conventions and standards and special rates at hotels. Some of the lucky ones are provided with cars to travel in, but many of them hire men and barrows and go around from door to door with boxes and baskets of goods for sale. Again, some of them even less prosperous hire barrows and push their own goods round — it is no uncommon sight to see a perspiring and well-dressed young man thus employed.

The ostler here is a horse-dealer so perhaps he can sell Hotep for me. I hope he cannot but I must ask him as cash is very scarce and will not last out if I don't sell her.

If Dr Leys only knew the real state of my finances he would never have written that extraordinary letter — how he could have so completely misunderstood my remarks I can't think — every time I read it I am more puzzled, but can still enjoy it and appreciate the spirit which prompted it, but why did he return me two shillings? What class do I belong to in his mind — does he still think me a wealthy Londoner, I wonder? One day, if and when I know him better, I shall show it to him and ask him what it meant. Anyway, it must have relieved his mind of much bottled-up indignation and I don't think he meant it all for me either — I was merely unfortunate enough to take the cork out of the bottle. I've never yet discovered what class I do belong to — none I think.



Selkirk, Scottish Borders

Shall go to bed early tonight — very tired and worried as to the decision which must be made very shortly now. Dr Leys in his last letter said diaries should always be written as though one were talking to an intimate friend, or thinking aloud. Must do this in future as it will be a good exercise

when one has not a soul to speak to, not even a donkey. But one's thoughts look so futile and foolish on paper.

Tuesday 25 September

Selkirk — Hawick — Selkirk, by bus

I find the ostler here knows of a lady with two children who would like to buy Hotep if the price is not too high. I asked £5 for the donkey and saddle and she, via the ostler, offered £4-10-0. Being a born fool over money transactions I accepted and gave the man 5/- for his trouble — what a lunatic I am! Of course, the ostler sold her the donkey for about £6 and made the offer of £4-10-0 himself! I must look just the sort of fool I am!

Well, this is 'goodbye' at last to Hotep. I shall not go and see her for if she puts her nose in my hand, or on my shoulder again I simply could not let her go — it is no use prolonging the agony. Anyway, I shall probably howl — no I shan't, my nose would get so red, it is only in books women can weep and look beautiful — but I'll miss her terribly — at least she was something alive to take care of, and talk to, with the added advantage of being unable to spoil a wonderful sunset or mountain view by making inane remarks — the only companion for a walking tour is one who understands the art of silence — so few humans do.

I shall go back into Hawick and not think about it any more.

8.30pm. I met a fat commercial traveller on the bus — he was also going to Hawick — travelling in stockings I think. He insisted on treating me to a drink on arriving and became most absurdly stupid and sentimental — tried to kiss me of course — these people are so unoriginal in their methods, one soon knows the patter off by heart. He said he was old enough to be my father and tried to get his fat hand down my neck. I told him that that kind of father often got 7 years and the cat. After that there was the usual gag about

platonic friendship when all the time, the weather being warm and his clothes thin, old Adam was perfectly obvious and certainly not in a platonic condition. Fat men should wear skirts ...

He threatened to come and stay at the County Hotel but I told him it was full up and at last managed to escape without being kissed and came back to Selkirk by the next bus.

It seems that no man can understand a woman going about the country alone. I find it very difficult to persuade most of them that I really do not require a sleeping partner, and that I'm not on a man hunt — many of them think I'm a commercial traveller like themselves. If I say I'm an artist they take it for granted that I'm ready for bed at any moment — life is very difficult unless one has the instincts of a nymphomaniac and prostitute combined. One meets no women these days — or if one does there's always a male attached. I'm tired and beginning to drivel. I had better write to Dr Wright and go to bed — hope he destroys my letters ...

Nearly finished *Path of Light* and *Buddha's Way of Virtue* — the Buddhists were wonderful psychologists — the whole problem of life is summed up in that one statement:

'It is not things that matter, but our attitude of mind towards those things.'

ROUTE MAP 2



Without Hotep: Eve travels from Selkirk, tours Scotland, then returns south

PART 3: EVE'S DIARY - WITHOUT HOTEPI

edited by Gill Brackenbury

Wednesday 26 September

Selkirk — Hawick — Selkirk, by car and horse trap

I have just looked out of my window and seen Lady Hotep going away with her new owners — the best pal I ever had on a walking tour.

So ends her walk of 272 miles — I wonder how many donkeys have done that? I hope it is a happier ending for her than it will be for me.

Must go to breakfast ...

I was feeling so miserable over Hotep at breakfast that I made advances to a commercial traveller during porridge — I had seen him last night in the writing room. When he heard I was married⁸⁸ he refused to believe it at first, and then went into fits of laughter. When he calmed down he told me that some of the old CTs had complained last night that a 'child like that' should be allowed to go about alone and smoke in public rooms — none of them thought I was over 16.

After breakfast he drove me back into Hawick to shop and told me all his matrimonial troubles on the way. They all do that — I wonder why — to a perfect stranger. I suppose being of an inquisitive nature something in me draws it out of them; anyway it comes with very little encouragement. It appears he does not want children and his wife does. He even asked what he could do to prevent her having any as he couldn't adopt the usual method for some reason. I gave him the best advice I could and at the same time advised him not to follow it as it wasn't really safe.

I said goodbye to him at Hawick.

Later, at 2.30pm, I met a very jolly farmer, Mr Holliday, who offered me a lift back to Selkirk in his trap, he'd just left the market. He talked well, giving a very vivid picture of his life on a lonely farm right in the centre of bare bleak hills, sometimes snowed up for weeks at a time and cut off from civilisation — only just a small collection of his shepherds' cottages near him. He also gave me very interesting details about sheep breeding, market prices and the differences between one breed of sheep and another. We drove up to the farm and words cannot describe the beauty and intense loneliness and isolation of the place although it is only 3 miles from Selkirk. I shall think of Mr Holliday next time it snows.



Mr Holliday's farm, Selkirk, Scottish Borders

I walked back to Selkirk from his farm and found the hotel empty and deserted but a young Scotsman came in after dinner. We sat in complete silence for an hour but afterwards we made friends and he told me all about himself. His name is Mr Williams and he had been in the Indian Army but had fallen under the 'axe' and was now travelling in some engineering line. Although quite young I should think he is quite capable at his job.

We went to the pictures together and saw Marie Stopes'⁸⁹ 'Married Love', an exceedingly poor production I think. Afterwards he asked me if I would be afraid to go for a walk with him. In astonishment I asked, "Why afraid?" He blushingly explained that as it was quite dark I might have thought he had evil intentions towards me. It would have been cruel to laugh, but a babe only just out of the cradle so to speak — it had a touch of humour. He could not have been more than 25.

And so to bed at midnight. He told me his room was next to mine. Why I wonder ...

Thursday 27 September

Selkirk

Hell! The 'curse' is come upon me, no wonder I feel bad tempered — no walk today.

Breakfast at 9.30am. I sat in the lounge all the morning and discussed religion with my young friend. He was fairly broad minded for one so young.

The weather cleared this afternoon and the ostler lent me a horse so I rode out to the farm to see Mr Holliday but could not find him, so returned.

9.30pm. My commercial traveller friend, Mr Williams, left for Edinburgh during the day but several new CTs have arrived here tonight. Amongst them is a particularly aggressive Scotsman who has evidently been incubating a grievance all day. When I came into the lounge it was just hatching out. Someone made a remark about Sunday in Scotland and that started the trouble. The young man fixed us all with a relentless eye and began laying down the law with regard to a set of rules and regulations that he dignified by the name of his religion.

There were five people present including myself and he wagged his eyebrows at us all in turn. When he became heated they shot up and down at a terrific speed and nearly got entangled in his hair. Three of his victims were Scots and two English. We got frightfully bored with his views on religion — then he went on to attack the English abuse of his precious Sabbath and finally turned to me, the only lady present, and asked if I did not thoroughly agree with him? I told him that it was very difficult for me to answer his question as I was a Buddhist. “A what?” he gasped.

“A Buddhist, that is, a follower of Lord Buddha and a believer in Buddhism,” I replied. He gulped once or twice and said something regarding ‘heathen’ that we could not catch and retreated behind his paper — but I caught him glancing at me every few minutes as though he expected me to burst into flames at any moment. The rest of the party enjoyed the joke especially as I am still reading *The Way of Virtue*.

Escaped to bed at 10pm ...

I am very amused at the feud existing between the Edinburgh and Glasgow people. A Glasgow man, at breakfast, told me I should not be able to endure Edinburgh or its people — snobs he called them. Later, an Edinburgh man told me I should loathe Glasgow, that it was a city of shopkeepers and uneducated upstarts, or words to that effect. Suspect they are both wrong.

Friday 28 September

Selkirk to Edinburgh, 15 mile walk then by car

Got up feeling like nothing on earth — sick with rotten head and pains in my back. I’ve sent back every garment that I could possibly do without — wool is the lightest stuff to carry. Even now the pack feels very heavy. After travelling so long with Hotep it will be hateful carrying my own pack.

Couldn't eat breakfast. Wrote to Francis Steuart saying I should arrive Saturday — wonder what he is like — believe his writings are quite good. Also wrote a letter to Dr Wright. I should like to stay in Edinburgh with him as he knows it so thoroughly — he loves it and its ghosts.

Left Selkirk at 11.30am, after paying the bill for four nights, £2-12-6. Arrived at Innerleithen at 5.30pm feeling half dead with shoulders sore from the pack, and my back and head aching — but the scenery is wonderful round here.

Luckily a motorist took pity on my dilapidated condition and offered to give me a lift into Edinburgh. I was feeling so rotten that I accepted gladly and crawled into the George Commercial Hotel about an hour later. I don't think much of it or of any Scottish Hotels, as they lack any kind of comfort, but I like Scottish people — although I wish they were not so plain — suppose it's the result of their climate.

9pm. I'm feeling slightly better, the aspirins and whisky are working. Good remedy that: six aspirins washed down with hot whisky and lemon — a very large whisky!

These waiters frighten me — a week here and I'll be bankrupt. I shall try the lodgings Captain Henderson told me about. Mr Williams said he'd see me in Edinburgh but he won't because I said I was going to another hotel and he's not likely to find me here.

So, this is the end — now nothing remains but to get back — to what? That question must be decided soon — I'm beginning to believe that I shall not leave Graham. Things are almost distant enough to focus properly now — did I ever really intend to leave him? Now Hardy is not near all his faults stand out and what appeared amazing generosity now looks like the means to an end — a selfish end too. Next to Dr Wright he shows up very badly — yet why did Dr Wright advise me to take the money and get away — he

ought to be able to judge character, it's his job. Could Hardy deceive us both?

When I ask myself what I want to do, the answer is always the same, I don't know — there's the child⁹⁰ too — am not at all sure that Hardy is not simply pretending ... [editor — the next page is inked over with black ink] ... I will let one of them down badly, but which? I'd better write to Dr Wright and let off steam a bit — he's very long suffering and is the only person who understands and knows the whole situation. I wish something would happen to settle the question for me.

And so to bed, 10pm.

Saturday 29 September

Edinburgh

Breakfast, 9am. It is very wet and cold. I toured the city and expected more of Princes Street but the view of the Castle is very beautiful.

The whole town is hideous with 'plus-fours' — why do men drape their legs in these atrocities, they can't all play golf every day!

I collected a batch of letters from the G.P.O. including one from Dr Wright, Dr and Mrs Leys, and F. Steuart who suggests we meet on Monday. People have been extraordinarily good about writing letters — makes one feel less like a stranger in a strange land. I must write to all the people on my list tonight saying I have arrived in Edinburgh!

9.30pm. Mr Williams actually turned up tonight having enquired for me at several commercial hotels after not finding me at the one I told him I should go to! I thought I had seen the last of him at Selkirk, but I am actually quite glad to have someone I know to talk to here. He's coming to

take me over the Castle tomorrow. He knows far more of the history of his city and country than the average English youth of his class would know about his London and England.

Bed at 10pm — this is a cold and uncomfortable hotel.

Sunday 30 September

Edinburgh

Breakfast at 9.30am — very bad food here; I shall be glad to leave this place.

Mr Williams and friend turned up this morning and took me to Holyrood and the Castle. Holyrood and its environment interested me most — it makes me feel queer all down the spine. I must explore that district alone. Being Sunday nothing was open to the public. A Scottish Sabbath permeates the whole atmosphere like a thick fog. All the billiard balls and cards are locked up!

Mr Williams dined here with me at the hotel and then took me for a walk on Blackwood Hills, a very beautiful view. He told me that any Edinburgh girl who went to Blackwood Hills with a man in the evening lost her reputation ... and usually her virginity as well, I believe!

I wish I knew more of the history of this place; Grassmarket and Candlemakers Row — what delightful names. One senses the ghosts, especially in the Closes, they have a tremendous attraction and I feel High Street and the queer caged-in graves in the cemetery are particularly full of ghosts.

Monday 1 October

Edinburgh

I left the George Hotel this morning and went to Mrs Handyside in Windsor Street. She is very Scottish and

hospitable, as they all are, and the rooms are quite nice and not expensive.

I met Francis Steuart at the Caledonian Hotel.⁹¹ He is not a bit what I expected, but celebrities never are. He seems to know everyone in Edinburgh and London. He has a rather annoying habit of treating everything as a joke. He seemed very amused at the idea of my wish to get information about the stones of Scotland, also folk lore and witchcraft, but he decided to humour me and introduced me to Mr Richardson, Keeper of Monuments at H.M. Office of Works.

Mr Richardson is extremely interested in witchcraft and has some of the original documents of trials of witches which he has promised to show me. He's a nice looking young man with expensive tastes and habits — I should say he has never been poor in his life. He jumped rather when, in the course of conversation, I mentioned phallic worship — but when he got over the shock he warmed up to the subject and I found that he was actually very keen on it. But the officials under whom he works, being strict moralists, will hardly admit that it even exists and would not help any research in that direction.

Francis Steuart asked me to meet his sister on Wednesday. I think he rather despises women and looks upon them as unintelligent playthings. Still, he was very kind and gave me a card of introduction to the Advocates Library saying I was to be allowed to use it during my stay in Edinburgh.

I don't think Francis is such a very great friend of Hardy's from the way he spoke of him.

Tuesday 2 October

Edinburgh

I spent an hour at the Advocates Library today — was amused to see a large and benevolent parson sitting wrapped in a large plaid rug, reading history I think.

To look up in the Advocates Library:

- *Design and Tradition in Art*, A. Fenn
- *Buddhist Art*, Anesaki
- *Book of Noodles*, Cloustons 1888, new edition 1903
- *Historical Account of Witchcraft in Scotland*, K. Sharpe
- *Secret Commonwealth 1815*, R. Kirk, Orme and Brown, London
- *History of England and British Empire*, Sanderson (in shelves)
- *A Roman Frontier Post*, James Curle
- *The Evil Eye*, F.T. Elworthy
- *The Mysteries of all Nations*, J. Grant
- *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, J. Dalryell
- *Country Folklore: Orkney & Shetland Islands*, G.F. Black

Wednesday 3 October

Edinburgh

I went to the Castle this morning and was much bothered by guides; I hate going round places with guides or with any other people. In a place like the Castle one must sit alone to absorb the atmosphere. As I sat alone in the Royal Dungeon and read the inscriptions carved on the wall I was quite conscious of other beings and expected every moment that the scene would shift back, perhaps 200 or 300 years — then other people came in and of course the ghosts fled.

The little chapel built by Queen Margaret,⁹² wife of Malcolm III, is the oldest surviving building in Edinburgh — it's very beautiful and has a good specimen of a Norman arch decorated with chevron mouldings.

Queen Margaret apparently died in the Castle in 1093, the same year that her husband King Malcolm and eldest son Edward, were killed in an ambush at Alnwick, Northumberland — she is now Saint Margaret. It is said

that she possessed a small gold casket which contained a portion of the true cross, The Black Rood of Scotland.⁹³

I must go again to the Castle one evening when very few people are about and then perhaps, if one were very still, the ghosts would come and not be afraid. Surely scenes would be re-enacted — the veil between the past and present is so fine that one sometimes can hear sounds but yet not quite see — there must be some way of going back. I suppose before the transition could take place one would have to fast for days. One can only see visions fasting I'm certain — the Monks and Holy Men of the East understood this well enough. Lack of sleep also is productive of visions — it is likely that states of ecstasy were always artificially induced.

At 4.30pm I had tea with Francis Steuart and his sister who is a large, expensive lady very much the aristocrat — too busy recognising Lords and Ladies, Knights and Barts who were passing through the hotel lounge even to hear when I addressed her! Fortunately, Mr Richardson was there so we settled down to witchcraft again, and marriage customs in Hebrides and forgot her.

8.30pm. Went to the pictures — so very cold here.

Francis Steuart's sister was quite kind in the manner that a Newfoundland is nice to a Pomeranian — she obviously thought very little of Hardy and was very doubtful as to whether I was quite a lady. Well she's quite right, I'm not quite — my grandfather on mother's side started by keeping a shop — the family have spent all their lives and his money trying to ignore, forget, or live it down — they would be furious if they saw it in writing! My great-grandfather on father's side was a gentleman farmer and his son a country squire and lover of horses. Lord Lovell was a very long way back and the relationship with Gypsy Lovell pleases me better. No, I am certainly not quite a lady.

11.30pm. And so to bed — I seem to be the only lodger.

Thursday 4 October

Edinburgh

Got up feeling very bad tempered. Don't know why — oh yes, I do though ... the 'curse'!

I went to H.M. Office of Works to see Mr Richardson. He showed me very interesting documents on witch trials and some very good photos of indecent gargoyles found on various churches nearby. He also told me a story of a straight-laced Scottish laird who owned a castle on which was a gargoyle with an obvious and erect penis. It was well out of reach so he got his gamekeeper to bring his gun and shoot off the offending member — I saw the photograph of the gargoyle thus crippled ... He then took my breath away by asking if I would like to read a paper on witchcraft before their society.

If I deceived him into thinking I knew anything about the subject it was quite unintentional. I'm the merest beginner at the subject. I haven't even begun to study it yet and don't suppose I ever shall, being quite incapable of seriously studying any subject. It has always been a great grief to me that I can neither talk nor write. I couldn't talk on any subject — my memory is much too treacherous! I don't believe I uttered a single original thought on the subject but simply asked questions. Why is it that if one can listen to a man intelligently he always thinks one is clever!!

Mr Richardson gave me an introduction to the Director of the Museum of Antiquities so I went to see him and got permission to use the library. I was then put in the hands of Mr Edwards the Assistant Director, who got me all the books I wanted on witchcraft and phallic worship, although the Librarian objected to letting a lady have a copy of the Secret Museum of Naples.⁹⁴ I find Mr Edwards very

interesting and helpful. He is only 39 but seems very keen on his work and took me behind the scenes to see things they could not exhibit in public, such as a bronze of a fox masturbating a donkey with its feet.

9.30pm. I've just had a letter from the Editor of *Country Life* asking for articles on my tour with donkey.

I feel quite incapable of writing up that episode, and in any case I cannot write well enough to make it interesting to other people. What a lot of opportunities I seem to miss through sheer incapacity — plenty of people I know would write reams and get well paid for it. But no, it can't be done — not till it has faded quite a lot anyway, and lost all its hard outlines.

It sometimes seems rather useless writing up this diary as it cannot be published, and must be destroyed sooner or later.

Friday 5 October

Edinburgh

I spent the morning at the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities and arranged to meet Mr Edwards for tea.

Later I visited John Knox's⁹⁵ house (1490). It seemed too much of a show place to really please me. I only really enjoy places that still retain their atmosphere and their ghosts. The Americans have driven them all from this house — no ghost can hear the American accent and live, or rather I should say materialise.

This evening I visited the Grassmarket⁹⁶ which was lit only by torches, or flares. A policeman seeing me on the edge of a small crowd came and tapped me on the shoulder asking me if I was a stranger here. I replied that I was, and he said, "Well, I'll see you out of this. It isn't safe after dark for a man let alone a woman." I suppose he was right but, somehow, I didn't like being treated as a child so I let him

escort me out, thanked him, and took a tram along Princes Street and got into the market again at the other end — hoping I should be able to dodge him if he came back again.

Nothing happened to me except that the people seemed surprised to see me and one small boy came and offered to be my guide down one of the Closes. Remembering the £5 in my pocket, and that some of the Closes were like secret passages, I was wise enough not to accept but bought him some sweets at one of the stalls and sent him on his way.

Actually, I shouldn't have cared if I had been murdered so long as it was done quickly and unexpectedly.

I can understand Dr Wright's love for these old markets. I must visit them all much later in evening when only the natives inhabit them — must take an escort ...

Saturday 6 October

Edinburgh

I visited the Advocates Library again this morning. The ancient parson, who is always there, escorted me out to lunch — he's rather a nice old thing.

I then spent the afternoon in the Museum of Antiquities after which Mr Edwards came back to dinner and took me to a Music Hall — was surprised at the extremely indecent and vulgar jokes — never heard them in a London Music Hall. After that we walked through Cowgate, Grassmarket and Candlemaker's Row, all very interesting.

Sunday 7 October

Edinburgh

Being Sunday I stayed in all day but Mr Edwards called in this evening and got all his troubles off his chest. He has an invalid wife and the usual matrimonial difficulties. I told him I was leaving on Monday to start the pilgrimage back to

London. He seemed very sorry and asked if I would like to stay one more night to go out with him again — I wanted to put in another day at the library and museum so agreed.

Monday 8 October

Edinburgh

I spent this morning and afternoon at the libraries — went to the pictures with Mr Edwards this evening.

I've made up my mind to see Stirling Castle before going back to London so shall take the train to Stirling and start the walk home from there.

Tuesday 9 October

Edinburgh to Stirling, by train

This morning I left Edinburgh in torrents of rain.

A fat commercial traveller got into my carriage half way to Stirling and at once began to make himself very objectionable. He tried to make me promise to meet him in Stirling where he was staying and would take no denial. At last to save time and argument I promised to stay at the hotel he mentioned and let him call for me there. I managed to get rid of him at the station and booked a room at a hotel as far from that one as I could get, The Golden Lion. It seems very comfortable — don't think he'll find me here especially as he has not got my correct name!

After lunch I walked up to the imposing Stirling Castle⁹⁷ in a terrific gale; I could hardly stand against it! There was a very fine view from the Castle and I could see the Church of the Holy Rude,⁹⁸ and the Guildhall which was built in memory of John Cowane.⁹⁹ A Scottish soldier saw me going up onto the Castle wall and caught me up just in time to save me from being blown off onto a rockery below — I've

never been in such a gale before. He said some of the Castle windows had been blown in.

4.30pm. I arrived back soaked through and sat in the lounge and talked to a commercial traveller, a Mr Addinell. While we were talking I noticed another man who was becoming very drunk staring at me. When Mr Addinell went out to the phone, the drunken one immediately got up and sat in the vacant chair beside me and very gravely took my hand without speaking one word. After a few seconds I asked him if I might have my hand back, he replied very politely, "Oh certainly! I beg your pardon" and laid it carefully in my lap.

I don't know what further developments there would have been but fortunately my friend came back and demanded his chair. Without a word the man went back to his own seat and continued to stare until Boots and the Hall Porter took him away. It appears he is a harmless lunatic, very well known here, and always has to be taken out if any ladies have come in.

This evening I dined with Mr Addinell and discovered that he was Colonel Lawrence's companion in Arabia during the War¹⁰⁰ — they were both disguised as Holy Men in the desert. He is now travelling for R.A. Publishing Company and lives in London.

We went to the Music Hall after dinner and he offered to take me further north in his car the next day. He said I was the first woman he'd ever asked to travel with him but that I was more like a boy etc. ... He's suffering from chronic dysentery which makes him avoid the society of ladies.

To bed after much whisky and soda.

Wednesday 10 October

Stirling to Perth via Dunkeld, by car

This morning I left Stirling with Mr Addinell by car. It has been a wet day but we called at Alloa and Falkirk where we saw the 15th-century Castle¹⁰¹ and went into the Chapel where Mary Queen of Scots was supposedly married secretly to Lord Darnley — also saw the dungeon where one of the Douglas family was starved to death for political reasons.

After driving through Dunkeld to Perth we put up here, at the Salutation Inn — very comfortable.

We went for a walk round Perth after dinner and saw the Fair Maid's Cottage, and the Dye works.

Mr Addinell seems very ill today, I think the cold is bad for him. He is apparently adopting me as his sister on this trip!

Thursday 11 October

Perth to Pitlochry via Dunkeld, by car

We left Perth at 9.30am — a glorious day with snow on all the hills. It was terribly cold motoring without proper clothes and rugs but we drove back through Dunkeld on to Pitlochry with wonderful scenery all the way, a very lonely and isolated place.

We put up at Fishers Hotel, half of which is shut up. There will be a lovely run for us tomorrow through the hills to Inverness.

Mr Addinell is really behaving like a brother, very comforting. He brings me whisky and soda after I'm in bed and sits and talks — no love making — at least only the kind a brother might indulge in — a delightful man.

Friday 12 October

Pitlochry to Inverness, by car

Torrents of rain today. Not feeling well myself — a cold I think. Mr Addinell is decidedly ill, and we've got nearly a

100-mile run before us.

Mr Addinell's disease is at times really embarrassing for him — or would be if he minded me — fortunately he doesn't — we are continually having to race full speed for the nearest station — not always certain of getting there in time either — poor soul I'm really sorry for him.

It was magnificent scenery today, with snow, mountains and lochs but we arrived at Inverness with our livers and tempers out of order and put up for the weekend here at the Royal Hotel.

Saturday 13 October

Inverness

This morning Mr Addinell went off in his car on business and left me to explore the town. I was seized with the desire to ride round Loch Ness on horseback and asked a cab driver where I could get a horse. He grinned and pointed to his own hack, "Why Miss, you can have him now if you like. Lady A. used to ride him last year and paid me 7/6d an hour." I told him I was not a 'Lady' and couldn't pay him more than 2/- per hour. Also, I did not want to rob his cab of its only means of locomotion at that moment — but I would like the animal at 2.30pm at my price. I'm getting wiser over money matters, I believe. He was delighted and we had a long talk about horses and parted — he offering me 2 hours' ride for 3/6d which I thought very kind and friendly. I have never found a Scotsman mean yet.

1pm. I made advances to a lonely-looking young man in the lounge and found out he lived in Winchmore Hill, London, was married and had a daughter, and was very interested in psychology. His name is Mr Grimes and I lunched with him — the maid got very mixed up as she thought he was my husband because Mr Addinell was my brother! I introduced Mr Grimes to my 'brother' after lunch.

Still very wet. I rode all round Loch Ness this afternoon ... no, half way round.

I went to the pictures this evening with Mr Addinell, then much whisky and soda with both Mr A. and Grimes.

11.30pm. And so to bed.

Sunday 14 October

Inverness

Mr Addinell asked if I would like to drive today. I haven't driven a car for 3 or 4 years but we did a 60-mile drive — I driving quite well all things considered. We stopped for drinks at an inn and made friends with a lovely Scotch terrier.

We then went out to try and stalk Highland cattle; they are savage little beasts. After dodging one round the bushes for half an hour, I managed to get near enough for a photograph to be taken of us before he made another dive at me. He was snapped just as he was starting to move again.

A most enjoyable day — I felt thoroughly happy and well for once — so did Mr Addinell. I like him immensely; he is such an amusing companion and takes all responsibility from one when he is well.

Monday 15 October

Inverness

I got the chambermaid to wash clothes for me, and after breakfast Mr Addinell and I drove all along the Loch to Fort Augustus — once held by Cromwell I believe. I had no idea that scenery could be so magnificent. When I went to buy sandwiches I heard villagers talking Gaelic for the first time.

Home again in the evening tired and hungry. All my worries have vanished for the time being — it must be a combination of air, scenery and companionship.

This evening I went to see the Grand Guignol¹⁰² at the local theatre with Mr Addinell and Grimes — a very merry evening, although the show was very badly acted.

Mr Addinell accuses me of having consumed a whole bottle of whisky during the weekend ... I think he and Grimes did their share!

Midnight to bed, all very merry. Mr A. brought me hot lemon and whisky in bed.

Tuesday 16 October

Inverness to Aberdeen, by car

I left Inverness by car with Mr Addinell, after one of the happiest weekends of the whole trip so far. Of course, Mr A. has money and can do everything very well, which makes all the difference in the world to one's comfort. I couldn't have stayed at the Royal for the weekend if I'd had to pay.

One gets very weary of living — not the simple life, but the cheap life — a very different thing. People say that riches are bad for one's character — I say that poverty destroys one's soul.

We reached Aberdeen, not so happy, after a cold and wet drive on the coast road — a very bad road indeed. We put up here at the Forsythe Hotel, a cold barren place, entirely commercial. Probably our 100-mile drive has tired us for nothing seems cheerful and the food is bad and badly served.

We went to the pictures this evening — then early to bed.

I'm going back to Stirling tomorrow and then on to Edinburgh where I shall stay another week probably, as I

find myself short of cash and no more is due for a week. I must wire Mrs Handyside for a room.

Wednesday 17 October

Aberdeen to Edinburgh via Stirling, by car and train

We left Aberdeen for Stirling along the coast road — very cold and bleak but some of the small fishing villages are very picturesque. Mr Addinell is going back to London tonight and I go to Edinburgh. I shall be very sorry to part from him.

We arrived at the Golden Lion cold and hungry — felt much better after dinner and drinks. I then caught the train to Edinburgh and left Mr A. to go on to London.

On my arrival at 15 Windsor Street, Mrs Handyside was very pleased to see me again, and I found Captain Henderson, whom I'd met at Langholm, was staying here. It is hard to believe that only a fortnight ago I arrived in Edinburgh a complete stranger, not knowing a soul and with only one introduction. Now it is almost like coming home to be back again!

I hear Captain Henderson has just divorced his wife and he now seems to be busy taking out barmaids in his car — wonder what happened — I think his wife ran off with someone else, don't blame her from what I have seen of the young man.

I found an extraordinary letter at the P.O. from the solicitor I met in Kendal. How can a man possibly think all those things about a stranger he has only seen for half an hour, once in his life — it was almost a lover's letter. Had I better answer it or not ... think I will, he interests me.

Thursday 18 October

Edinburgh

I got up this morning feeling bored with life — I hate lodgings after hotels. Captain Henderson motored me to see Rosslyn Chapel¹⁰³ after lunch. Never again will I be driven by him — he's the world's worst driver I think! I found Rosslyn Chapel very interesting, a fine example of the Decorated Period and dates back to the 15th century.

Tasted haggis for the first time today — very good indeed. I must see Mr Edwards tomorrow as he has a medal to show me he said in his letter.

Bed 10.30pm, somewhat depressed.

Friday 19 October

Edinburgh

I called on Mr Edwards this morning and was very glad to see him again. He told me of a most interesting Secret Society¹⁰⁴ now in existence in Scotland and London. He knows the Sovereign of it and has an old medal, or rather a wax impression of an old medal, which he took secretly for me when it came to the museum¹⁰⁵ for inspection.

The seal is a very curious design, penis rampant — supporting a money bag, and an anchor in the background — there is a quaint humour about it that pleases me.

He has not been able to get any details about the Society himself but has promised to give me an introduction to the Sovereign of the Society although they are so strict that he holds out no hope of my success in gaining future information beyond the name and objects — anyway he is a man and I am a woman so we shall see — I can at least try. If the Sovereign is susceptible to women the task ought to be easy; if not, well the method must be changed.¹⁰⁶ Perhaps he won't give me an interview anyway, he's so afraid of journalists.

12.30am. I went to see the Sovereign this afternoon at 3pm, at his Club, and had much more success than I thought possible. His name is Canch-Kavanagh,¹⁰⁷ a rather good-looking man of about 59 or perhaps more, very much the Colonel type. I expected a short interview, if any, of about half an hour with tea included. He was kind and hospitable — I think Mr Edwards has paved the way for me for he made no objection when I asked if I might see the original seal in his possession and hear its history.

We went to the lounge of the Caledonian Hotel and he at once ordered cocktails — made quite sure that I was not connected with any newspapers and made me promise not to put anything down in writing — or make it public in any way. I promised, and he started on the history.¹⁰⁸ It was all connected with ancient rites and ceremonies, witchcraft and mythology. He knew his subject thoroughly and talked as though he really loved it. I noticed that the more cocktails he had the more details came out, but I was at some pains to keep my own head clear. By tea-time I had got the general outline of the thing but realised that there was much that he did not tell.

For the sake of keeping it in my mind I must put down the bare outline which anybody can find out by research but the most interesting details cannot be written lest this diary fall into other hands. Much of it is connected with Phallic Worship. This is the origin of the Society as nearly as I can remember after practically 5 hours of detailed narrative.

The Society is called 'The Order of the Beggar's Benison and Merryland'. The actual date of its origin is not known but it is believed to be connected with legends current somewhere about 800 BC?¹⁰⁹ The celebrations took place on the Isle of May in the Firth of Forth and later at Dreel Castle Anstruther, Fife.¹¹⁰

At one time the members were known as Knights of Dreel. It was revived in the reign of James V who loved to wander amongst his people dressed as a beggar. It is said that one day after being carried across Dreel Burne he found he had not the necessary halfpenny with which to pay the oyster woman who carried him across (it was the custom in those days for the oyster women or women of the village to carry travellers across Dreel Burne) so he paid her in kind — i.e. had connection with her. Apparently, this so pleased the lady that shortly afterwards it became the official payment when any of the Knights were carried across. James V called it 'The Beggar's Benison' and from that day the Order has kept the name. The old initiation ceremonies were revived and orgies of a lurid nature were held from time to time at Dreel Castle.

The Society's present objective is to stamp out sodomy and their motto or grace before meals is:

*A man with a maid
Need ne'er be afraid
How he enjoys his she
But a man with a man
Is under the ban of a maid
For that's blasphemy!*

After tea he continued his story and by 7pm he had not nearly finished and asked me to remain to dinner, which I did. When he ordered champagne my hopes were again revived.

By nine o'clock I knew more than I ever dreamed of knowing and had been promised a copy of the three seals and was allowed to look at the list of members — some of the names astonished me but I've promised to forget them.

He took me home by taxi and only then began to realise that I was a woman¹¹¹ — he said the subjects we had been discussing rather upset him and that he'd never in his life

met anything like myself before — didn't think the woman existed who could discuss sex matters in an impersonal manner, is very puzzled I think, but says I miss a lot in life. I took him in to get some matches but wouldn't let him stay — landlady is out apparently. Tomorrow Canch-Kavanagh has promised to show me the Insignia of the Order. A good day's work I think — but I haven't finished yet!

I'm to have tea with Mr Edwards tomorrow — he'll be surprised at my luck! I didn't tell C-K I already had a copy of one of the seals as I'm afraid of getting Mr Edwards into trouble.

To bed — a bad head coming — champagne and cocktails!

I must keep this book locked up — and also remember to ask Dr Wright for another one — I shall give him one of the seals.

Saturday, 20 October

Edinburgh

9.30am. Got up feeling decidedly mouldy — a dark brown taste in my mouth — hope it won't be necessary to drink too much today.

The guns this morning nearly scared me out of my wits, I had forgotten the Prince¹¹² was staying at the North British Hotel.¹¹³ I wonder if we shall see him at lunch tomorrow.

I had lunch at the Caledonian with Canch-Kavanagh who brought all the insignia with him — the glasses are rather wonderful¹¹⁴ — I hope he finds the wig. He showed me a box of pubic hair apparently belonging to mistresses of George IV! C-K told me a lot more and said I could have the Ladies' Blessing if I liked to do what he asked me — the ceremony — am wondering if I shall — it would probably be worth it. I shall decide tomorrow. "May your waemie be tum, Till you want it to bloom" is what he said before we

parted — apparently it's the equivalent of the Lancashire "Be good" as a form of farewell.

I had tea with Mr Edwards and afterwards went to Hengler's Circus.¹¹⁵ I haven't been to a circus for years. He was very pleased at my success with Canch-Kavanagh. We went for a walk round the markets after the show and so home to bed.

I get frightfully tired these days, cannot think why — it's town life I suppose. I have nearly forgotten what I came out to do, but don't care very much as I shall have plenty of time for thought on the walk back — I have other things to do here.

Sunday, 21 October

Edinburgh

I went to Holyrood Palace¹¹⁶ and met Mr Richardson — I'd got a permit from him to go over the Palace this afternoon — it is not open to public on Sundays so it was much more enjoyable. A very interesting place. I wonder if all the Kings and Queens had noses as red as they are painted.

Must visit the zoo tomorrow if fine.

How Captain Henderson talks, he loves the sound of his own voice! I have made up my mind to receive the Beggar's Benison blessing ...

Monday 22 October

Edinburgh

I lunched with Canch-Kavanagh at the North British Hotel and then, having done what was required, went out to Braid Hills for The Blessing and tea. The ceremony was performed and oath taken — I find it difficult to take all this seriously, Freemasonry must be same sort of thing. Later

we went back to dinner at the Caledonian — very wet and cold.

9.30pm. Mr Edwards came, we went for a walk over the hills.

Tuesday 23 October

Edinburgh

I went to the Museum's Surgical Department this afternoon and was very interested in various female interiors in pickle, also freaks. I think I'd like to leave my body to a hospital when I die — hate the idea of being buried in a box.

I wondered why Henderson didn't speak to me this morning; he usually talks incessantly about nothing — or rather himself. This evening he asked abruptly where I picked up my 'pals' last night. I asked him what he meant, seeing that I'd been with Canch-Kavanagh the whole day yesterday. He then told me that the small servant, aged 15, who opens the door, had told him and the landlady that when she opened the door last night at 9pm I came in with two black men¹¹⁷ — she described them in detail, even to their clothes. She said I took them into the dining room and soon afterwards let them out myself, saying I'd meet them later at a certain hotel I didn't even know existed! Henderson said he simply couldn't believe it and yet the girl was so circumstantial in her evidence that he didn't know what to think. Both he and the landlady questioned her very closely.

It was the most astonishing story and luckily I was able to account for the whole day satisfactorily — they believed me. But even when we had the girl up she still stuck to her story — I cannot understand it — must be a form of hysteria. No wonder the landlady seemed chilly this morning when I spoke to her. I wonder she did not ask for my room!

C-K has promised to send some seals attached to George IV five shilling pieces. I can scrape off the seals and spend the money if very hard up at any time!

I must write some letters soon but hate doing it — except to Dr Wright to whom I say what I think.

Wednesday 24 October

Edinburgh

I lunched with Canch-Kavanagh again at the North British Hotel. We sat in the lounge all afternoon. He says he is going to see the Prince about the Beggar's Benison; I expect he'll join.

1.30am. My landlady has just been giving a family party to which Captain Henderson and I were invited — very amusing, stiff and proper of course. My feet are nearly destroyed with the dancing, or rather with being danced on.

I don't want to leave Edinburgh now but must go on Friday as Mr Addinell is meeting me at Whitby, Yorkshire on Friday 2 November — it's a good walk from here.

I've read most of *Lavengro*¹¹⁸ again but find it very wordy and difficult to read.

Thursday 25 October

Edinburgh

I'd nothing much to do today so went to the zoo. What a pitiful show! The state of the monkeys made me sick with indignation — it was heart-breaking to see them. All their joints were misshapen with rheumatism — some of them shrieked every time they moved. I spoke to the keeper who said they were all dying of cold — they all ought to be killed. All the animals looked unhappy and ill kept. I came home feeling thoroughly miserable about them.

I found letters and money at the G.P.O. — no excuse for staying here now. I shall take the train to Berwick and start walking back from there.

Friday 26 October

Edinburgh to Berwick-upon-Tweed, Northumberland, by train

I lunched for last time with Canch-Kavanagh today — he says he's still busy about the Prince.

I left Edinburgh at 5.15pm and arrived here at Berwick, 3 miles from the Scottish border, at 6.30pm. It is wet and cold. I have found lodgings through a taxi driver and collected my letters — they are rather dirty ... the lodgings not letters ...

Saturday 27 October

Berwick-upon-Tweed to Alnwick, 9 mile walk then by Ford van

This is the beginning of the end of the pilgrimage and still no decision arrived at — I had a bad night. Tea, bed and breakfast cost 5/-, so not too bad. Found a cheering letter from Dr Wright at the G.P.O.

Torrents of rain this morning, but I must get to Belford today along the coast road ...

4pm. I've finally arrived at the Nags Head, Alnwick — I'm sitting wrapped in a blanket before the fire, gloating over my past misery while the landlady is drying my clothes.

It's been very cold today. I left Berwick this morning in a terrific downpour which continued steadily all day. I had a 12 mile walk ahead of me along the coastal cliff path towards Belford but got very badly let down by rubber soled shoes which refused to carry me up the steep, slimy path to the top of the cliff. Half way up I stuck and could not

get up, or prevent myself from slipping down. Fortunately, I got hold of a strong tuft of grass with one hand and removed my shoes with the other — the rain all the while pouring down my neck. I had to scramble the rest of the way up in my stockings. At the top I put my shoes on over stockings caked in mud — most uncomfortable.

There didn't seem to be another human soul about, no shelter of any kind, it was so cold — the rain driving off the sea ... or rather a miserable grey mass, like dirty soup, that once had been blue sea. The seabirds wailed and shrieked. Never have I seen a more dismal scene — it stretched for miles. My thoughts became very bleak and funereal.

As part of the road was under water I should think I paddled for at least 2 miles before I stopped at a wayside inn in Beal¹¹⁹ for lunch. The landlord took pity on my wretched and drenched condition and dosed me with hot rum and milk for which he would take no payment — then off I started again, shoes squelching water at every step.

Two miles out of Beal a Ford van overtook me and offered me a lift into Alnwick — the driver was most sympathetic and got down and wrung me out and hung me on the seat beside him to dry. We landed here at the Nags Head more than half drowned and I'm very annoyed that I forgot to offer him a drink in return for his kindness. Can't think how I forgot! This place is very warm and comfortable ...

I shall not be able to go over Alnwick Castle as the Duke of Northumberland is in residence, but the ancient town of Alnwick will be remembered for its exceeding hospitality.

I don't care for the Northumberland accent.

10.30pm. Actually a hot bath, this is real luxury! I'm frightfully stiff and tired — shoulders very sore from the pack — I'm not used to it yet — makes one's back ache intolerably. Hot milk and whisky and so to bed.

Sunday 28 October

Alnwick to Ashington, 21 mile walk then by train

I left Alnwick for Blyth but changed my mind as the scenery is so hateful. I walked through miles and miles of mining villages, the most depressing miserable places one could imagine. Sunday too made it much worse. At the end of 15 miles I decided to put up for the night — my pack had become a ton weight — at least — and footpaths played havoc with my feet. Every inn I tried refused to have me. I got so desperate I even asked for the Police Station and was told the nearest was 6 miles away! In the end I had to walk 21 miles — the last part down a pitch-dark road I didn't know, only to find that there was nowhere to sleep, even at Ellington.

By this time, I was limping and a friendly miner told me that 'The Tank', which was the miners' train, would leave for Ashington at 6.30pm and there I should easily obtain a bed as it is a large mining town 4 miles further on. I went by 'The Tank' and it was well named — wooden seats and no lighting. As the miners got in they lit matches to find their seats — I was nearly overlaid by one huge hairy creature who didn't see me when he sat down. The journey was done in pitch darkness at the rate of about 6 miles an hour in a series of jerks. I shall know the smell of damp miners next time I meet it ...

I crawled out at Ashington and came here to The Grand Hotel — not so bad but very dreary. Only one young man is here beside myself — a Mr King on business at the mines, a chemist I think he said. He asked me to go to the pictures with him if I didn't mind the smell of orange peel.

Life in a mining town must be Hell ...

I felt more like going to bed but went with him still limping. Everything is worth trying at least once.

Monday 29 October

Ashington

Torrents of rain, again! I got up this morning feeling really ill and depressed — stiff with rheumatism. Received letter and photos from Mr Addinell.

Mr King offered to take me over the outer workings of Ashington Mine¹²⁰ which is one of the deepest and most extensive in England. I asked him if he'd ever been down — he said not. I thought it strange to be working at a mine and never to go down. I don't think he wants to much, but he'll go if I go.

10.30pm. We went down the coal pit at 12 noon. I was introduced to the manager who made me sign books and things saying I was going entirely at my own risk. Mr King wasn't any more anxious than I was to go down but neither of us would admit it to the other — anyway it is probably the only chance I'll ever have of such an experience. Going down was soon over but was hateful while it lasted. All the time we were waiting for the lift, the miners were discussing the recent mining disaster,¹²¹ and an accident that had taken place in the pit yesterday. When we got to the bottom and out of the lift we were quite deaf for a few minutes — they said it was air-pressure. They gave us electric lamps weighing 7lbs each and overalls. We seemed to walk for miles along railway tracks and the feeling of suffocation grew worse as we got further down. One felt the weight of the whole earth above one's head with the added fear that part of it might come down at any moment — most of the time we could not stand upright at all.

Trucks rushed down the track every few minutes and we had to jump into one of the innumerable bolt-holes to escape being run down. It is no use pretending that I enjoyed it — the helpless boxed-up feeling almost amounted to panic. If I'd had the courage I'd have asked to be taken

back at once, but it takes great courage to admit that one is afraid. The miner is a brave man, whatever else he is, and it seems somehow wrong that these fine-looking creatures should have to spend their whole lives in that inferno in order that we may be kept warm.

People talk of the barbarous and uncivilised ages — I think in many ways civilisation is much more barbarous! In bygone ages more bodies were destroyed — in this age we destroy souls. To physical torture there is a limit fixed — a certain amount can be endured and then the body dies — but to mental torture there seems to be no limit — if only one could have one's mind pulled out like an aching tooth!!!

To get back to the mine — in reality emphatically NO — but the experience is worth recording.

The stables and the pit ponies were most interesting. Altogether in the pit they had 300 ponies; 130 of them were in the stables, beautifully kept and well fed. They have their own forge and bath and a resident vet — lovely little animals they are — some no bigger than dogs. After this I was asked if I would like to see some blasting — I hated the idea. I cannot bear sudden noises such as guns and thunder but I said “yes”, with a sick feeling.

We crawled down a very narrow cut and saw a solitary miner lying on his stomach boring the fuse hole. Being unable to stand up we had to sit on lumps of coal. The dust and smell of sulphur was choking. He placed the charge in position and lit the fuse — we had one minute to get into the shelter provided. There we waited. But nothing happened, so the idiotic man said he'd go back and see — we all protested but to no purpose. He vanished and we sat, sick with horror, expecting to hear him blown to pieces every second. To our intense relief he came back, saying he'd had to relight the fuse. Almost as he turned the corner there was a dull thud — the earth seemed to heave and

close in on us and it was all over. We groped our way through the sulphurous smoke, coughing and choking. Altogether we were down in the pit for 3 hours and although I hated it, it was tremendously interesting — I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

The manager was very angry when they told him about the man relighting the fuse — only last week a man was blown up doing exactly the same thing. They are not supposed to go near a lighted fuse for at least 20 minutes.

Mr King said he was very grateful to me for making him go down — I'd refused to go unless he came. After that we saw all the machinery on which the lives of the men depend — and so home.

I spent the evening reading and talking to Mr King and so to bed, very tired.

Forgot ... had tea with friends of the manager of the mine; a husband and wife with two kids living in two railway carriages because there is no more housing accommodation near pit head — horrible, I don't know how they endure it — nothing but rain, noise and smoke.

Shall dream about explosions ...

Tuesday 30 October

Ashington to Saltburn-by-the-Sea, by train

I left Ashington this morning by train. Mr King, who was going by train to Middlesbrough, asked me to go with him and that way I could avoid walking through towns. I decided to go right through to Saltburn as I couldn't endure any more walking through mining towns; also I did not want to go through Newcastle.

I arrived at Saltburn at 12.30pm and how dreary the sea looks. All the coast seems like a dead thing, half the hotels are shut up. This place, the Alexandra Hotel, is completely

deserted — there's not a soul staying. I lunched in town and dined with a company of 40 empty tables — it feels like a sort of ghost story; 'The Invisible Visitors' would be a good title.

I wish I hadn't chosen the East Coast at this time of the year. The sea looks too uninviting even to drown in. I must go along the sands tomorrow to Staithes.

Perhaps I shall not be able to walk tomorrow, horrid thought — week late — wonder why — nothing to worry about anyway, but the Curse of Eve is a damned nuisance on a walk.

... but how depressing an empty hotel can be. Shall go to bed.

Wednesday 31 October

Saltburn-by-the-Sea to Staithes, 10 mile walk

My bill this morning was evidently part of the ghost story — I've paid for all the 'Invisible Visitors'! These hotels put up their prices for the season and treble them out of season. It cost 19/6d for dinner, bed and breakfast, one double whisky and a bath! Perhaps water is expensive here — maybe they keep it for the whisky!

I didn't dare argue with the landlady... no, 'The Proprietress'; hotels have no landladies, only inns do! Her clothes were so much more expensive than mine, but I did meekly ask if my bill was right. She looked at it and called the maid sternly. I was just getting my hand ready to receive some money back when she said, "I'm sorry but they've forgotten to put down your early tea, that will be sixpence more." I slunk out like a whipped puppy feeling glad she hadn't charged for the air I breathed. Pubs for me in future!

I arrived here, Staithes, at 1.30pm after quite a pleasant walk along the sands with not a soul about. A wonderful little village this is, built all anyhow on odd bits of cliff. I had great difficulty in finding lodgings but this hotel, the Black Lion, isn't so bad — only rather cold. There is nowhere to sit but a deserted taproom with spittoons my only companions. I wonder how anyone manages to aim straight. Oh, they haven't, how horrible! I wish they'd clean up a bit. I shall go out to the sea.

I have walked 10 miles today and must get to Whitby tomorrow and rest a bit. I should like to stay at the Lobster Pots Inn but it is shut up in winter and often partially washed away by the seas they tell me.

9.30pm. Feeling rotten, pains in tummy a good sign, shall go to bed shortly.

Thursday 1 November

Staithes to Whitby, 10.5 mile walk

I left the Black Lion Hotel this morning — paid my bill of 6/6d. Didn't feel a bit like walking. Arrived here at the Angel Hotel, Whitby after a very dull walk. I hardly met a soul the whole way. It seems the journey back is going to be much more solitary than the walk out.

I never knew before how completely the sea loses life and colour in winter — even when it is angry. No, I don't love the sea but I respect it and will have no dealings with it.

I hear that they expect my 'brother' Mr Addinell at 4:30pm tomorrow.

I want to explore the town but feel too tired and bad tempered.

To bed 9.30pm.

Friday 2 November

Whitby

I explored the town this morning — it's a very picturesque place. I must see the church and Abbey when Mr Addinell comes.

What a gale! I'm beginning to hate gales — I used to love them once.

Mr Addinell arrived at 4.30pm. I'm very glad to see him again. He is staying here for the week-end. I went to St Mary's Church and the Abbey with him and was very interested in the church which has horse-box pews and galleries.¹²² Only the ruins of the Abbey are left.

Mr A. says that I may drive him to Scarborough tomorrow. We talked until bedtime. I don't think he looks well — he shouldn't be travelling in an open car this weather.

Saturday 3 November

Whitby

Mr Addinell and I started out for Scarborough in a terrific gale. It was so bad on the moors that we couldn't drive against it with any safety and so turned back — by then we were very wet and cold.

We walked to the Abbey again this evening and will try to go to Scarborough again tomorrow.

Bed early.

Sunday 4 November

Whitby — Scarborough — Whitby, by car

We got up early and took the car to Scarborough. On the way we picked up an ex-soldier who was trying to walk to York. The poor man's feet were out of his boots, he looked half-starved and frozen through. Mr Addinell gave him a lift with us and money for a meal.

I don't care for Scarborough and as it is Sunday everything is shut so we had difficulty in getting tea anywhere. We lunched at the Balmoral Hotel and were both glad to get back to Whitby again.

Mr A. is a most refreshingly candid person — told me I wasn't a bit good looking but had a pleasant grin and was a most restful person to be with. I like people to say what they think — my lack of beauty has long ago ceased to worry me. I remember praying to wake up beautiful when a child, and anxiously examining my face in the glass every morning for some sign of it — but it never came and my nose continued to be the family joke.

Monday 5 November

Whitby to Pickering, by car

Mr Addinell and I left Whitby for Pickering by car. On arrival here we visited the interesting old Church of St Peter and St Paul¹²³ — it has outstanding medieval paintings on the walls.

We are staying at the White Swan Hotel, one of the best we have found — the cook is French and has been a chef.

Mr A. had a row with his chauffeur, Herrin, who had the cheek to book rooms at the same hotel and use the public lounge. It's the first time I've seen him in a temper and hope it will be the last! That boy's a fool and has probably lost the best job any chauffeur could wish for — think it is partly Mr A.'s fault, as he's allowed him too much liberty and didn't make him wear a uniform.

I had words with Mr A. myself later because he sneered at a young man who was sufficiently old-fashioned to get up and open the door for me when I went out of the room. I told Mr A. it was most refreshing to meet a young man these days who had good manners and treated women with respect —

said that probably more of them would do so but for the bad example of their elders.

I was sorry for my rudeness afterwards as Mr A. is old enough to be my father and might also expect me to open the door for him — but the smallest germ of courtesy in the modern youth should be encouraged — it is so rare.

We went to the pictures this evening, a rotten show, the night very cold and frosty.

We are going on to York tomorrow.

Tuesday 6 November

Pickering to York, by car

At 10.30am we left Pickering for York stopping at Malton on the way. While Mr Addinell did some business I went to see Malton Castle¹²⁴ but only the ruins of the castle remain. There is a rather fine church about 17th century — part of it probably earlier.

We put up at the White Swan Commercial Hotel, York. A very cold and wet day today.

I found a rather worrying letter from Graham saying I shall probably have to go back to London to be interviewed by a solicitor re his divorce — I am not going to give up this walk now, so shall go one day and come back the next. What a pity, I didn't want to see either of them again till the decision was made and I've kept putting it off — now something will have to happen. Hardy will demand an answer quite rightly — some hard thinking will have to be done the next few days — am glad I'm leaving Mr Addinell tomorrow to take to the road again. A letter containing £5 from Hardy via Dr Wright has not made matters any easier.

Mr A. is very busy and seems worried too — we're both inclined to be irritable — I think he's had a row with his wife. I'm probably going to have one with my husband.¹²⁵

This hotel is very cold and uncomfortable — that always upsets Mr A. We drowned our sorrows in whisky and soda ...

I don't care much for York — it has unpleasant associations too, perhaps that's the reason. A very different person arrived here one morning early — certainly 8 years ago, if not more. I think that person died fairly recently and now someone else inhabits my skin. If only nature had planned a reversible universe and I could go back — this going forward all the time is annoying and tiring. Just a colossal moving stairway — that's what life is, and it annoys me. I'd take off my hat to the man who could discover and establish complete immobility and rest.

How can one write one's thoughts, or even know them, when that part of your life that was, when the thought started, has completely passed away before the thought could be uttered. I write my thoughts, but once written or spoken, I know they are no longer thoughts but empty words — what is one to do about it? Go to bed I think ... and since thoughts one has finished thinking are no longer thoughts — why think at all?

Carlyle¹²⁶ must have used this method of un-reasoning when he proved that there was no such thing as unselfishness. If by being selfish, people can benefit others then let them go on being selfish as long as they like.

I'm going to walk to Pocklington tomorrow — will now go to bed and try and dream something sensible.

Wednesday 7 November

York to Pocklington, 13.5 mile walk

On leaving York I said goodbye to Mr Addinell and arranged to come back from London to York on Monday and meet him at the Black Swan Inn. If I have to go to London, which is

almost certain, I shall go on Saturday and come back by midnight train on Sunday.

At 4.30pm I arrived at Pocklington, and I am staying at this queer little place, The Black Bull. The landlord is very hospitable, but it's desperately cold, and it doesn't look as though they'd have a hot water bottle here either as it's only a beer house.

10.30pm. I'm writing this by candlelight in Mr Walsh's own bedroom — he turned out, poor dear, and is probably sleeping with his daughter or perhaps a barmaid as there is no accommodation for visitors. I had to sit in the kitchen and eat with the family. They asked me if I liked fish and chip potatoes for tea and I said yes, thinking they would probably cook well, being Yorkshire farmers. To my horror, at tea-time, the girl went out and re-appeared carrying fried fish and chips from a shop — wrapped in a newspaper and smelling as only they know how to smell! I think it is to my credit that I ate my portion and was not sick, and was surprised that I could still enjoy their flavour.

After tea Mr Walsh, my host, aged about 35, came downstairs and stood in front of the glass for at least half an hour, shaving over the sink of course — does chopped hair in one's tea give one peritonitis, I wonder ... After shaving he rubbed cream all over his face — I couldn't see whether he rouged but he certainly powdered. He then went out.

The barmaid came and sat down, between customers, and told me the history of the family up to date. There was also one small child aged 16, a cripple¹²⁷ he had adopted, who sat and added details here and there. It appears that the wife died 9 months ago and ever since he's been looking out for another — tonight he's 'courting', the preliminary to 'walking out' I believe. The barmaid told me that she had 'walked out' with him after his wife's death but that she wasn't going to be tied to the place by marriage. There was

much too much work involved. With real wisdom she remarked that before marriage it meant all love and no work, and after marriage all work and very little love — it wasn't good enough for her. She knew that he was after a good working housekeeper he could rely upon to do all the work of the place.

I had a long talk with the cripple afterwards who said Mr Walsh had been very good to her: he had taken her in when she was helpless and homeless and treated her like a daughter. She had been brought up a Catholic and went to Confession at the age of 8. I tried to extract some information about the Confessional and she said many bitter things about priests, and with regard to Confession saying, "They don't make girls confess — there is nothing to confess" so they "just put wicked ideas into our heads and make us think about things we didn't ought to know". This may or may not be true.

She then went on to tell me that the next room to mine was occupied by a dipsomaniac, a well-to-do man who leaves his family and business for 6 weeks every year and drinks steadily the whole time, hardly ever eating, undressing or washing. His first drink is taken up at 7am. Today is the last day of his 6 weeks and he will probably go out sober tomorrow for another year. Ten minutes later the man in question staggered into the kitchen. What a pitiful wreck he looked too; several days or perhaps weeks of beard on his chin, no collar, bloodshot eyes, hands fumbling at everything within reach, and clothes dirty, stained and creased. A few wisps of lank hair hung over one eyebrow. Yet he spoke with a cultivated accent and gave me a damp and unsteady hand to shake. Tomorrow they said he will wash, shave, and put on clean clothes and go out a changed man. I think perhaps it is a good way of doing it, going away from one's friends and family.

The next item of interest concerned the last illness of Mrs Walsh who died a lingering death — cancer. The girl went through the illness in detail and ended up by telling me that I was sleeping in the bed the lady died in!

10.30pm. I think I'm likely to have a cheery night — a dipsomaniac next door and a bed crawling with cancer germs. There's no lock on the door either and I can hear the old dip. tumbling about — must put a chair against it. I thought he'd found his bed that time but he fell into the washstand again. If he does it many more times I shall go and put him to bed — Oh no! it's the 'Jimmy' he wanted — certain he's not aiming straight — maid says he never does. These walls are like paper — they should put his mattress on the floor then he'd find it.

Tomorrow I'm going on to Hornsea to call on Mrs Eve. I shall have to stay the night in Beverley.

And so to bed.

Thursday 8 November

Pocklington to Beverley, 19.2 mile walk

Up early — the landlord looks as though his courting was successful last night. He took me out to see a beautiful white horse which he said I could ride if I'd come back and spend Christmas with them. I was away too early to see the dipsomaniac but they said he had already shaved, and that his room was in a state of complete chaos — I could have told them that!

I eventually arrived here, the Beverley Arms, soaked to the skin and frozen through.

It was a very cold walk — I ran into a bad snowstorm, so thick that I couldn't see a yard in front of me. The whole countryside was blotted out quite suddenly. I didn't know where I was but tried to keep to the road. I came upon a

Ford van wandering across the fields, the driver completely lost, had just realised that he'd left the road some time ago.

I began to find my way to (South) Dalton,¹²⁸ and by lunch time it had ceased snowing and rained instead. For 8 miles it rained continuously. The Beverley Arms was the first inn I came to, not much of a place — only two young commercial travellers staying here, no-one else. We made friends at tea-time and cursed the place, the food and the weather. After tea we all went to the pictures — then came back and drank whisky and soda to try to get warm. My clothes are drying on me ... and so to bath then bed.

The bath, what a dilapidated affair — enamel all off, no plug — I had to stand or sit on the plug-hole to keep the water in while washing. I got tired of doing this and stuffed somebody else's sponge down it. I managed to get washed just before the last drop of water vanished. They will probably charge 1/- for that bath — if they do I'll keep the sponge — although I expect it's careering down the main drain by now!

Bed 11.30pm — very bad tempered, shivery and full of creaking joints.

Friday 9 November

Beverley to Hornsea, 12.7 mile walk

I got up feeling very stiff — my clothes are still damp although the maid is supposed to have dried them!

I went to see St Mary's Church¹²⁹ before starting for Hornsea. The church is a very fine 12th-century building, but many parts have been rebuilt, including the tower which collapsed in 1520.

I walked through a gale and rain today to Hornsea. Found a letter at the P.O. saying I must be in London on Saturday evening — damn! Also, there was a letter from Dr Wright —

I shall not have time to see him at the weekend — I think it's better not to anyway till the end.

Mrs Eve is a delightful woman and so are her kids, but I'm very sorry for her having another so soon. It's very good of her to put me up, a complete stranger, when she must be feeling pretty seedy poor soul. What a pity I've missed Mr Eve, but she has asked me to try to see him in London on Sunday.

Why must women have children they don't want and cannot afford. After the second one the law should allow them to be prevented. Good thing I'm not a doctor as I should always be helping the poor creatures out of difficulties and lose my practice or perhaps become very wealthy like [editor: name inked out]. He's running a car now and he's been warned too I believe, but that may not be true — hope it isn't.

I must wire Graham and Hardy tomorrow. I'm not going to give Hardy his answer but will fix a definite date with him, and he shall have it then. It's a good way of gaining a little more time and comparing them both again. The only person I really want to see is Dr Wright — which shows I cannot really care for Hardy enough to leave Graham for him. In fact I don't seem capable of caring for anyone very much just now — except of course myself — I've always been very fond of me — that is a law of nature I think. Anyway, I'm a woman and biologically my only reason for existing is that of every woman: to attract and ensnare the male and then to mate and reproduce the species — God knows why they should be reproduced!

The other functions women are so busy performing are simply the outcome of civilisation. We still try to attract and ensnare, but civilisation provides us with reasons for shirking the mating and reproducing part of our business — at least many of us do ... Also, our ridiculous marriage laws have made it certain that often the wrong persons mate.

Having got that little sermon off my chest I'll go to sleep ...

Saturday 10 November

Hornsea to London, by train

I am leaving for London at 10.50am this morning. How I hate the thought, but I'll return to York on Sunday to continue the walk whatever happens — so shall get a return ticket to make sure. It is as unpleasant going back as it was to leave. I don't suppose I shall write any more until I get back to York.

There's a sort of grim humour in life sometimes — here am I, going to leave two men in London who are both divorcing their wives for me, while I come back to York and meet Mr Addinell who isn't the least bit in love with me — nor I with him. Tragedy and humour always seem to go hand in hand — or have I a distorted sense of humour and see it where it isn't.

Must go down to breakfast — I run on like a congregational parson 'praying out of his head' as our cook used to say.

London, Saturday night

1.30am. I don't know what to think or even what I feel about it — better get it down and see how it reads.

I was met at the station by Hardy and Graham. Graham was obviously delighted to have me back but Hardy, I'm certain, was not. There was an atmosphere that was puzzling and strange about him. At tea the reason became clear ...

We asked Hardy to come to the Hambone Club¹³⁰ with us for the evening; to my astonishment he refused. He said a very old friend of his was sick at his flat and that he'd had difficulty in getting away. Just one thought went through my mind — a woman. Hardy reluctantly admitted it saying the

mistress of a very old friend of his, a shipmate, arrived on his doorstep ill and homeless and, of course, he had to take her in and put her up. She became too ill to be moved and a doctor was called in who said she must not be moved or left on any account. He had communicated with his old friend who was so grateful to him for nursing his mistress and keeping her that he offered to contribute something towards expenses and pay the doctor! She was very seriously ill — temperature high and so on.

I asked Hardy why he hadn't got a nurse; he replied that the doctor said it wasn't necessary. I then pointed out that if she was so seriously ill and died on his hands, when it became known that he had nursed her himself and refused to have a woman in to see her, at the inquest which was sure to follow both he and the doctor were in for a whole heap of trouble. I also pointed out that we were in the centre of London which is full of doctors, nurses and hospitals, not in the centre of a desert where no woman could be procured. When I mentioned 'hospital' Hardy flared up and talked about letting his pal down by sending her to such an institution and so on, and said she wasn't in the least likely to die.

Gradually one sentence began to float round and round my brain: 'My friend you're lying.' I tried my best to chase it out but it wouldn't go. The story simply left me cold.

I have decided, however, to act as if I do believe it and try to see the girl. If he lets me see her it would prove he had nothing to fear. If he refuses then it would prove that he was lying. But why lie to me? He knows he could tell me the truth. Men are not saints and I don't expect either of them to live virgin lives for 6 months, but I do expect them not to make their indiscretions public. If he's taken a girl to live in the flat he expects me to share with him on my return — well I'm through with him. One couldn't tie oneself up to

that kind of man for life. If he cares nothing for my feelings or reputation now, well after marriage he'll care even less.

In the face of all that he has said it seems incredible though. Still, there was Mrs Ford at Hambone — what had they to do with each other and how dared he and Graham discuss the situation with a woman of that class. She just played them both off one against the other. Still, I must be careful not to let my indignation run away with me — one must be fair and it may be true (but it isn't).

So tonight, on the way to the Hambone Club, Graham and I called at Hardy's flat to make the test. I offered to stay and nurse the girl for the night if Hardy would go to Hambone with Graham and then go back to Graham's flat while I stayed at his place. Hardy began to look worried ... I could feel that he was wracking his brain for an excuse. At last it came. No, that would never do. They were not sure what her disease was, in fact he was certain it was an infectious form of VD — I hated him for saying that about a woman — and he simply couldn't risk my going near her. I laughed and reminded him of the case of dipsomania I'd nursed in the flat below which turned out to be the other thing, syphilis in one of its worst forms — yet I didn't get it. But no, he wouldn't listen to any argument.

Graham offered to stay while Hardy came to the club with me for an hour or two — a most unselfish offer considering the circumstances! But no, it was obvious that neither of us were to see her. After that Hardy took me aside and demanded my answer. I can't think why I didn't fling it at him then and there, but the thought of the money I'd had from him restrained me. Also, still there looked a very faint hope that his explanation might not be a lie. I told him that I must have time to think things over, that this thing had rather upset me and the answer would be given in ten days. He then said that, whatever the answer was, the money was

to be taken as a gift and the walk to be finished. And so we parted.

I am going back to York tomorrow but think my mind is really made up now. It is to Graham's credit that he has not said a word against Hardy, although I'm certain he doesn't believe one word of the story, and I can't help realising the sort of use Hardy would make of such a story against Graham. Perhaps one day the truth will come out. There is a sort of feeling of relief too which I cannot understand — as though the decision has been taken out of my hands.

I am very angry with Hardy for starting his divorce proceedings before getting my answer and making me correspondent when he promised he would not. I feel very bitter and angry about the whole thing and shall find it hard ever to believe a man again. At the same time I feel I've played Graham a dirty trick in going off with Hardy and suppose I'll have to pay for it. Hardy's whole manner is changed too; I could almost believe he no longer wants me. I wish I could see Dr Wright. He will find it hard to believe all this — he thinks quite a lot of Hardy, I believe. But why hasn't Hardy been to see him? The whole thing hardly bears thinking about at present. I have refused to sleep with Graham tonight as I must still try to be fair to them both.

Sunday 11 November

London to York, by train

Mr Eve met Graham and me at the Club for dinner — he was glad to hear I've seen his wife. I'm just going to catch the 7.30pm to York, and shall arrive about 11.30pm. It's snowing hard.

12.30am. Arrived at York Station Hotel. I am going to meet Mr Addinell at the Black Swan tomorrow and will stay the night there.

I feel very tired and wish I could talk things over with Dr Wright.

Monday 12 November

York

I met Mr Addinell this morning and am very glad to see him again. I think he looks very ill; he says I do too.

We went to pictures this evening. Poor Mr A.'s complaint is very bad — we had to rush out of pictures but didn't get back to the Black Swan in time. Poor soul, thank God he's got a sense of humour! Told me when he came back from having a bath that certain garments were reposing on the roof at back of the hotel. We made merry over the fact ...

I am leaving for Hull with Mr A. by car tomorrow. There are dreadful floods all over the country.

Tuesday 13 November

York to Hull, by car

We arrived at the Imperial Hotel, Hull, today. The weather is terrible: gales, rain and snow. Hull in fine weather is bad enough; in this weather it's hell. I shall follow this route no further but get across to Derby again — I am longing for people and roads that I know.

Went to the theatre this evening with Mr Addinell, quite an amusing show. I'm trying to put Hardy out of my mind till I get to Derby.

Tomorrow I shall get to Huddersfield and stay the night with the Gledhills.

Wednesday 14 November

Hull to Huddersfield, by train

I was obliged to come to Huddersfield by train. I was told the walk was impossible — roads are flooded — it's the

worst weather I've ever seen: a terrific gale, hail and snow. I was really nervous that the train would blow off the line and arrived here about tea-time feeling like death. Gales begin to fill me with horror. I don't see why everything shouldn't be blown off the earth.

The Gledhills are just the same, very kind and hospitable — the Uncle is just as grumpy as ever. Miss Gledhill is full of Y.W.C.A. work and her mother just as full of her trip to Canada — the one great adventure of her placid life. She showed me the photos all over again and I had to pretend I hadn't already seen them.

I longed for a cigarette after dinner, but of course there is no smoking here — they'd be shocked and hurt. Not many people would have taken a complete stranger in and fed and housed them as they did me. There is a great deal to be said for religious people if they are genuine. They always make me feel rather ashamed of myself, but I couldn't live the life — no — had too much of it as a child.

I find it difficult to believe I ever taught in Sunday School; I couldn't do it now. One must have some convictions if one is to convince others. Children sense a sham quicker than adults — their senses are more acute and their intuitions have not become blurred by misuse.

I am looking forward to a walk over the hills tomorrow, if only the weather clears.

Don't feel like sleep tonight — don't think I feel at all these days — feel sort of dead and unreal. To sleep and perhaps to dream — dreams are wonderful things — one often wonders whether one's life is a dream and dreams are one's real life — who's to prove it. However, let them come ...

Thursday 15 November

Huddersfield to Chapel-en-le-Frith, by train then 9 mile walk

What a day it has been! Gales are worse than ever, the sky black, and snow and hail — an inferno of elements — even thunder and lightning!

They told me this morning that it would be sheer madness to try to walk over the hills — I'd never be able to stand against the gale or find my way through the snow, and many people had been lost and died up there from exposure. Reluctantly I took the train to Glossop; the scene when we ran into the hills was really magnificent, but terrifying. Never have I seen such thick black clouds. The wind shrieked and all the grass lay flat under its onslaught. Hail and snow blotted out the scene from time to time — the whole countryside was one vast howling desolation. I tried to imagine that road as I had tramped it a few weeks ago with old Hotep trotting in front: the brilliant sunshine and birdsong, browsing sheep, and blue sky.

There is something in one that cowers before the elements: fear of the unknown hidden power in this thing we call wind, rain and weather.

At Glossop the sky cleared and I decided to walk over Chinley Head to Chapel-en-le-Frith and visit the Police Superintendent and stay again at the Royal Oak Inn.



Glossop, Derbyshire

Coming over Chinley Head towards the cottage where Lady Hotep had slept with the hens, I saw a woman waving frantically to me. It turned out to be the very woman who had put me up — she'd recognised me at the top of the hill. I was taken in and given a tremendous tea for which she refused to be paid — and then I had to give an account of my travels through her ear trumpet. She was most anxious to keep me for the night but somehow I'd got scared of the hills and wanted to get down into civilisation again.

I found the landlord of the Royal Oak at Chapel looking very sorry for himself with a bandage over one eye. I booked a room and then went to the Police Station. The Police Superintendent, Mr MacDonald, was there and asked me to have tea with him and his wife. They kindly asked me to stay the weekend with them, so I un-booked my rooms at the Royal Oak — but had to pay for dinner which they'd got specially for me. We heard during the evening that news had spread in the village that I had been detained forcibly at the Police Station on arriving at the Royal Oak — I expect the bar will be full this evening, everyone eager to hear details!

Friday 16 November

Chapel-en-le-Frith

It's another wild day today — snow and gales. I went for a walk with Mrs MacDonald, then spent the afternoon reading police news and hearing tales of strange cases that came into the hands of police. Mr and Mrs M. seem devoted to each other — they have had a pretty rough time I think and are very hard up.

Saturday 17 November

Chapel-en-le-Frith

Still snow and rain today.

I sat with Mrs MacDonald who told me all about herself. She was educated at Cheltenham College. Her parents objected to her marriage and died leaving her nothing. She'd also had a terrible time as a nursery governess — the father of the children had made her life a misery.

I spent a pleasant musical evening with them and some friends of theirs.

Sunday 18 November

Chapel-en-le-Frith

I was wakened about 3am this morning by stones being thrown at the windows of their bedroom, next to mine. An excited voice said someone had died in the night, suddenly, and did Mr MacDonald wish to see the body. I heard him reply that since the body was dead it could wait till morning ...

It's been another day of bad weather so I spent all day indoors talking and reading. I shall leave tomorrow via Sparrowpit and Peak Forest which ought to be very beautiful covered with snow.

Monday 19 November

Chapel-en-le-Frith to Bakewell, 14.9 mile walk

Sunshine at last!

I left Chapel early, 9am, and had a very slippery climb up to Sparrowpit with snow about four inches deep and many big drifts. I got into one up to my knees! The hills looked perfectly wonderful, just a vast expanse of snow as far as the eye could see — not a soul about.

I arrived here again at Bakewell, Rutland Arms Hotel, and found them in the throes of electioneering. I didn't know there was an election¹³¹ on at all, but the whole place hums

with it. The landlord is busy holding orange box meetings so I shall get out as quickly as possible tomorrow.

Bed early. Hate elections ...

Tuesday 20 November

Bakewell to Brailsford, 20.5 mile walk

I left Bakewell at 10am and had a wet and cold walk to Brailsford via Ashbourne, over 20 miles. I booked into the Rose and Crown again.

Dr and Mrs Leys were very surprised to see me walk in — oozing mud at every pore. They are completely absorbed in electioneering — or rather Mrs Leys is. I think her opinion of me went down considerably because of my lack of interest in politics. I told her I found it impossible to take sides, just as I found it impossible to adopt any particular form of religion and that I knew very little about the subject anyway.

Dr Leys seems much better and walks quite well now. I came back here to the Rose and Crown after dinner, Mrs Leys explaining that they would have liked me to stay with them only they could not deprive the Rose and Crown of a customer — queer people, socialists are! The Rose and Crown are more wealthy than I! So I spent the evening drinking with the landlord and his wife, Mr and Mrs Mac., who were very anxious to hear how I had fared on the journey.

I've decided to go and see Dr Reddie at Abbotsholme¹³² tomorrow — it's only 12 miles and I promised Graham I would.

Wednesday 21 November

Brailsford to Abbotsholme School, 12 mile walk

I left Brailsford at 9.30am and arrived at Abbotsholme at 4pm. Dr Reddie was engaged when I arrived but I was taken charge of by his secretary, one of the ugliest and nicest of women. She showed me over the school and said that Dr Reddie had given instructions that I was to sleep the night. It's a very fine estate. Each boy has his own room, everything is beautifully decorated and spotlessly clean. It only takes 60 boys.

I was sent for by the Doctor about 6pm. He wasn't a bit what I expected. He also must have been astonished at my appearance — very travel-stained from continual splashing through mud. He was very nice to me and asked a lot of questions about Graham and his work — also Bruce Williams.¹³³ He then told me the story of how he and Edward Carpenter¹³⁴ first started the school, and how his head master John Badley¹³⁵ deserted him, started Bedales School and tried to take his pupils away by getting round their mothers etc. — all of which I had heard before from Graham. After he'd finished, he took me over the dining rooms and the Chapel, all very beautiful. He doesn't hold ordinary services at all — the lessons are taken from well-known books of some kind and he only teaches Old Testament as history — a very good idea.

We had supper with the boys — rather an ordeal. Instead of saying grace he played a psalm of some kind on an organ — music is his specialty. And pudding before meat, I don't like it much! The boys all looked very happy and healthy and had very nice manners but Reddie talked steadily all through the meal, mostly against England and English customs which made me angry. I decided to never send Michael here.

I was requested to lead the boys out of the dining room and into Chapel for evening service. I then spent the rest of the evening listening to Dr Reddie talking, or should I say I sat at the feet of the master while he lectured on the origin and

history of the English race, the origin and history of himself and religions. For 2 hours he lectured without ceasing and would stand no interruptions. Once when I did stem the flood to ask a question, he fixed his beady eyes upon me and remarked scornfully, "How your mind jumps." I am certain he muttered inwardly 'just like a woman'. I found it very interesting but very exhausting, and I'm convinced he's a woman-hater and a crank of sorts. At the end he asked me what I thought of him. I told him he was like a Chinese Mandarin. He looked puzzled and at once handed me over to the maid saying it was his bedtime.

I noticed in all bathrooms that there is a legend on each door asking boys to keep it locked while bathing.

Thursday 22 November

Abbotsholme School to Brailsford, 12 mile walk

I left Abbotsholme this morning after another hour's lecture from Reddie on, or rather against, Oxford and Cambridge and 'this putrid country'. No, I don't like him. I don't think his influence over the boys can be very good, though the main idea of the school is excellent. Examinations are taboo — quite right in theory, but how is a boy to get a position these days without them? The more of the alphabet he has tacked on to his name the better the chance he has with the public.

I had tea and dinner with Dr and Mrs Leys. I somehow fancy Mrs Leys is not so friendly as she was — perhaps she didn't like her husband writing to me, yet one cannot imagine him going astray. I have promised to go to a meeting tomorrow with her to hear the farmers talk and run each other down!

Friday 23 November

Brailsford

I had a bad night.

Found letters at the P.O. from the Gledhills, Thomson, Hardy (with £30), and Canch-Kavanagh sending me a Beggar's Benison Blessing seal on a Charles II 5/-, as he couldn't get a George IV.

Dr Leys sent me the manuscript of his book to read. I read it all afternoon — he's more broadminded than I had imagined!

I had tea and dinner at the Leys' place and went to the meeting with Mrs Leys afterwards. The meeting room was very hot and smelly with damp farmers. It was all most unconvincing — I hate the way they slang each other — no good to be done that way. It wasn't at all clear whether it was a pro or anti-Labour meeting. Politics, like wars, seems to rouse the very worst in everyone.

It's an intensely cold night. I returned to the Rose and Crown and drank much hot whisky and lemon with Mr and Mrs Mac. and friends, and so to bed.

Saturday 24 November

Brailsford

A letter came from Dr Wright who says I am to stay the weekend at their house on the way home — good. So, I have looked up the route to Beaconsfield from Derby: Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester, Lutterworth, Daventry, Banbury, Brackley, Winslow, Aylesbury, and then to Beaconsfield where the walk will end.

I read Dr Leys' manuscript again all day, and had tea and dinner with them.

10.30pm. I have written to give Hardy his answer. There's no doubt in my mind now — I am certain all that about his friend's mistress was a lie. I cannot possibly leave Graham for him just because of the money — I shall try to pay it

back one day. In the meantime, he must go on thinking me all the things he said he would if I let him down — but I have an idea my answer will be a relief to him — I hope it will. I don't want to marry anyone now but suppose I must marry Graham for the child's sake. Feel as though I ought to have known before this walk started. I must go to bed and not think about it anymore — I shall get over it in time, everyone does. I shall not see Hardy again, I'm afraid of the strange fascination he has, but don't believe it would work now.

Sunday 25 November

Brailsford to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, 20 mile walk

Up early. Dr Leys came in to say good-bye at breakfast time saying he would see me one day in London.

It's a glorious day; the hoar frost has made the whole countryside like fairyland! I have never seen anything so beautiful and so cold.

I only met three people the whole way here, 20 miles, and arrived in this deserted town, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, at 5.30pm. I remember coming here when I was 15 years old — I'm a very different person now.

The Queen's Head Hotel is a horrible place, cold, dirty and cheerless, and the food here is very bad. The maid lent me some of her books to read: *Pansy*, *Peg's Paper*, *Why girls go wrong*. I've never met this kind of literature before. All the heroes are Dukes and heroines are governesses or superior lady's maids. Even Lords run amok among kitchen maids and do them wrong — most amusing.

I see there's a pane gone from my bedroom window. I hope they give me a hot water bottle or I'll be a frozen corpse in the morning ...

Monday 26 November

Ashby-de-la-Zouch to Leicester, 17 mile walk

I left Ashby-de-la-Zouch at 10am. Very cold and thick fog. A motorist tried to pick me up but it was too cold to drive. This Leicester is a loathsome place but the Royal Hotel is not bad.

I went to see 'If Winter Comes'¹³⁶ on film — the whole theatre heaved with sobs and the atmosphere steamed with warm tears. Really, I've nothing to feel superior about — I didn't weep but wanted to — so where's the difference? I made friends with a motorcyclist in the lounge who induced me to buy a ticket for a sweep of some kind.

I shall go on to Lutterworth tomorrow — am looking forward to seeing Dr Wright and family soon.

Tuesday 27 November

Leicester to Lutterworth, 13 mile walk

I left Leicester this morning at 9.30am and did the 13 miles here to Lutterworth by 1.30pm. Thick snow lay everywhere and the country looked very beautiful. I walked all through Lutterworth until I found a hotel that took my fancy — finally chose this one, The Hind, because the name appealed to me. It is an old place, once a Coaching Inn and kept by very nice people. Only one man is staying here besides myself. Made advances to him at lunch and found he is a horse dealer who lives here. He must have plenty of money for he drinks champagne for lunch and dinner!

After lunch we talked horses; he has four or five Hunters for sale and is going to let me ride one after tea. I took the precaution of telling him I'd never learnt to ride — remembering my Brailsford experience — I didn't want to pay for any broken knees. He said he would teach me to ride.

10.30pm. I've just said goodnight to my horsey friend, Mr G. He was delighted with my progress as a pupil and wouldn't believe I'd only ridden as a child and even then had no lessons — that was the story I told him. The 'no lessons' part is true. I rode naturally the moment they put me on a pony. I used to ride anything on four legs in those days but have completely lost my nerve now. At the age of 16 I taught a 5-year-old to jump and used to round up sheep and do tent pegging. Now I'm nervous when the animal just looks at anything and can hardly keep my seat at a gallop. I didn't think it possible one could lose one's nerve so completely. Never had an accident either, and have only been thrown twice, the last time being in Hyde Park.

Mr G., of course, became amorous during the evening — said he'd fall in love with any woman who sat a horse well. Not much of a compliment!

Wednesday 28 November

Lutterworth

More snow ...

I got up feeling particularly fit, although rather sore about the pon.¹³⁷ I want to sit on cushions! Mr G. looks as if he had a thick night after I left — he didn't eat any breakfast but produced a bottle of champagne at 11am which he shared very generously! He said he has to go into Leicester but has left word at the stable that I can take a horse out alone if the weather clears. At the moment the ground is very unsafe for riding — frozen under snow.

10.45pm. Bed early feeling very bruised. I took the horse out this afternoon but found the road was very bad. I tried a canter on deep, soft snow but there was ice underneath. The horse slipped and fell and we parted company rather suddenly. I should not have been hurt at all but for the ground being frozen. The horse was quite unhurt, thank

God. I shall not take other people's horses out again in snow.

After dinner two men, with a large basket, came in to see Mr G. I've never seen two men of that kind outside a police court before. Directly they saw me they picked up the basket and made for the door, but Mr G. stopped them and said it didn't matter as I was a friend of his and could keep my mouth shut, and eyes too, if necessary. They opened the basket and produced two fine Indian Game cocks complete with spurs. I began to see daylight ... cock-fighting is illegal. They locked the door, and there was much whispered conversation which I could not follow.

The men were worth looking at — the sort of villains one sees on the stage but never in real life. They were dirty and ragged about the elbows and feet, one had a broken nose and two teeth missing, the other had three or four day's growth on his chin and a face any criminal might be proud of. I should think he'd commit any crime for the price of a drink; be it rape, theft or murder.

After they had departed with the poultry, Mr G. told me that a great deal of money was made and lost in this village by cock-fighting and that those were two prize birds and their keepers. I thought 'gaol birds and game birds'. He said only one bird belonged to him so he needed to get another to fight it. He then asked me if I would like to see the fight, and if I could be silent about it afterwards? I said I'd love it but told him he was foolish ever to trust a woman. He replied that I wasn't altogether like a woman and straightaway tried to kiss me — which points to homo tendencies on his part ... We go to the cock-fight tomorrow — I hope it isn't too bloody. I hate the sight of blood.

Damn — the Curse of Eve again. I'll ride out to that fight if it kills me. Mr G. told me last night that a lady he was

teaching had a miscarriage and completely ruined a new saddle ... and a perfectly new baby he might have added.

Shall have to sleep standing up — cannot lie on any of my bruises.

Thursday 29 November

Lutterworth

Got up feeling sick and stiff — with bad head and temper, mostly temper. Spent the morning reading rubbish.

I talked to Mr G. all afternoon. I cannot quite understand the situation between himself and his brother. The brother works under his orders as an ordinary stable hand and eats with the men, while he himself lives in the hotel and drinks whisky and champagne. It seems rather strange. He says his brother was down and out, and came begging for any sort of job, that he was a fool and a waster. I wonder?

The fight and all the surroundings of it I shall remember for many years. It was well worth the pain I've got in my underneath now. We left the hotel at 5.30pm — he riding a young half-broken horse that shied at everything, and I on another young and strange horse of which I was rather scared. It was quite dark but the snow made the road quite easy to follow.

That was a wonderful ride — not a breath of wind stirring — frost making each twig stand out separately like ghostly claws. There was not a cloud to be seen, a wonderful starlit sky, and just faintly one could hear the bark of a fox or the call of an owl. The whole world was wrapped in a glistening white blanket. The purpose of our journey lent romance to the situation also. Once or twice we had to open gates: this meant a sort of circus every time. His horse hated gates. Once I tried to be clever and open one for him to save him dismounting. He sat and roared with laughter when the moment came for me to decide whether I should leave the

gate or the horse. It was quite certain that I must do one or the other or break in half. I left the gate, but after three more attempts the deed was done. My horsemanship leaves very much to be desired.

A few minutes later we came upon a lonely and isolated beer house, with a barn attached, kept by a dreadful old toothless and wrinkled woman — who would paw me all over and call me 'dearie'. I should think Mr G. brings his ladies here; he's well known anyway. The two 'gaol birds' then came in, very drunk, and said they couldn't get another cock. Mr G. told them to go to several very bloody and unpleasant places and said he'd get one himself.

We went to a cottage in the village close by, and without a word to me he informed the woman who opened the door that he'd brought a lady from London who was breeding cocks of some kind (I couldn't catch the name!) and would she let hers go for 6/-?¹³⁸ Of course, I played up to him and said I'd been hunting the countryside for this breed of bird and was obliged to return to London tonight. I was dreadfully afraid she'd ask me questions. I don't know a single thing about uncooked fowls — can only tell a cock from a hen by its tail and its crow. She haggled over the price, said it was worth 10/6d but he said, "Nonsense, this lady will give you 6/- and no more." I suggested that perhaps we'd better see the bird first so she took us to the hen house.

Anyone who has not wakened a whole hen-house from sleep ought to try it just for the experience. There was one deafening screech and bodies hurtled through the air — we breathed dust and feathers. I should imagine a witches' Sabbath is something like it! At last by the light of a lantern, the particular cock I was supposed to be craving for was caught and handed over to me. I hated holding it, and this beast hit me with its wings and kicked me below the belt shrieking like a mad thing all the while. We fought

quite 5 minutes before both its wings could be got under my arm at the same time. Then they tied its legs together and all was well.

On the way back, Mr G. said that people might be suspicious and try to find out what the noise was about — it's not usual to buy fowls after dark — but added that the two men we left at the beer house were well enough paid to stay and face the music if the police came. And when we went to the barn, he said one of the men would be outside and give a signal if we needed to make ourselves scarce, at which we were to bolt up the ladder into the loft if there wasn't time to get out — the horses would be hidden in a shed at the back. This sounded very thrilling and romantic. I think we must have slipped back a century or two.

The scene in the barn I would paint if it were possible, having no words at my command to describe it as it really was. Imagine a large barn with sacks of grain in one corner and a ladder leading to the loft. The window was boarded up and the only illumination three candles placed on the floor near the birds and more stuck in the wall. The only occupants were Mr G., myself and the two 'gaol birds' who, in the flickering light of the candles, looked fantastically evil and depraved. They were very drunk too, and one beast came and leered at me while Mr G. was not looking, trying to get his filthy arm around me. The other one called him off; he was quite fatherly, much older. Lastly but most importantly were the two ruffled and angry birds. The Indian Game cock's plumage made a splash of colour in the dim light.

When everything was arranged I was told that I might have the honour of 'putting the first bird down', that is, setting it on the ground opposite its opponent. I chose the Indian Game bird as it wasn't as savage as my late companion. Just at that moment someone tapped at the door — for a moment we were scared but it turned out to be a third 'gaol

bird' with another supply of cocks, gathered from heaven knows whose farmyard. Again we started but the Indian Game cock was young, and the other a novice at the game, so they refused to fight. As a last resort whisky was poured down the white cock's throat till it became completely drunk — but still it refused to fight and staggered around the bewildered Indian Game cock supporting itself on its wings and crowing its heart out.

Speaking from a woman's point of view it was a beastly, brutal exhibition, but being a 'man', for that time, the humour of the situation quite overcame me. It was really a funny sight — the Indian Game cock growing giddy trying to fight a bird that went round in circles crowing. They couldn't stop it crowing so, lest the noise should rouse suspicions, they wrung its neck — that made me feel completely sick. They then put it on the ground and the Indian Game cock immediately behaved as though he had killed it and stood on the body, flapped his wings, and chuckled with triumph.

After that two more cocks were put down. The Indian Game cock killed them both. The speed with which they leap and turn and strike is perfectly marvellous — but it is a bloody business. Death seems to be caused by striking the head — they bleed horribly. It is rather a beastly amusement and not one I really wish to see again, although I probably should if the opportunity came my way — but a night such as this only happens once in one's life. When the bloodshed was ended we returned to the beer house and the old hag served us all with gin, to warm us up. It was freezing hard and the barn hadn't been heated — I couldn't feel my feet when I tried to mount the horse again.

We rode back here to The Hind by moonlight at 9pm — the scene was even more beautiful than when we had come out.

By the time we arrived I felt very sick indeed but it was worth it — was almost afraid to dismount lest there should be another spoilt saddle ...

Too tired to write any more — shall dream of cocks tonight.
Am having lift to Daventry by car tomorrow.

Friday 30 November

Lutterworth to Banbury, by car then 16 mile walk

I left Lutterworth by car for Daventry, then walked from Daventry to Banbury. Nothing of interest happened on the way — didn't want the 16 mile walk a bit ...

This inn, The Red Lion, is very old I should think. Going to bed at once.

Saturday 1 December

Banbury

I left the Red Lion Hotel this morning. There's something queer about the room — I couldn't sleep another night in it. I had an awful nightmare. I saw a woman murder a child. It was so vivid I thought it really happened — don't want even to recall it by writing it down — it was horrible.

I moved here to the White Lion Hotel and like this better so shall stay over the weekend and rest. Damn these rests — they waste time and money — wish I was a man — no I don't really.

I met a man in the lounge, a Mr Perkins from the Ministry of Agriculture. He is going round investigating foot and mouth disease and inspecting farms generally. He told me a lot about cattle.

Electioneering is still going strong here — the elections are on Thursday.

I found an alarming letter at the G.P.O. from the solicitor, Mr T., I met at Kendal. He says he may be coming to London before Christmas — he has the offer of a job and says the fact of being able to see me will influence his decision. This won't do at all! I cannot have any more divorces on my hands. Besides, although we've corresponded quite frequently, we've only met once — it's absurd. I had better write at once and tell him why I'm on this walk, and what a fool I've been with two men. That's certain to scare him, and if he really does take the post and we do meet, he'll know the position and not expect me to get into another mess. I'd like to meet him: he interests me and of course my female vanity has been roused by the fact that he should write as he does, having only seen me once in a dirty and dilapidated condition! Yes, I'll tell him all that is necessary (one can usually trust a solicitor) and then whatever he does will be with his eyes open. I don't want him and won't have him as a lover — I believe that's the beginning of most women's love affairs ...

Sunday 2 December

Banbury

Wet day. I wrote letters and read *The Lonely Unicorn*¹³⁹ — rather a disappointing book.

I have written and explained matters to Mr T., the solicitor, although expect he has fixed up by now to take the post.

I feel very bored and shall go to bed.

Monday 3 December

Banbury

I have decided to go on tomorrow, if well enough — that horse ride and the cold did me in, in the nether regions.

C.B. Fry¹⁴⁰ arrived here during the afternoon — he's putting up for Banbury, I believe. His wife was with him, or I should have said she arrived and brought him with her. She's one of those women who only have to lift their eyebrows at you and you feel a complete worm. I was very amused to hear her giving him instructions. I am certain she stands over him while he practises cricket and raises her eyebrows when he misses a ball! She's running this election campaign — he is simply being put up for Banbury by her, and seems quite docile about it. C.B. Fry the famous cricketer!!! I'm sorry for you; she'll have the utmost horsepower out of you, but those eyebrows will support you through the ordeal. Incidentally I don't like you, and hope you lose your seat — or rather fail to get it.

Becoming malicious, I'd better go to bed ...

Tuesday 4 December

Banbury

Torrents of rain. I've a very bad head and stomach so no walking for me today.

I wrote to Dr Leys and several others. I'm dreading the return to civilisation — rather hoped I should never return.

To pictures in the evening. Bed 10pm.

Wednesday 5 December

Banbury to Buckingham, 17 mile walk

I left Banbury this morning and arrived here at Buckingham to find all the hotels full after a 17 mile walk! Luckily, I found this place, a tea shop with a room to let — it's very comfortable. I have a huge fire in my room and the landlady has lent me a very interesting book dealing with Mary Queen of Scots. I think her history is more tragic and interesting than that of any other Queen.

On my walk through Farthinghoe this morning I saw an interesting church¹⁴¹ and thought I heard frogs croaking in the ditch just off the road so I went to investigate, and saw five fat frogs¹⁴² sitting on the ice — a most extraordinary sight at this time of the year. I also noticed a very dead smell ... Then I saw a nasty looking parcel in the ditch. I poked it with my stick and didn't like the feel of it or the smell — I'm certain some poor woman has cast her troubles out there. It's a very stupid place to throw it — the police are as inquisitive as myself. She must have been in a hurry. I thought I'd better try and bury it; it could not have been there long as it wasn't frozen. The ground was too hard so I collected stones and sticks and covered it that way — not a soul about fortunately. The woman probably belongs to the next village.

I am looking forward to seeing Dr Wright but don't want to go back to Graham and refuse to think about Hardy ...

Thursday 6 December

Buckingham to Aylesbury, 16.9 miles

I left Buckingham and arrived here in Aylesbury this morning. This lovely old place, the King's Head Inn,¹⁴³ is said to be once part of a 13th-century monastery. Everyone is mad over the election; there are meetings all over the place. I like the town of Aylesbury — it's very interesting. While I was exploring a thick fog came on — I couldn't find my way back to the Inn for a long time.

I sat in the lounge and tried to see Cromwell and his followers drinking and hear them talking. It is supposed that Cromwell and his troops could have been here. There are too many people in and out to imagine it properly. There must be secret passages in this place and ghosts too — one can feel those, but they are shy things.

Tomorrow I'll reach Beaconsfield, 20 miles further on I believe — but not sure.

Whisky and soda, and so to bed.

Friday 7 December

Aylesbury to Beaconsfield, 19 mile walk

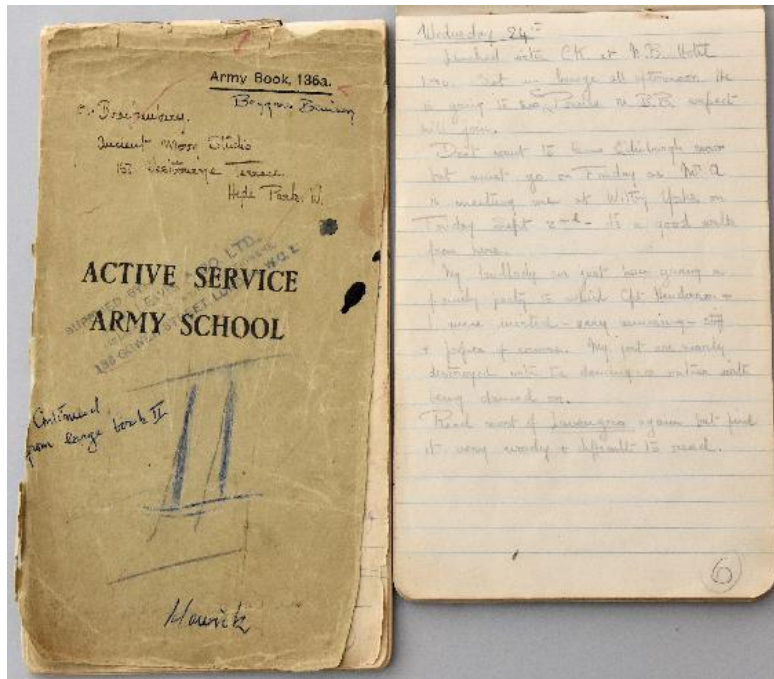
Torrents of rain again! I reached Beaconsfield, soaked through.

I got letters from the G.P.O. One letter was from Mr T., the solicitor, saying he's taken the post in London and comes up on Monday. He wants me to breakfast with him.

I made my way to Dr Wright's. I like his daughters very much indeed. Mrs Wright went to bed early as she was ill, so I had a long talk with Dr Wright about Hardy. He can hardly believe the story and thinks my decision correct — he says now he wishes I'd not taken the money from Hardy. What's the good of that now — he advised it too, not that that should have made any difference really.

I am to stay here till Monday and so ends the pilgrimage, as it started, at Dr Wright's house.

Had too many whiskies — I think I feel rather stupid ...



Part of Eve Brackenbury's 1923 Diary

Postscript:

My grandmother, Eve, married Graham Brackenbury in July 1924. It is nearly 100 years since she made this significant journey, and now finally her diary is published as she herself had hoped to do, the passage of time creating a freedom to tell her whole story.

She died a few months short of her 90th birthday, on 9 May 1982, in Bath, England.

PART 4: APPENDICES

by Gill Brackenbury

APPENDIX 1

The Charles Bailey File

In 1987, H.J. Irwin published a bibliographic study of Charles Bailey who was a very successful and controversial Australian spiritualist medium, best known for his extraordinary apports, that is: “the apparent paranormal transportation of exotic objects from distant places and their materialisation in the seance room”.¹⁴⁴ He was a man who captured the imagination of the Australian public.

In his study Irwin references Eve Brackenbury’s report of a seance held at 23 Pendevon Rd, Croydon, England in January 1927 where she had become alert to similarities between the performances of that medium, Mills-Tanner, and those of the Australian, Charles Bailey who had been convicted of fraud. Eve’s writing provides insight into the theatre of a seance and her report was the basis of an intriguing investigation.

Irwin’s biography is rather offbeat — a tale of the exploits of a charlatan and those who believed in him or tried to discredit him. A couple of background details give a feel of the scale and notoriety of Charles Bailey’s ‘work’. Bailey was believed to have been born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1870. He came under the patronage of the wealthy Thomas Welton Stanford, an American-born business man who was an ardent spiritualist and who used his considerable wealth to support the cause. Stanford’s brother founded Stanford University in California and Thomas gave a half a million

dollars donation to the university so that a psychical research fellowship could be set up.

Twelve years' worth of Bailey's mediumship records were presented as ten bound volumes to Stanford University, together with a large collection of objects apported during these sessions. Unsurprisingly the numerous apports for display were a source of some embarrassment to university administrators and the destruction of much of the collection by the 1906 earthquake was probably a relief in some quarters.

Bailey was well-travelled and the subject of several research investigations, both in Australia and elsewhere — he was mostly discredited. This did not discourage Bailey's followers such as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Indeed, Bailey was selected for private sittings with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle when he toured Australia in late 1920 and early 1921.

At the seance in London, January 1927, Eve Brackenbury noted that Mills-Tanner, like Charles Bailey, produced apports (which included live birds and exotic articles) and did direct-voice¹⁴⁵ spirit work. The seance was hosted by the Temple of Light in London, the leader and founder being a Mr Harold Speer.

Eve's suspicion that Mills-Tanner might be Bailey was strong enough to motivate her to write a letter and report to Dr Eric Dingwall, the research officer at that time for the Society of Psychical Research in London. Her rather ironic and cynical tone is a breath of fresh air in a world where spiritualists took very seriously the bizarre and contrived seances: where the medium was variously tied up, where fish and live birds were secreted ... (who dares to guess where) and where amazingly, investigators naively acquiesced to the medium's demand for total darkness ...

On 16 January 1927 Eve wrote a letter:

“Dear Mr. Dingwall, I attended the Apport seance in the wilds of Croydon last Tuesday night and do not think there can be anything worse in store for me however far afield my investigations may lead me ... it was only with great difficulty I retained any self-control. During the apport of live birds one was so roughly handled ... that its leg was broken and it died during the night. There were 19 sitters and I as usual was a complete stranger to them all although my name was known to Mr. Speer through a previous correspondence. Protest would have been useless, they were all ‘in the movement’ so I held my peace and fumed inwardly.”

“I think the previous history of the Medium Mills Tanner would make an interesting investigation. I did not talk to him myself as one learns more by letting other people do the talking. There was a framed certificate hanging high up on one of the walls and while everyone was engaged in a heated discussion on Healing I got up on my chair and read it. The light was very bad but it appeared to be given to Mills Tanner by the Ceelong or Geelong Society of Psychical Researchers in appreciation of his services and of the admirable way his seances were conducted, it was signed by probably about fifteen people I did not have time to count them. It was dated Australia 1915.”

“On the way home from the seance I sat next to Mr. Speer and he gave me some information which ought to interest all connected with psychical research. People usually think that the objects or animals apported are dematerialised for purposes of transit, but the medium’s control Big Eagle says this is not the case, and surely he should know. The walls and other obstacles through which the apports have to pass are dematerialised so that the objects may pass through intact. From now onwards I keep a wary eye upon the walls of this flat. I think probably the stone that so mysteriously arrived in your

room one day at the S.P.R. was merely on its way to an apport seance and lost its bearings.”

Eve is clearly entertained by these notions. She queried the necessity for Mills-Tanner to sit behind a screen:

“The next and best item of interest Mr. Speer gave vent to and which really gladdened my heart on that depressing tram journey back from Croydon was this. ... Mr. Speer agreed it was a pity a screen had to be used but that in Tanner’s case it was necessary as the ectoplasm which oozed from various parts of his body during the trance was rather unpleasant. I enquired the nature of the unpleasantness and after some hesitation he became confidential and said ‘it smells very unpleasant, you know of course that it comes out of the ears and through the Solar plexus etc, and it is really very unpleasant unless we put a screen around him. It would be all right if he did not smoke so continually, it is that that causes the smell. Of course no food passes Mr. Tanners lips for two days before giving a seance and so he is obliged to smoke.’ I said that I quite understood and let the subject drop.”

Eve’s accompanying report highlights that a very strong feature of the Mills-Tanner seance seems to be distraction. The sitters were in a cramped, unbearably hot room — Eve herself had to share half a seat with a large lady. During the first part of the seance the light was on. Apport action, involving birds and flowers, occurred amid much noise and hymn singing while the medium was hidden behind a screen. In the second part there was total darkness, and the direct-voice spirit contacted through trumpets. Apparently, there was about 20 minutes of ear-splitting noises through a trumpet, with clashing and banging sounds and trumpets floating about in the dark. The sitters were encouraged to talk as much as possible ‘to help the vibrations’. Eve reports:

“The sitters were talking all the time and altogether the noise was so great that anyone could have walked about in the darkness in boots without being heard. ... no words could ever be distinguished when the communicating spirits whispered through the trumpets.”

Dr Dingwall was obviously intrigued by Eve's report and sometime later began investigations. Several things pointed to Mills-Tanner being Bailey. And, the fact that Mills-Tanner was malodorous, despite using strong perfume, was explainable when attributed to “Bailey's practice of hiding small apport objects in his rectum, causing incontinence”.

He tried to establish where Charles Bailey was in 1927 and found the only definite reference was to Bailey's 25th anniversary seance in Sydney, September 1927. So it was possible that Charles Bailey (Mills-Tanner?) could have been in London earlier in 1927.

After enquiries and research both Eve and Dr Dingwall came to the conclusion that P.S. Mills-Tanner and Charles Bailey were the same person. At the end of her report Eve writes a postscript: “After some investigation, old records and photographs were discovered which proved that Mr Mills Tanner was once a notorious medium known as Charles Bailey who was convicted of fraud on several occasions.”

Irwin was somewhat doubtful, but despite his reservations he followed up Eve's observation of the Geelong S.P.R. Australia framed certificate given to Mills-Tanner. He found references to an English spiritualist pastor, Mills-Tanner, who was apparently “recruited in October 1914 by the Geelong Spiritual Research Society to conduct its Sunday church services in Geelong, ... south-west of Melbourne”. This Mills-Tanner was said to have come from London, appeared to have knowledge of mediumship practices, and was joint author in a short book on spiritualism. He

apparently left Australia 'for the front', World War 1, in October 1915. The next records of Mills-Tanner are not until late 1926 when he conducted seances in London "until at least the early months of 1927, and by 1928 had broken from the Temple of Light to run a spiritualist church of his own".

Irwin concedes that Eve's observation of the framed certificate hanging on the wall of Mills-Tanner's home did raise the question, "might Bailey also have been the person who acted as the spiritual pastor in Geelong?" in 1914-1915. This period coincided with Bailey's flight from Thomas Stanford's circle in Melbourne into several years of obscurity after Stanford University began closing in, wanting to assess him. Bailey, had never been directly exposed in front of his patron, Thomas Stanford, and these tests had threatened to do just that. Irwin also suggests that there may have been the additional motivation to give up apport mediumship for a period and take on a new name as "his apport performances were damaging his health and frequently were responsible for his exposure as a fraud."

Charles Bailey died in 1947, and at his funeral he was described as the world's greatest apport medium — other commentators had a very different view; one noting that Bailey was one of the most objectionable fraudulent apport mediums so far recorded.

My sceptical grandmother's report has an edge of wry humour; Eve Brackenbury saw Charles Bailey/Mills-Tanner's seance for what it was, a cruel and ludicrous fraud.

Brackenbury, E. Report: Seance held at 23 Pendevon Rd., Croydon, January 1927. Copy held in Folder III of the Charles Bailey file, Archives of the S.P.R., Cambridge University Library, Cambridge, U.K.

Brackenbury, E. Personal correspondence to Dr E. J. Dingwall. 16 January 1927. Copy held in Folder III of the Charles Bailey file, Archives of the S.P.R., Cambridge University Library, Cambridge, U.K.

APPENDIX 2

The Battersea Case

My copy of 'The Battersea Case' is my grandmother's typescript report concerning No.8 Eland Road, Battersea, U.K. where: "disturbances of a supernormal nature are alleged to have taken place...". She prepared this report for the British Psychological Society Symposium II 1932. The following summary covers the main features of her very detailed record. The Society for Psychical Research (S.P.R.) was contacted to investigate the 'phenomena' in January 1928, and Eve Brackenbury and Dr Woolley attended the house.

The Robinson family had occupied No.8 Eland Road for 25 years, Mr Robinson, an 85-year-old widower, being the lessee. The old man was senile and apparently a great burden to his children. His four children, and grandson lived with him: daughters Kathleen and Lilla, both unmarried, and a married daughter, Mrs Grace Perkins (a widow with a son 14-year-old Peter), and son Fred aged 40.

The house at No.8 was one of a row of small houses separated by low fences but, "A wall of about 12 feet high runs across the ends of the back gardens belonging to Nos.6, 8, and 10 separating them from the grounds belonging to a private home for mental cases run by a Dr Cross." Next door, at No.10 Eland Road, lived the landlord of No.8, Mr H., and his newly married son and his wife.

Eve reports that at the time the trouble began old Mr Robinson needed assistance to wash and dress and was often difficult to manage. His grandson, Peter, was shy, quiet and reluctant to speak to anyone, and had been under treatment for nervous troubles. Eve describes him as: "Alternately spoilt and scolded by the women of the household — delicate and cunning".

The family's future was not secure as in about October 1927 the landlord, Mr H., had said he would not be renewing the lease for No.8 when old Mr Robinson died as his own son and his wife would be moving there.

"In October 1927 the family were annoyed by having coal, soda, potatoes and stones thrown into their back garden." They, and their immediate neighbours, agreed that as they all appeared to come from the direction of Dr Cross' Private Home, some of the patients were doing it for a joke. Fred complained and the doctor promised to have his men watched.

The trouble became worse, and windows were broken.

In November 1927 disturbances started taking place inside the Robinson's house as well, such as: tapping noises, a potato thrown breaking a door glass from the inside, and a chest of drawers upstairs being thrown over and smashed. Also, "wherever old Mr Robinson went, he was followed by showers of coal, soda and sometimes potatoes, which seemed to come in some mysterious way through solid walls and closed doors. He became so terrified at last that he wore his hat and overcoat all day, and sometimes took refuge under the kitchen table."

During November and December, the harassment continued "until the family became so alarmed that on Xmas Day they appealed to the police for protection". They and neighbours had begun attributing the disturbances to evil spirits or evil forces.

"On New Year's day 1928, the 'Raid', as they called it, started at 10am and continued until the police were sent for in the afternoon. ... trouble usually ceased directly the police arrived and continued when they left. On this occasion a constable did actually see some coal fall and immediately accused one of the family. They all indignantly denied having touched any coal. After this

incident, they were on bad terms with the police who were no doubt getting tired of being worried day and night.”

“By this time old Mr Robinson was too ill to stand any more ... and was taken to the infirmary. It was on this day that the reports appeared in the newspapers and the house was besieged all day and for some time afterwards by sightseers, reporters, clairvoyants, spiritualists and even exorcists.”

On 20 January Fred Robinson stated that a small mat from the foot of the stairs had suddenly risen in the air and landed in the room where he was sitting. Eve notes that it would have been quite simple for someone to come down the stairs and throw it into the room. Also, she had discovered that there was a possibility of someone coming across from No.10's top bedroom window and entering the Robinson's via their top bedroom window — none of their windows were ever fastened.

Soon after this incident Fred mentioned to a Police Constable that furniture in his home had been moving about of its own accord and that a door mat had risen up and flown through the air. The Police Constable asked Fred to make a statement at the police station, and after he did so he was taken to a mental hospital for observation. Eve comments that it seemed likely that the police, believing the family themselves were causing the trouble, decided to give him and the rest of the family a bit of a scare. The 'poltergeist' case had almost become a public nuisance as crowds collected day and night outside the house and there was continual demand for police protection from the Robinsons.

Eve believed that with the exception of daughter Lilla, the family's statements were quite unreliable as they seemed “convinced that some supernormal agency was at work”.

However, she noted that their “state of mind is hardly surprising when one considers that for weeks they had lived in a state of chaos; people who should have been able to help them put forward the most fantastic theories to account for the phenomena.”

“A County Council science teacher said she was sure it was caused by ... an electric beam which was probably being used miles away and which was powerful enough to destroy the entire house and everyone in it; another teacher said that Dr C’s patients had probably employed their spare time in tunnelling under the house and attaching electric wires to the furniture. Even their solicitor, from whom they might have expected at least sane if not helpful advice, said that it was a matter for prayer, adding that he was a Christian.”

The S.P.R. observations then began in earnest and Eve writes: “from Monday January 23rd to Thursday 26th, I was in the house nearly all day and for two whole nights, sometimes alone, sometimes with Mrs Perkins and her sister, Dr Woolley, or my husband, and during the whole of that time only one incident of any interest occurred.” On the Wednesday Eve was in the house on her own and on investigating a curious noise found the elderly woman from No.6: “not very sober, leaning over the wall jabbing at the scullery window with a long cane ... trying to open the window thinking that thieves had got in. She was exceedingly abusive ... but it is strange that she chose the one window through which she could hardly see or be seen.” This suggested to Eve another possible source of disturbances.

Eve considered “the probable existence of motives, and the nature of damage done” in the house and wrote:

“... I felt certain that the supposed phenomena were produced by human rather than super-natural agency,

and that there was more than one person concerned. It is significant that the furniture which was overturned was light enough to be moved by one person without exerting much force. I found I could quite easily move it myself. None of the heavier pieces had been disturbed ... it seems fairly clear, from the accounts of various neighbours and friends that the trouble was actually started ... in the vicinity of Dr C's house and garden"

"Very soon after the reports got into the newspapers the outside disturbances practically ceased and the trouble inside the house increased. It seems likely that the wild stories circulated by neighbours and friends concerning these happenings suggested to some interested person, either living in the house or having access to it, the idea of continuing the phenomena to serve their own ends."

Eve discusses the possibilities: the landlord's son had a motive and could have entered the Robinson's home through the upstairs window, and it was conceivable that Fred and other members of the family were trying to frighten their old senile father in order to make it impossible for him to stay in the house. It was noteworthy too that nothing unusual seemed to happen unless Fred or Peter, Mr Robinson's grandson, were there.

Over the course of the next few days there were apparently more disturbances, and on Saturday 4 February Eve returned to the house after seeing more reports in the newspapers. She becomes a careful observer: "Later in the evening whilst I was sitting by the fire pretending to read, two small pieces of coal hit the side of my head; both came from Peter's direction and in one case I felt certain I saw his arm jerk"

Peter then left the house at about 7pm. Mrs Perkins and Kathleen seemed upset and refused to sleep in the house.

Both Eve and husband Graham stayed in the house that night and nothing unusual happened.

On Monday 6 February Eve asked the whole family to return and live in the house for two days and nights to give her the opportunity of being there when they were all present; nothing had happened since Peter had left on the Saturday. The family returned the next day and Eve made up her mind to watch Peter's movements more closely, searching his overcoat whilst he was upstairs and finding that it contained a penny and a halfpenny.

During the Tuesday Eve records 20 or so incidents of lumps of coal, stones and onions being thrown onto the floor, or hitting herself and others. She reports: "I tried not to let Peter out of my sight but he proved such a restless creature that, without an assistant, it was not possible to keep him always in view." At one point, Peter put on his overcoat as if intending to go out, and a few minutes later as Eve turned to find a chair, a halfpenny hit her leg coming from Peter's direction. Eve wrote that she had laughed and said to Peter she hoped for a penny next time — apparently this had amused him.

Then ten minutes later, when Eve was momentarily distracted, a penny dropped at her feet coming from Peter's direction. At the first opportunity, after he had removed his coat and left the room, Eve searched Peter's coat pockets and found the halfpenny and penny were no longer there. She observed the 'poltergeist' behaviour for several hours. While pretending to read she saw Peter raise his hand and throw a small stone towards her — apparently, he did this very quickly and cleverly. When confronted at the time his mother quickly answered for him, "Of course he didn't. He couldn't."

However, it was quite clear that it was Peter being the 'poltergeist'. He showed no fear of the so-called

supernormal incidents, was amused at his aunts' terror and was always in the close vicinity of the source of the projectiles. Eve then divulged her observations to Kathleen but was careful to say Peter was probably not responsible for all the disturbances late last year. Kathleen unfortunately passed this on to the rest of the family as: "Mrs Brackenbury thinks Peter has done everything."

Eve wrote:

"Of course the whole family were up in arms at once ... When the announcement was made Peter went so white that I thought he would faint, but he made no defence until the family urged him to. They alternately bullied and defended him until he said at last that he did not remember throwing anything. There was a good lot of indignation at first and every fact I put forward in support of my arguments was met by the same stubborn response, 'He couldn't possibly have done it.' They could give me no reasons to justify the statement. The S.P.R. came in for a certain amount of abuse but gradually they all calmed down and became quite friendly with the exception of Kathleen, who seemed to have taken leave of her senses and remained hostile until I left. That night she wandered around the kitchen talking to herself. Several times she murmured, 'What will the nation think when they hear Peter has done it. What will the Prince of Wales say?'"

On 9 February Eve talked with Mrs Perkins who was able to believe that her "nervous and troublesome child" was responsible for some of things that had happened more recently. She then divulged "a good deal of information" that Eve believed "would have been very useful" had it been mentioned earlier, that is, "the family were not so united as they pretended to be." Most of the family were relieved the old man was in the infirmary as he had been an almost intolerable burden, and furthermore they hoped that Kathleen would live by herself when they left the house.

Dr Woolley interviewed Peter “who persisted in denying everything in connection with the last two days” but did admit to trying to renew disturbances when they were dying down some weeks earlier. Eve felt that Peter’s denials were driven by fear of being taken away by police.

Nothing would induce the family to go on living in the house despite the knowledge that it was not haunted. They were determined to be frightened out of the house — the ‘phenomena’ had given them an excuse to leave. They finally took a flat that had no room for the old man, who remained in the infirmary, and so the S.P.R. case was at an end. And so too ends a strange story of deception, fuelled by the covert desire of a family to believe they had a poltergeist in order to relieve an almost unbearable family situation.

APPENDIX 3

The Margery Mediumship and the London Sitzings of December 1929

This formal, quirky, and debunking paper by V.J. Woolley and E. Brackenbury starts with:

“In December 1929 Dr L.R.G. Crandon of Boston gave three demonstrations in the Society’s séance room of some of the phenomena which he has described as occurring through the mediumship of Mrs Crandon (Margery). The procedure was understood to be the same as that employed in the sittings which usually take place at Boston, and an examination of the method of limb control and the phenomena occurring seems to be worthwhile in affording data for the estimate of the mediumship as a whole.

“The method consists in the attachment of the wrists and ankles of the medium to the arms and front legs of her chair by a number of turns of adhesive tape. ... We do not think it necessary to describe the method in any greater detail, since we are in full agreement with Dr Crandon that his method does secure the wrist and ankles firmly to the chair so that no movement is permitted to the lower ends of the forearms beyond what is allowed through the skin moving for a short distance over the underlying muscles and bones.

“In addition to this attachment of the wrists and ankles a cord is tied at its centre to the back of the chair and the two ends are brought over the shoulders and then under the arms, passed through the back of the chair and tied behind. This arrangement limits the position of the shoulders so that they cannot move forward more than a

short distance, and so limits to some extent the movements of the head.

“The table and chair used in the sittings were ... specially made to the dimensions asked for by Dr Crandon, while the legs of the chair were cut short in such a way that the knees of the medium were just able to pass under the top of the table, part of the table frame being specially cut away to allow of this. It follows that a very slight raising of the knees is enough to bring them in contact with the table and so to lift it off the floor, and it is impossible, when such a low chair is used, to adjust the tapes round the ankles in such a way as to prevent this

“We have made experiments under this method of control, and have satisfied ourselves that it is by no means difficult to move the table about and to handle and lift up any object placed upon it ... and that on that account we consider the method of control to be ineffective, but it is of importance, in judging the value of the sittings in question, to know if there is any definite evidence that the objects were in fact so handled. The chief purpose of this paper is to present what we believe to be such evidence.”

Then follows a detailed description of the usual procedure at the Crandon sittings when the personality known as Walter, evoked by Mrs Crandon (the medium Margery), expresses his intention of making a finger print impression on a cake of wax. Walter directs what is to happen to the wax. In summary:

Two dishes are placed on the table in front of the secured medium. The right-hand dish is filled with hot water — which can be endured for a short time by fingers. The left-hand dish is filled with cold water. The dishes are usually filled under red light.

A folded cloth is placed on the bottom of the right-hand dish — the cloth ends projecting over the dish sides. When

directed by Walter, a sitter places a marked cake of Kerr dental wax into this hot dish. The red light is then extinguished. When the wax is softened it is lifted out by the cloth and a finger print impression made on it by Walter and then it is placed in the dish with cold water.

During the seance demonstration the observers are directed by Walter to perform various distracting tasks, for example:

“Under orders from Walter, Mrs Brackenbury takes Dr Crandon out of the room. As Mrs Brackenbury had to take Dr Crandon out of the room, Lord Charles Hope attended to the gramophone, when it got to the end of the record. He (Lord Charles) says, ‘I moved across, restarted the gramophone and sat next to the notetaker, putting both my hands on her arm.’ ...”

A full description of the wax blocks that were used in the seances is recorded. In short, they are identified as A1 and A2, and B (with one notch) and C (with 2 notches) — a note is made of the weight of each cake and the average weight. Dr Woolley and Eve’s paper then provides a very detailed account of where the wax pieces destined for Walter’s finger impression were, and where people were located, during the seance. In keeping with this meticulous recording, water temperatures were tested, the timing of finger prints arriving on the wax noted, and the identification of the fingerprints undertaken.

Dr Woolley and Eve then sum up after reviewing their data, and making some deductions from their findings:

“It is alleged that all these manipulations of the wax after it is put into the hot water are carried out by a supernormal structure made by Walter for the purpose of manipulating material objects ... The chief argument used to support this contention is the allegation that the medium is so effectually secured in her chair that she

cannot herself handle the objects on the table. ... we consider that we have sufficient evidence, ... to make it reasonably certain that by some means or other an impression of the medium's right index finger was made on the wax at the time when she was secured to her chair with the adhesive tapes which Dr Crandon habitually uses, and we consider therefore that the method of control is ineffective in preventing the medium from handling objects on the table, and thus useless for its purpose."

And so, Eve and Dr Woolley politely and formally dismiss these Crandon seance sittings as not credible.

Woolley, V.J. and Brackenbury, E. (February 1931). II The Margery Mediumship, and the London Sitzings of December 1929, 1. A Criticism of the Method of Control. *Proceedings of The Society for Psychical Research* Vol XXXIX Part 117: pp 358-364.

APPENDIX 4

Mediums Willi and Rudi Schneider

Willi and Rudi (Rudolf) Schneider were from a family of four brothers living in Branau, Austria in the early 1900s. All the brothers apparently demonstrated somewhat impressive mediumistic abilities when they were children, but Rudi (1908–1957) gained the greatest attention from scientific investigators.

Records of Rudi's and Willi's seances, with descriptions of the investigations and the methods of control used (to ensure the mediumship was genuine and not trickery) are readily available on the internet. Controversy surrounded them, as with all high-profile mediums.

My grandmother's contact with these mediums came about through an invitation to the S.P.R. to witness the Schneider brothers in action. E.R. Dodds¹⁴⁶ in his autobiography *Missing Persons*¹⁴⁷ records this invitation and the subsequent visit to Munich in 1928. He describes the Schneider brothers as, "the most celebrated 'physical mediums' of the twenties and thirties ...". And he writes:

"In 1928 their patron and manager, Baron von Schrenck-Notzing,¹⁴⁸ invited the S.P.R. to send a small delegation to Munich to witness their phenomena; it consisted of Dr. V.J. Woolley (Research Officer of the S.P.R.), Mrs. Brackenbury (a tough little sceptic), Miss Nea Walker (a spiritualist, secretary to Sir Oliver Lodge), and myself."

"We had six long sittings in all, some with Willi as medium, some with Rudi. Schrenck forbade the publication of any report on them, since he considered them to be failures, but fortunately in this case I have for once preserved my contemporary notes. With Rudi, reputedly the more gifted

of the two, our failure was indeed complete: through the long hours of expectation in dim red light and sweltering heat nothing whatever happened, though he had given brilliant performances not long before and was to do so again. Why was this? Rudi's first explanation was that Mrs. Brackenbury and I had 'unsympathetic personalities', but under pressure from Schrenck (who was furious with him) he offered quite a different reason: he had been making love to a girl and this was bad for his 'psychic' powers. ...

"With Willi we had some success, though of a relatively modest kind. At one sitting we were privileged to observe a handkerchief falling off a table without apparent reason and later had the incomparable felicity of seeing a stick, rendered visible by luminous paint, twirl repeatedly on its axis and eventually fall off the table too, again without apparent reason (I examined it and found no threads attached). No sensational reward for the hours of waiting, but how were these little events to be explained? The conditions seemed strict. Willi was immobilised in a chair about a yard from the table, being both manually and electrically controlled; I had examined his mouth for concealed apparatus; the door was locked and sealed with Woolley's private seal, so no confederate could enter. Had one of Schrenck's three carefully chosen German guest-sitters, persons of good academic standing, been suborned to assist in an elaborate mystification? It seemed unlikely. ... And I thought of it again recently when I read of the comparable feats attributed today to Uri Geller, ... and to various others."

On a number of occasions Rudi Schneider underwent tests and experimentation designed to confirm the veracity of his claims. One report stands out from the rest. On 28 April 1932, he was invited to take part in seance experiments at the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, London.

According to Harry Price,¹⁴⁹ the British psychic researcher, an automatic photograph was taken during the 25th of 37 seances (18 of which were failures), and it showed that Schneider had managed to free his arm to move a handkerchief from the table ...

One can certainly appreciate that Eve's demeanour may have been unsympathetic — there was much to be sceptical about

APPENDIX 5

Medium R.J. Lees and 'Jack The Ripper'

D.J. West in his 1949 paper, "The Identity of 'Jack the Ripper': An Examination of an Alleged Psychic Solution", ¹⁵⁰ explores the story "perpetuated by successive generations of journalists and other writers, according to which the identity of the murderer ('Jack the Ripper', the Whitechapel, London murderer of 1888) was revealed by psychic means to the medium R.J. Lees."

"Robert Lees (1849-1931) as well as being a medium for alleged spirit photography and other phenomena, was a journalist and the author of several spiritualist books."

The Society for Psychical Research maintained an interest in his claim that he had traced the Ripper immediately after the last crime in November 1888. "Mr Lees himself, in an interview reported in the *Illustrated Leicester Chronicle* for 23 November 1929, confirmed the claim that he had traced the Ripper, but said he could not reveal the murderer's identity as he was sworn to secrecy. Miss Eva Lees, in her interview with the Research Officer, ... maintained that it is perfectly true that her father detected 'Jack the Ripper' by psychic means."

It is possible that as a result of this interview in late 1929, or because of Robert Lees' death at 81 years old in 1931, the Society renewed its efforts to establish the facts. West writes:

"In 1931 Mrs Brackenbury, who was then working for the Society, visited Scotland Yard and discussed the case with C.I.D. officials, one of whom had been keeper of the criminal records since 1901. No-one there had ever heard of R.J. Lees or of any medium connected with the Ripper

murders. Mrs Brackenbury also questioned ex-Inspector Wensley who had been a police constable in Whitechapel at the time of the murders. He had never heard, either at Scotland Yard or at any police station, any mention of the alleged visits and revelations of Mr Lees, although he felt certain that he would have heard of it if such an extraordinary thing had actually happened.”

R.J. Lees’ story found its way into newspapers and magazines around the world and was also included in a book *Crime and the Supernatural* by E.T. Woodhall, London 1935. The writer of this book was a former Scotland Yard detective who averred that he had heard the R.J. Lees’ story ‘more than once’ when he was working at Scotland Yard and he wrote, “I have not the slightest doubt that it is true” This is at odds with information gained by Eve in her 1931 Scotland Yard interviews. It is curious that Woodhall (born 1886), an apparently ambitious man who “knew, worked and associated with Chief Inspector Wensley”¹⁵¹ would aver the Lees’ story was true when Wensley, who was there at the time when a young police constable, denies it.

D.J. West writes a summary of Lees’ story — about Lees’ psychic impressions, his visits to Scotland Yard, and of his tracing of the alleged perpetrator at the time of the last murder: “a celebrated West End physician ...” who had “a split personality, and in one phase indulged in the most revolting cruelties ... After an enquiry before a commission in lunacy, the doctor was removed to a private asylum in Islington. His identity was never publicly disclosed.”

After evaluating the various accounts, in relation to known facts, West argues:

“None of the details contained in the account ... are reliable. Whenever the story touches upon known facts, serious distortions appear. For instance, the number of the crimes and the space of time over which they

occurred are both exaggerated. Localities, whenever mentioned, are incorrectly named or incorrectly described, and the sequence of the murders is confused."

He also makes the point that if the identity of 'Jack the Ripper' was known to the police immediately after the last crime, 9 November 1888, it begs the question why did the police make several arrests, in connection with the murders, between 13 November 1888 and 15 January 1889.

Scotland Yard replied to D.J. West's enquiries about the veracity of the claims in the newspapers and in Woodhall's book and was given assurances from the Commissioner that there was no record or foundation for the claims.

West also made an enquiry to The Home Office, Whitehall, London on 29 December 1948, following up ex-Inspector Woodhall's claim in his book that there was a private file in the Home Office supporting Lees' story. He received a reply denying this claim.

D.J. West concluded, as one might expect, that R.J. Lees' claim "is not supported by known facts" and Eve's interviews of 1931 corroborate this.

APPENDIX 6

The Derby Ram

(refer diary, 13 September)

As I was going to Derby all on a market day,
I met the biggest ram, me boys
that ever was fed on hay.

Chorus

And indeed, my lads, it's true, my lads,
I never was known to lie,
And if you'd been down in Derby,
You'd seen him the same as I.

He had four feet to walk upon
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot that he set down,
It covered an acre of land.

The horns that grew on this ram's head,
They grew so very long,
And every time he shook his head
They rattled against the sun.

Chorus

The wool on this ram's back, my boys,
It grew so very high,
The eagles came and built their nests
And I heard the young 'uns cry.

The man that fed this ram, my lads,
He fed him twice a day,
And every time he opened his mouth,

He swallowed a rick of hay.

Chorus

This ram he had two horns, my lads
That reached up to the moon,
A boy went up in January
And didn't come back till June.

Now this old ram, he had a tail
That reached right down to hell,
And every time he wagged it
He rang the old church bell.

The butcher that stuck this ram, my lads,
Was up to his knees in blood,
And the little boy who held the bowl
Was carried away by the flood.

Chorus

Now all the men in Derby
Came a-begging for his eyes,
To pound up and down the Derby streets
For they were of a football's size.

Took all the boys in Derby
To carry away his bones,
Took all the girls in Derby
To roll away his.....

Chorus

Now the man that fattened this ram,
My boys, he must have been very rich,
And the man who sung this song
He must be a lying son of a.....

So now my song is ended,
I've nothing more to say,
But give us another pint of beer
And we'll all of us go away.

Chorus

From Traditional English Folk Songs
<http://www.classic-rocks.com/english-irish-folk-music/the-derby-ram.html>
(cited 7 July 2017).

Notes

[←1]

Letter to Karola Brackenbury 14 July 1969.

[←2]

Brackenbury, M.L.F. pers. comm.

[←3]

Woolley, V.J. (February 1931). The Visit of M. Pascal Forthuny to the Society in 1929. *Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research* Part 117. Vol 39: 355-357.

[←4]

The Hutchinson Illustrated Encyclopedia of British History, edited by Simon Hall (1998). Fitzroy Dearborn Publishers, England, p.154.

[←5]

Wounded servicemen flooded back through England's railway stations. "The main disembarkation ports in the UK were Dover and Southampton. From February 1915 to February 1919, Dover dealt with 1,260,506 casualties, unloaded 4076 boats and loaded 7781 ambulance trains, which then went off to one of the 196 receiving stations scattered around the UK, including the one in York." <http://www.yorkpress.co.uk/features/features/10860699>. *Trains_that_put_First_World_War_wounded_on_track/* (cited 9 March 2018).

[←6]

Green Cross Society, Women's Reserve Ambulance. <https://sites.google.com/site/archoevidence/home/ww1australianwomen/green-cross-society-womens-reserve-ambulance> (cited 9 March 2018).

[←7]

Daggett, Mabel Potter (1918). *Women Wanted The story written in blood red letters on the horizon of the Great World War*. George H. Doran Company, New York, p.100.

[←8]

“WW1 At Home: a growing collection of stories that show how WW1 affected the people and places of the UK and Ireland. The BBC has partnered with Imperial War Museums and the Arts and Humanities Research Council.” <http://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p02b5nhf> (cited 9 March 2018).

[←9]

Smith, Helen Zenna (1930). “Not So Quiet...” *Stepdaughters of War*. Albert E. Marriott Ltd, London. Based on the diaries of Winifred Young, who served in France during the war as an ambulance driver. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Not_So_Quiet:_Stepdaughters_of_War (cited 8 March 2018).

[←10]

Women and the First World War.
<http://socialistreview.org.uk/400/women-and-first-world-war> (cited 4 March 2018).

[←11]

Comment by WW1 historian, Dr Krisztina Robert.
<http://www.bbc.co.uk/guides/z9bf9j6> (cited 4 March 2018).

[←12]

What did World War One really do for women.
<http://www.bbc.co.uk/guides/z9bf9j6> (cited 4 March 2018).

[←13]

Grayzel, S.R. (29 January 2014). Changing lives: gender expectations and roles during and after World War One. British Library, World War One. <https://www.bl.uk/world-war-one/articles/changing-lives-gender-expectations> (cited 4 March 2018).

[←14]

Brackenbury, E. (1946). Rebecca West papers, Series 1, Correspondence (A-I), Collection 1986-002-1, section 7:4.
<http://www.lib.utulsa.edu/speccoll/collections/westrebecca/westrebeccaacorrespondenceA-I.htm> (cited 3 July 2017).

[←15]

Tate Archive and Public Records Catalogue — The papers of Anita Bartle: <http://archive.tate.org.uk/DServe/dserve.exe?dsqServer=tdccalm&dsqIni=Dserve.ini&dsqApp=Archive&dsqCmd=Show.tcl&dsqSearch=RefNo==%27TGA%20969%27&dsqDb=Catalog> (cited 23 June 2018).

[←16]

Jones, Jennifer V. (2003). *Anna Wickham: A Poet's Life*. Maddison Books, Maryland and Oxford, UK, p.132.

[←17]

UK Govt. death record for Aloysius Graham Brackenbury. GRO Death Record Reference: 1952 D Quarter in BATH Volume 07C Page 41 (cited 17 June 2018).

[←18]

Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim (1840–1916). “... the creator of the Maxim Gun, the first portable fully automatic machine gun. Maxim held patents on numerous mechanical devices such as a mousetrap, hair-curling irons, and steam pumps ...” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hiram_Maxim (cited 12 July 2017).

[←19]

Westinghouse Brake Company, U.K. (late 1940s). ‘Personalities, An Inventor’. Newsletter, p.6.

[←20]

Brackenbury, E. (1946). Rebecca West papers, Series 1, Correspondence (A-I), Collection 1986-002-1, section 7:4. <http://www.lib.utulsa.edu/speccoll/collections/westrebecca/westrebeccaacorrespondenceA-I.htm> (cited 3 July 2017).

[←21]

The Fosse Way: “was a Roman road in England that linked Exeter (*Isca Dumnoniorum*) in South West England to Lincoln (*Lindum Colonia*) in Lincolnshire, via Ilchester (*Lindinis*), Bath (*Aquae Sulis*), Cirencester (*Corinium*) and Leicester (*Ratae Corieltavorum*) ... For the first few decades after the Roman invasion of Britain in AD 43, the Fosse Way marked the western frontier of Roman rule in Iron Age Britain.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fosse_Way (cited 26 July 2017).

[←22]

Sir Robert Eric Mortimer Wheeler (1890–1976). “A British archaeologist and officer in the British Army. Over the course of his career, he served as Director of both the National Museum of Wales and London Museum, Director-General of the Archaeological Survey of India, and the founder and Honorary Director of the Institute of Archaeology in London, further writing twenty-four books on archaeological subjects.”

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mortimer_Wheeler (cited 20 July 2017).

[←23]

Wedlake, W.J. (1982). *The Excavation of the Shrine of Apollo at Nettleton, Wiltshire, 1956–1971*. Published by The Society of Antiquaries of London, pp.vii, 261.

[←24]

The National Archives, Bath Record Office. Acc/52/1 – Maps and Papers of Nettleton Grittleton Charter and Bath.

<http://discovery.nationalarchives.gov.uk/details/r/562d5a96-039c-4374-ba26-64c2fa24eb4a> (cited 12 July 2017).

[←25]

Robertson, D. pers. comm., 20 June 2016.

[←26]

Letter to Karola Brackenbury, 14 July 1969.

[←27]

Letter to Gill Brackenbury, 25 November 1971.

[←28]

Robertson, D. pers. comm., 20 June 2016.

[←29]

(i) The Battersea Case, a typescript prepared by Eve Brackenbury for the British Psychological Society, Symposium II 1932 and (ii) the paper by Woolley, V.J. and Brackenbury, E. (February 1931). The Margery Mediumship, and the London Sitzings of December 1929, 1. A Criticism of the Method of Control. *Proceedings of The Society for Psychical Research* Vol XXXIX Part 117.

[←30]

Victor James Woolley (1878-1966). "Woolley was a council member and the Honorary Research Officer of the Society for Psychical Research (S.P.R.). He resigned from the SPR in 1932."

https://wikivisually.com/wiki/V._J._Woolley (cited 10 July 2017).

"His medical education was at St Thomas's Hospital but he took no medical qualifications until MD (Cambridge) in 1912. ... in 1919 became lecturer in Pharmacology and Therapeutics at St Thomas's, holding this post until he retired in 1948." O'Connor, W.J. (1991). *British physiologists 1885-1914: A biographical dictionary*. Manchester University Press, pp.252-253.

[←31]

Brackenbury, E. (January 1927). Report: Seance held at 23 Pendevon Rd., Croydon. Copy held in Folder III of the Charles Bailey file, Archives of the S.P.R., Cambridge University Library, U.K.

[←32]

Brackenbury, E. Personal correspondence to Dr E.J. Dingwall. 16 January 1927. Copy held in Folder III of the Charles Bailey file, Archives of the S.P.R., Cambridge University Library, U.K.

[←33]

Mina Stinson Crandon (1888-1941). "The most controversial of twentieth century American mediums, Mina Crandon, known as 'Margery', was introduced to spiritualism by her husband, a successful Boston surgeon and a lecturer at Harvard Medical School." <http://www.pflyceum.org/249.html> (cited 14 July 2017).

[←34]

Eric Robertson Dodds (1893-1979). "... was an Irish classical scholar. In 1912, Dodds won a scholarship at University College, Oxford to read classics, ... Friends at Oxford included Aldous Huxley and T.S. Eliot. ... was awarded a first class degree ... In 1924, Dodds was appointed Professor of Greek at the University of Birmingham, and came to know W.H. Auden ... In 1936, Dodds became Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Oxford, succeeding Gilbert Murray. Dodds had a lifelong interest in mysticism and psychic research, being a member of the council of the Society for Psychical Research from 1927 and it's president from 1961 to 1963." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/E._R._Dodds (cited 15 July 2017).

[←35]

Albert Freiherr von Schrenck-Notzing (1862–1929). “A German physician, psychiatrist and notable psychical researcher, who devoted his time to the study of paranormal events connected with mediumship, hypnotism and telepathy.”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Albert_von_Schrenck-Notzing (cited 15 July 2017).

[←36]

Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge (1851–1940). “... was a British physicist and writer involved in the development of, and holder of key patents for radio. He identified electromagnetic radiation independent of Hertz’ proof. ... born at ‘The Views’ Penkhull, North Staffordshire ... Lodge is remembered for his studies in psychical research and Spiritualism.”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oliver_Lodge (cited 10 February 2018).

[←37]

Dodds, E.R. (1977). *Missing Persons: An Autobiography*. Oxford University Press, pp.101-102.

[←38]

West, D.J. (1949). The Identity of ‘Jack the Ripper’: An Examination of an Alleged Psychic Solution. *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research* 35: 79.

[←39]

Accounts of Receipts and Payments, Year Ended 31st December 1932. *Journal of the Society of Psychical Research* 1933–1934 28: 28.

[←40]

Brackenbury, M.L.F. pers. comm.

[←41]

Westinghouse Brake Company, U.K. (late 1940s). ‘Personalities, An Inventor’. Newsletter, p.6.

[←42]

Tate Archive 40 | 1996 Anita Bartle ‘Happy Birthday’
<https://www.tate.org.uk/context-comment/blogs/tate-archive-40-1996-anita-bartle-happy-birthday> (cited 5 July 2018).

[←43]

Letters to Anita Brackenbury.
<http://discovery.nationalarchives.gov.uk/details/r/N13989909> (cited 15 September 2017).

[←44]

Major Sir William Newenham Montague Orpen, (1878–1931), was an Irish artist who worked mainly in London. Orpen was a fine draughtsman and a popular, commercially successful, painter of portraits for the well-to-do in Edwardian society.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Orpen (cited 17 June 2018).

[←45]

Tate collection: Sir William Orpen 'Anita' 1905.
<https://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/orpen-anita-t07136> (cited 5 July 2018).

[←46]

Dame Rebecca West (1892–1983) "... one of the major literary figures of the 20th century, known for her lifelong commitment to feminist issues. ... an internationally acclaimed journalist, novelist, literary critic and travel writer." <http://www.theheroinecollective.com/rebecca-west/> (cited 14 November 2018). Rebecca had a long-term, complex relationship with H.G. Wells – they remained friends until his death in 1946. <https://muse.jhu.edu/article/244872> (cited 7 August 2019).

[←47]

This was most likely Professor Julian S. Huxley (brother of Aldous Huxley) who joined the Society of Psychical Research in 1928.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Julian_Huxley (cited 6 July 2018).

[←48]

George Gilbert Aimé Murray (1866–1957). "In 1889–1899, Murray was Professor of Greek at the University of Glasgow. There was a break in his academic career from 1899 to 1905, when he returned to Oxford; he interested himself in dramatic and political writing. After 1908 he was Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Oxford." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gilbert_Murray (cited 14 July 2017).

[←49]

Brackenbury, E. (1946). Rebecca West papers. Letter, 12 May 1946, Series 1, Correspondence (A-I), Collection 1986-002-1, section 7:4. <http://www.lib.utulsa.edu/speccoll/collections/westrebecca/westrebeccacorrespondenceA-I.htm> (cited 3 July 2017).

[←50]

Letter to Ian Brackenbury, 1 April 1969.

[←51]

Gottfried Wilhelm (von) Leibniz (1646–1716). "... was a German polymath and philosopher who occupies a prominent place in the history of mathematics and the history of philosophy, having developed differential and integral calculus independently of Isaac Newton." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gottfried_Wilhelm_Leibniz (cited 3 April 2018).

[←52]

"In Britain itself, in 1928 in accordance with the 1925 International Opium Convention, the United Kingdom first prohibited cannabis as a drug, adding cannabis as an addendum to the Dangerous Drugs Act 1920." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cannabis_in_the_United_Kingdom (cited 3 April 2018).

[←53]

Eve was not married in 1923 – see Part 1.

[←54]

The diaries would actually have been sent to her doctor, Dr Wright.

[←55]

Costermonger: "*British dated* – A person who sells goods, especially fruit and vegetables, from a handcart in the street." <https://en.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/costermonger> (cited 27 March 2018).

[←56]

There is reason to believe that Eve used this 'uncertainty' to her advantage later in Edinburgh.

[←57]

“The Brocken, or Blocksberg, is the highest peak (1142 metres) in the Harz Mountains in Germany ...The Brocken has always played a role in legends and has been connected with witches and devils ... Goethe described the Brocken in his Faust (written in 1808) as the center of revelry for witches on Walpurgis Night. *‘Now to the Brocken the witches ride; The stubble is gold and the corn is green; There is the carnival crew to be seen, And Squire Urianus will come to preside. So over the valleys our company floats, With witches a-farting on stinking old goats’.*” <https://www.faust.com/legend/the-brocken> (cited 26 February 2018).

[←58]

Marie Corelli (1855–1924). “An English novelist and mystic ... She enjoyed a period of great literary success from the publication of her first novel in 1886 until World War I. Corelli’s novels sold more copies than the combined sales of popular contemporaries, including Arthur Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, and Rudyard Kipling, although critics often derided her work as ‘the favourite of the common multitude’.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marie_Corelli (cited 6 July 2017).

[←59]

The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Sunday 20 May 1660: “Up early, and with Mr. Pickering and the child by waggon to Scheveling, where it not being yet fit to go off, I went to lie down in a chamber in the house, where in another bed there was a pretty Dutch woman in bed alone, but though I had a month’s-mind I had not the boldness to go to her. So there I slept an hour or two. ...” <http://www.pepysdiary.com/diary/1660/05/20/#annotations> (cited 6 July 2017).

[←60]

Doris’ 22nd birthday.

[←61]

Potman: A man who serves drinks in a pub or bar. <https://en.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/potman> (cited 24 November 2017).

[←62]

St Mary the Virgin, Wirksworth: “There has probably been a church on this site since the time of Edward the Confessor (1042–66). One of

the most impressive remains from the original church is the Saxon coffin lid, dating from around 800. ... There is an early medieval carving of a lead miner built into the south transept wall. This is the oldest of its kind in the world. Also in this church is a massive Norman font. The present church dates largely from the 1200s to 1400s. ... The north transept stained glass window by Morris and Burne-Jones was added in the early 1900s. Just below this is a collection of Saxon and Norman fragments built into the wall." <http://www.belper-research.com/bmd/memorials/wirksworth%20st%20marys.html> (cited 6 July 2017).

[←63]

The Soul's Awakening: by James Sant, English artist (1820-1916) is a portrait of the artist's 13-year-old great niece, Annie Kathleen Rendle. In 1888, the painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy of Arts in London. The sentimentality of the subject appealed to the Victorian public, and the painting was widely reproduced in engravings and prints. <http://www.tyronehistory.org/research/wilson-chemical-co-prints/74-souls-awakening> (cited 6 July 2017).

[←64]

Keatings: was a major brand of Victorian insect powder. <http://www.bl.uk/onlinegallery/onlineex/evancoll/a/014eva000000000u06885000.html> (cited 6 July 2017).

[←65]

Via Gellia, now the A5012: "is a steep-sided wooded dry valley and road in Derbyshire. At its lower (eastern) end is the village of Cromford, near the town of Wirksworth ... At the western end is the hamlet of Grangemill." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Via_Gellia (cited 6 July 2017).

[←66]

Thou shalt not steal.

[←67]

Thou shalt not kill. The Ten Commandments – system used in Anglican Book of Common Prayer. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten_Commandments#Division_of_the_commandments (cited 3 November 2007).

[←68]

“The town of Chapel-en-le-Frith was founded in 1225 by foresters in the Royal Forest of the Peak, who were given permission by the Earl of Derby to build a chapel in the forest (a chapel-en-le-frith).”
<http://www.chapel-en-le-frithparishcouncil.gov.uk/parishhistory.htm> A Brief History of The Parish (cited 6 July 2017). “The church was dedicated to Saint Thomas Becket. The present parish church stands on the same site and was added to and rebuilt in 1733.”
<https://www.findagrave.com/cemetery/1997102/st-thomas-a-beckett-churchyard> (cited 21 February 2018).

[←69]

“The curfew bell was a bell rung in the evening in Medieval England ... usually around eight o’clock in the evening which meant for them to cover their fires – deaden or cover up, not necessarily put out altogether. Voltaire, in his Universal History, notes the curfew bell acted as an ancient police on fire prevention in towns of the northern hemisphere.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Curfew_bell (cited 10 February 2018).

[←70]

The Scapegoat (1854–56): “is a painting by William Holman Hunt which depicts the ‘scapegoat’ described in the Book of Leviticus.”
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Scapegoat_\(painting\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Scapegoat_(painting)) (cited 6 July 2017).

[←71]

Wakes week: “is a holiday period in parts of England and Scotland. Originally a religious celebration or feast, the tradition of the wakes week developed into a secular holiday, particularly in North West England during the Industrial Revolution. ... Although a strong tradition during the 19th and 20th centuries, the observance of the holiday has almost disappeared in recent times ...”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wakes_week (cited 6 July 2017).

[←72]

Charabanc: “is a type of horse-drawn vehicle or early motor coach, usually open-topped, common in Britain during the early part of the 20th century. It has ‘benched seats arranged in rows, looking forward ...’ It was especially popular for sight-seeing or ‘works outings’ to the country or the seaside, organised by businesses once a year ... the vehicle has not been common on the roads since the 1920s ...”
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charabanc> (cited 6 July 2017).

[←73]

Although her son Michael would have been 17 months old at this time, in the 19th and early 20th century, it was not uncommon for more well-to-do households to have a nanny – usually known as nurse. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nanny> (cited 24 June 2018). “A lady nurse bathed, dressed and played with the children and was solely responsible for milk feeds.” L. Heren, *Who Do You Think You Are? Magazine*, 20 Dec 2016, pp. 73-76. Children in these households were likely to have had a more distant relationship with their parents. As late as 1928, John B. Watson, the principal founder of behaviourism, was advocating “Dress them, bathe them with care and circumspection. Let your behavior always be objective and kindly firm. Never hug and kiss them, never let them sit on your lap. If you must, kiss them once on the forehead when they say goodnight” Watson, John B. (1928). *Psychological Care of Infant and Child*, Arno Press. (cited 24 June 2018).

[←74]

High Tea (also known as meat tea): “is an early evening meal, typically eaten between 5pm and 7pm. ... typically consists of a hot dish such as fish and chips, shepherd’s pie, or macaroni cheese, followed by cakes and bread, butter and jam. Occasionally there would be cold cuts of meat, such as ham salad. Traditionally high tea was eaten by middle to upper class children (whose parents would have a more formal dinner later) or by labourers, miners and the like when they came home from work. The term was first used around 1825 ...” http://tea.wikia.com/wiki/High_tea (cited 6 July 2017).

[←75]

Cheapjack: a seller of cheap inferior goods, typically a hawker at a fair or market. <https://en.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/cheapjack> (cited 7 July 2017).

[←76]

Aperient: a drug used to relieve constipation. Early 17th century: from Latin. <https://en.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/aperient> (cited 7 July 2017).

[←77]

St Mary’s Church, Kirkby Lonsdale: “is Norman in origin, probably built between 1093 and 1130, although there was an old Saxon Church on the site before. ... represents a range of architectural styles, some dating from the early 12th century. The north aisle has

three magnificent Norman columns, similar to ones in Durham Cathedral, with a diamond pattern on the stone.”
<http://www.kirkbylonsdale.co.uk/discover-local-area/discover-kirkbylonsdale/things/55-st-mary-s-church> (cited 7 July 2017).

[←78]

“Brown Trout, Sea Trout and Salmon fishing along the River Lune, and its tributaries ... salmon generally appear from August.”
<http://www.tebayanglers.com> (cited 7 July 2017).

[←79]

Cupid and Psyche: “is a story originally from *Metamorphoses* (also called *The Golden Ass*), written in the 2nd century AD by Lucius Apuleius Madaurensis (or Platonicus). It concerns the overcoming of obstacles to the love between Psyche (“Soul” or “Breath of Life”) and Cupid (“Desire”) or Amor (“Love”), and their ultimate union in a sacred marriage. ... Since the rediscovery of Apuleius’s novel in the Renaissance, the reception of *Cupid and Psyche* in the classical tradition has been extensive. The story has been retold in poetry, drama, and opera, and depicted widely in painting, sculpture, and even wallpaper.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cupid_and_Psyche (cited 7 July 2017).

[←80]

The Image Garden, Reagill, Appleby-in-Westmorland, England Record Id.1834: “A small, rural, domestic 19th century terraced garden, built by the self-taught sculptor, painter and composer Thomas Bland for himself, and extensively ornamented with his own sculptures. ... The garden, surrounded by drystone walls, is laid largely to lawn with three terraces ... linked via several flights of stone steps set into the terrace banks. Niches and alcoves set into the walls were formerly filled by Bland with his own oil paintings. Some seventy of his stone sculptures (listed grade II) remain, scattered around the walls, some set on drystone block plinths. These garden ornaments include statues of Robert Burns, William Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, which were formerly flanked by bas-reliefs and paintings depicting scenes or characters from their novels, poems and plays, the compositions being known as ‘galleries’. Elsewhere on the terraces stand pedestals, urns and further statues of both humans and animals, including lions, dogs, a deer and a sphinx.” The National Heritage List for England: Register of Parks and Gardens Grade II Reference GD1661. <http://www.parksandgardens.org/places-and-people/site/1834?preview=1> (cited 7 July 2017).

[←81]

Philip Connard, CVO, RA, (1875-1958). "A British painter. Connard rose from humble origins to become an eminent artist in oils and watercolours whose commissions brought him royal recognition." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Philip_Connard (cited 7 July 2017).

[←82]

See Appendix 6. "The Derby Ram".

[←83]

Fishing on the River Lowther.
http://www.lakedistrictfishing.com/component/option,com_mtree/Itemid,8/link_id,127/task,viewlink/ (cited 11 August 2017).

[←84]

Hugh Cecil Lowther, 5th Earl of Lonsdale (1857-1944). "An English nobleman and sportsman. ... He inherited enormous wealth, derived from Cumberland coalmines, and owned 75,000 acres of land. ... He devoted his wealth to a life of ostentatious pleasure. ... helped to found Our Dumb Friends League (now Blue Cross) and was its chairman during the war. ... In 1935 he moved from Lowther Castle because he could no longer afford to live there." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hugh_Lowther,_5th_Earl_of_Lonsdale (cited 11 August 2017).

[←85]

Cess: means luck - usually used in the phrase '*bad cess to you*'. Chiefly Irish, first known use 1830. <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/cess> (cited 7 September 2017).

[←86]

A name given to Eve as a contact in Edinburgh. Francis Steuart (1872-1942) was a Scottish Advocate, genealogist and historian. He had four siblings. <https://www.abebooks.co.uk/book-search/author/archibald-francis-steuart-1872-1942-scottish-advocate-genealogist-and-historian-autograph-collecting/> https://www.myheritage.com/names/archibald_steuart (cited 31 August 2017).

[←87]

Wagiswara, W.D.C. & Saunders, K.J. (1920). *The Buddha's Way Of Virtue*, A Translation Of The Dhammapada From The Pali Text (1912). E.P. Dutton And Company, New York.

[←88]

Eve was not married until 16 July 1924.

[←89]

Dr Marie C.C. Stopes (1880–1958) a highly controversial British academic “became a leading 20th-century campaigner for women’s rights and birth control. She gained public attention in 1918 with the publication of her first book, *Married Love*. ... it discussed sexuality and birth control.”

<http://broughttolife.sciencemuseum.org.uk/broughttolife/people/marie-stopes> (cited 25 July 2019). A 1923 British silent drama film loosely based on the book *Married Love* was “a story specially written for the screen by Dr. Marie Stopes, D.Sc., PhD in collaboration with Captain Walter Summers.” <https://wfpp.cdcs.columbia.edu/pioneer/marie-stopes/> (cited 1 August 2019).

[←90]

Michael, the son of Eve and Graham.

[←91]

The Caledonian Hotel: “boasted 205 luxuriously appointed bedrooms in Louis XV-style decor and fine dining with exquisite views overlooking Edinburgh Castle. ... became the hotel of choice for the rich and famous on visits to Edinburgh. During the 20th century thousands of well-known faces would reside at the Caledonian including film stars, entertainers and royalty from across the globe. The hotel’s main restaurant, the Pompadour, has long been regarded as the grandest dining room in Scotland. ... There’s even the original station clock by Hamilton & Inches ... to this day it’s still set 5 minutes fast to help passengers catch their trains.” <https://www.scotsman.com/lifestyle/lost-edinburgh-the-caledonian-hotel-1-3129259> (cited 5 March 2018).

[←92]

Queen Margaret (c.1045–1093). “Margaret and her family fled to Scotland following the Norman conquest of England of 1066. Around 1070 Margaret married Malcolm III of Scotland ... In 1250 she was canonized by Pope Innocent IV. It was originally thought that St Margaret herself worshipped in this small chapel, but the style of the

architecture indicates that it was built during the reign of David I, her fourth son, who ruled from 1124–1153.”

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St_Margaret%27s_Chapel,_Edinburgh (cited 17 August 2017).

[←93]

The Black Rood of Scotland: “Saint Margaret ... is said to have brought the ‘Holy Rood’, a fragment of Christ’s cross, from Hungary or England to Scotland with her.”

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Holyrood_\(cross\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Holyrood_(cross)) (cited 18 August 2017).

[←94]

The Secret Museum of Naples: “is the collection of erotic art in Pompeii and Herculaneum, held in separate galleries in the National Archaeological Museum, Naples, Italy. ... Throughout ancient Pompeii and Herculaneum, erotic frescoes, depictions of the god Priapus, sexually explicit symbols and inscriptions, and even household items (such as phallic oil lamps) were found ... those deemed obscene and unsuitable for the general public were termed pornography and in 1821 they were locked away in a Secret Museum. ... The cabinet was only accessible to ‘people of mature age and respected morals’, which in practice meant only educated men. ... Re-opened, closed, re-opened again and then closed again for nearly 100 years, the secret room was briefly made accessible again at the end of the 1960s before being finally re-opened in 2000. Since 2005 the collection has been kept in a separate room in the Naples National Archaeological Museum.”

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Secret_Museum,_Naples (cited 22 February 2018).

[←95]

John Knox House: “is a historic house in Edinburgh, Scotland, reputed to have been owned and lived in by Protestant reformer John Knox during the 16th century. Although his name became associated with the house, he appears to have lived in Warriston Close where a plaque indicates the approximate site of his actual residence.”

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Knox_House (cited 17 August 2017).

[←96]

Grassmarket (located behind Edinburgh Castle): “Originally a marketplace for horse and cattle from the 14th century right up until the early 19th century, the Grassmarket was also renowned for its public executions.” <http://edinburgh.org/discover/explore-areas/grassmarket/> (cited 17 August 2017).

[←97]

Stirling Castle: “is one of the largest and most important castles in Scotland, both historically and architecturally. The castle sits atop Castle Hill, an intrusive crag, which forms part of the Stirling Sill geological formation. It is surrounded on three sides by steep cliffs, giving it a strong defensive position. Its strategic location, guarding what was, until the 1890s, the farthest downstream crossing of the River Forth, has made it an important fortification in the region from the earliest times. Most of the principal buildings of the castle date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. A few structures of the fourteenth century remain, Before the union with England, Stirling Castle was also one of the most used of the many Scottish royal residences, very much a palace as well as a fortress.”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stirling_Castle (cited 19 August 2017).

[←98]

The Church of the Holy Rude (or Rood): “was founded in 1129 but nothing of this early structure now remains due to a fire in 1405. ... earliest part of the present church dates from the 15th century. As such it is the second oldest building in Stirling after Stirling Castle, ... It is one of three churches still in use in Britain that have been the sites of coronations.”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Church_of_the_Holy_Rude (cited 19 August 2017).

[←99]

John Cowane (1570–1633) “was descended from a family of Stirling merchants ... He served on the town council, was elected Dean of Guild in 1624, and sat in the Parliament of Scotland from 1625–1632. ... He left sums of money to numerous charitable causes, including 500 merks to the Church of the Holy Rude. The largest bequest was the 40,000 merks which he left for the establishment of a hospital. ... In 1832 the building was pressed into service as an isolation hospital during a cholera epidemic ... alterations were made to the interior in 1852 to create a single large hall (The Guildhall). The exterior of the building remained unchanged.”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cowane%27s_Hospital (cited 19 August 2017).

[←100]

Unable to verify this.

[←101]

Blackness Castle: “is a 15th-century fortress, near the village of Blackness, Scotland, on the south shore of the Firth of Forth.”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blackness_Castle (cited 20 August 2017).

[←102]

Le Théâtre du Grand-Guignol ‘The Theatre of the Great Puppet’: “From 1897 to 1962, a small theater in Paris became famous for its grisly, terrifying plays. ... became a cultural fixture in Europe, and ultimately gave rise to horror as an entertainment genre.”
<http://www.missedinhistory.com/podcasts/grand-guignol.htm> (cited 20 August 2017).

[←103]

Rosslyn Chapel: “is a 15th-century church in the village of Roslin, seven miles from Edinburgh in Scotland. The chapel is famous both for its decorative art and its mysterious associations with the Knights Templar, the Holy Grail, and the Freemasons.” <http://www.sacred-destinations.com/scotland/rosslyn-chapel> (cited 20 August 2017).

[←104]

The Most Ancient and Most Puissant Order of the Beggar’s Benison and Merryland, Anstruther: “better known simply as The Beggar’s Benison, was a Scottish gentlemen’s club devoted to ‘the convivial celebration of male sexuality’. It was founded in 1732 in the town of Anstruther on the Firth of Forth and is often mentioned in descriptions of the libertine culture of 18th century Britain.”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Beggar%27s_Benison (cited 20 August 2017).

[←105]

Donations to the Museum: (9) By Lt.-Col. M. R. Canch-Kavanagh, late of the Black Watch, Grimblethorpe Hall, Lincoln. Medal of the Beggar’s Benison Club, with green silk ribbon. Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland 1922-1923 57:297.
<https://archive.org/details/in.ernet.dli.2015.530816> (cited 15 September 2017).

[←106]

Given the Sovereign’s response to Eve, at the end of the evening after their meeting, it is highly probable she decided to use subterfuge in order to secure an interview, by going to the meeting in breeches thereby taking advantage of her Brailsford experience (see diary, 5 August): “I gathered also that ... there was still a good deal of

uncertainty as to my sex. I supposed this was on account of the breeches I wore." Her unconventionality did confuse some people she met.

[←107]

Lt.-Col Canch-Kavanagh. "On 4 July 1921 a 'small gathering of gentleman' convened, place unknown, summoned by Lieutenant Colonel M.R. Canch Kavanagh, late of the Black Watch, member of the Conservative Club and the United Services Club in Edinburgh. They met to discuss the advisability of re-starting, or continuing, the Order of the Beggar's Benison. Those assembled unanimously agreed that this should be done." Stevenson, D. (2001). *The Beggar's Benison: Sex Clubs of Enlightenment Scotland and Their Rituals*. Tuckwell Press, Scotland, p.217.

[←108]

Information about the Society and its ceremonies is now in the public domain.

[←109]

David Stevenson discusses the rather confused body of Benison mythology around the club's origins. Stevenson, D. (2001). *The Beggar's Benison: Sex Clubs of Enlightenment Scotland and Their Rituals*. Tuckwell Press, Scotland, pp.8-17.

[←110]

"From 1732 to 1836 the eastern tip of Fife in Scotland was the home of the Beggar's Benison and Merryland, a club devoted to the convivial and obscene celebration of the idea of free sex, with side-lines in its early days of support for smuggling (free trade) and distinctly subversive political sentiments." Stevenson, D. (2001). *The Beggar's Benison: Sex Clubs of Enlightenment Scotland and Their Rituals*. Tuckwell Press, Scotland, p.1.

[←111]

When looking for evidence of how long the Beggar's Benison club had survived after its revival in 1921, David Stevenson came across "an intriguing anecdote relating to 1923. ... D.N. Brackenburt, an English gentleman visiting Edinburgh who had an interest in the occult and arcane, asked Arthur Edwards, assistant keeper at the National Museum ... about the Beggar's Benison. Edwards apparently had no information to offer, but then by chance Brackenburt met, in the library of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, a gentleman of

about sixty who solemnly assured him that the Benison still existed and flourished in Edinburgh. Indeed, it held annual fertility rites on the banks of the Forth. Finally, this informative gentleman revealed that he himself was sovereign of the Benison. Brackenbury, it seems, had stumbled on Canch Kavanagh – and the terms in which the sovereign spoke of his revived organization (if he can be trusted) may indicate something of what he saw the new Benison as being about.” Stevenson, D. (2001). *The Beggar’s Benison: Sex Clubs of Enlightenment Scotland and Their Rituals*. Tuckwell Press, Scotland, pp. 219-220. *[This anecdote must refer to Eve (D.N. Brackenbury). It was in 1923 that she met Mr Edwards and made enquiries about the ‘occult and arcane’, and it was Mr Edwards who introduced her to Canch-Kavanagh. It’s the fact she is mentioned as an ‘English gentleman’ and that Eve writes that Canch-Kavanagh belatedly, “... began to realise I was a woman” which leads me to believe she tried to mislead Canch-Kavanagh into thinking she was a male, in order that he would divulge the story of the Beggar’s Benison. It’s clear that the nature of the relationship between Mr Edwards and Canch-Kavanagh, and also theirs with Eve, was somewhat more familiar than that indicated by David Stevenson’s anecdote.]*

[←112]

Possibly the Prince of Wales, Edward VIII.

[←113]

The North British Hotel (now The Balmoral): “is a luxury five-star property and landmark in Edinburgh, Scotland. ... the hotel originally opened on 15 October 1902. ... Its traditional rival has always been The Caledonian Hotel at the west end of Princes Street.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Balmoral_Hotel (cited 23 August 2017). The hotel has hosted notable celebrity guests and royalty over the years.

[←114]

Records of The Beggar’s Benison (1892): this contains photos, records, customs, poems and essays. [http://www.horntip.com/html/books_&_MSS/1890s/1892_records_of_the_beggars_benison_and_supplement_\(HC\)/index.htm](http://www.horntip.com/html/books_&_MSS/1890s/1892_records_of_the_beggars_benison_and_supplement_(HC)/index.htm) (cited 5 February 2018).

[←115]

Hengler’s Circus: “was established by Charles Hengler and carried on by his son Albert. It opened in Glasgow in 1867 on the site of the former Prince’s Theatre in West Nile Street. ... it enjoyed ... success.

But its productions were expensive and when audiences dwindled in the face of competition from cinemas and other forms of entertainment, Hengler's was forced to close in 1924." <http://www.theglasgowstory.com/image/?inum=TGSA00290> (cited 23 August 2017).

[←116]

The Palace of Holyroodhouse: "commonly referred to as Holyrood Palace, ... the principal residence of the Kings and Queens of Scots since the 16th century." https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Holyrood_Palace (cited 23 August 2017).

[←117]

The term the girl used was actually 'niggers' and sadly this, and Eve's need to defend herself against accusations of perceived unacceptable, even immoral, behaviour represents the overt and accepted racial prejudice of the times.

[←118]

"Lavengro: The Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest (1851) is a work by George Borrow, falling somewhere between the genres of memoir and novel, which has long been considered a classic of 19th-century English literature. According to the author *lav-engro* is a Romany word meaning 'word master'." <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lavengro> (cited 24 August 2017).

[←119]

Four miles from Holy Island, Lindisfarne.

[←120]

Ashington: "developed from a small hamlet in the 1840s when the Duke of Portland built housing to encourage people escaping the Irish potato famine to come and work at his nearby collieries. As in many other parts of Britain, 'deep pit' coal mining in the area declined during the 1980s and 1990s leaving just one colliery, Ellington which closed in January 2005. ... During the heyday of coal-mining, Ashington was considered to be the 'world's largest coal-mining village'." <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ashington> (cited 29 June 2017). "In its heyday, ... the Ashington Coal Company employing more than 10,000 workers. You can still get a flavour of the old Ashington. Many of the old miners' cottages, row upon row of them, backed up against each other, are still standing ... The two old pitheads ... are still standing, ... many of the miners were working in tunnels no more than

2ft 6in high, some of them extending seven miles out to sea.”
<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/travel/destinations/europe/uk/northernengland/739746/When-coal-was-still-king.html> (cited 29 June 2017).

[←121]

Redding 1923, Extracts from Mine Inspectors Report: “On 25 September 1923 40 men were killed when Redding Colliery, near Falkirk, was inundated by water from old workings. – ‘*Falkirk, Oct. 4* – Five men were rescued alive from the Redding pit ... after 214 hours’ imprisonment or two hours short of nine days since the flood.’ – ‘Six more bodies were recovered at midnight on Wednesday from the Redding Pit ... There are still 19 bodies in the pit. [*The Times* 9 November 1923]’.” <http://www.scottishmining.co.uk/240.html> (cited 29 June 2017).

[←122]

St Mary’s Church, Whitby: “Located right next to the ruins of Whitby Abbey... The oldest parts, primarily the tower and basic structure, are Norman and date from around 1110 ... The interior is mostly 18th-century and contains one of the most complete sets of pre-Victorian furnishings in England. With stout tower and crenellated stone walls, St. Mary’s Church stands like a fortress against the elements on a windswept hilltop ... The nave is filled with box pews, some of which say ‘For Strangers Only.’... Above are galleries to seat more of the large congregation. The focus of the congregation’s attention is the triple-decker pulpit (1778), with candleholders and tester. Fixed to the back of the pulpit are two ear trumpets used by a 19th-century vicar’s wife who was hard of hearing.” <http://www.sacred-destinations.com/england/whitby-st-mary-church> (cited 30 June 2017).

[←123]

Pickering Church: “The parish church of St Peter and St Paul in the historic market town of Pickering is famous for its series of medieval wall paintings, which are easily among the best surviving medieval murals in the country.” <http://www.britainexpress.com/attractions.htm?attraction=4600> (cited 1 July 2017).

[←124]

Malton Castle: “A wooden motte and bailey castle was built by William Tyson, lord of Alnwick in the 11th century ... The castle was given to Eustace fitz John, who rebuilt it in stone. Eustace negotiated the delivery of the castle to King David I of Scotland in 1138 ... After the battle of Old Byland the castle was captured and destroyed by King Robert I of Scotland in 1322. The castle was not repaired and fell

into ruins.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Malton_Castle (cited 31 August 2017).

[←125]

The use of the word ‘husband’ is somewhat incongruous – she expects to have an argument with Graham and/or Hardy.

[←126]

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881). “... was a Scottish philosopher, satirical writer, essayist, translator, historian, mathematician, and teacher. Considered one of the most important social commentators of his time, he presented many lectures during his lifetime with certain acclaim in the Victorian era.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Carlyle (cited 27 April 2018).

[←127]

Cripple (a term in common use at this time): “The word cripple has long been in use ... and is recorded as early as AD 950. In the 20th century, the term acquired offensive connotations and has now been largely replaced by broader terms such as ‘disabled person’.” <https://en.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/us/cripple> (cited 6 March 2018).

[←128]

Pocklington to South Dalton is about 13 miles; then South Dalton to Beverley is about 6.2 miles.

[←129]

St Mary’s Church, Beverley: “a beautiful church ... founded in 1120. The foundations of that early Norman building can still be seen in places. ... best known for its beautifully carved pillars. One of the most famous of these is The Minstrel Pillar, ... shows 5 carved and richly painted figures of musicians standing atop the column capital. Another famous carving is found at the entrance to St Michael’s Chapel, where one of the pillars is decorated with a delightful carving of a rabbit dressed as a pilgrim. The rabbit carving dates to about 1330 and is thought to be the inspiration for Lewis Carroll’s White Rabbit in Alice in Wonderland. ...The choir stalls also date to 1445 and feature 28 beautifully carved misericords, including one of a Green Man and another depicting an elephant. ... a scene of bear baiting, a boar hunt...” <http://www.britainexpress.com/attractions.htm?attraction=4583> (cited 1 July 2017).

[←130]

The Hambone Club: “was one of the Soho clubs of the 1920s where flouting convention *was* the convention. Novelist and regular Ethel Mannin called the Hambone ‘chronically Bohemian’. And though 1920s flapper fashions didn’t percolate through the whole nation, if there was one place you’d find a knee frock, the bob and the Eton crop, it was the Hambone. ... Women at the bar casually ordered their own whiskies ... The venue was a microcosm of the inter-War years – the reckless twenties.” <https://www.timeout.com/london/blog/the-hambone-club-a-long-lost-soho-nightspot-reimagined-082415> (cited 1 July 2017).

[←131]

“The 1923 United Kingdom general election was held on Thursday 6 December ... Labour, led by Ramsay MacDonald, ... formed the first ever Labour government with tacit support from the Liberals. ... Being a minority, MacDonald’s government only lasted 10 months and another general election was held in October 1924.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_Kingdom_general_election,_1923 (cited 1 July 2017).

[←132]

Abbotsholme: “was founded by Scottish academic and educationist Cecil Reddie as an experiment for his progressive educational philosophies and theories. ... the school departed from the structure of the traditional public school in favour of a less rigid environment and more liberal education.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Abbotsholme_School (cited 1 July 2017).

[←133]

May refer to author Bruce Williams, his published work, ‘State Morality in International Relations’ 1923. https://books.google.co.nz/books/about/State_Morality_in_International_Relation.html?id=doB2NQEACAAJ&redir_esc=y (cited 28 August 2017).

[←134]

Edward Carpenter (1844-1929). “... was an English socialist poet, philosopher, anthologist, and early activist for rights for homosexuals.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edward_Carpenter (cited 6 March 2018). “From 1888 to 1889 Carpenter lived with Cecil Reddie, a Ruskin-inspired educationalist; they ... planned the pioneering and progressive Abbotsholme School in Derbyshire, which

opened in 1889 (*Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*).”
http://www.ucl.ac.uk/bloomsbury-project/institutions/fellowship_new_life.htm (cited 28 August 2017).

[←135]

John Haden Badley (1865–1967). “... was an English author, educator, and founder of Bedales School, which claims to have become the first coeducational public boarding school in England in 1893. ... Graduating from Cambridge with a first class classics degree in 1887, Badley heard about the plans for Reddie’s school ... went there and was instantly fascinated. He was, at the age of twenty-four, one of the first masters appointed, ... in January 1893, with the help of Oswald Powell they opened their school, Bedales, ... He claimed, in his own modesty, to owe much to Montessori, Pestalozzi, Fröbel and Dewey.”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Haden_Badley (cited 28 August 2017).

[←136]

‘If Winter Comes’: “is a lost 1923 American silent drama film. It is based on a novel ... by A.S.M. Hutchinson.”
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/If_Winter_Comes_\(1923_film\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/If_Winter_Comes_(1923_film)) (cited 28 April 2018). “*If Winter Comes*, was in many aspects ahead of its time, dealing with an unhappy marriage, eventual divorce, and an unwed mother who commits suicide. According to the New York Times, *If Winter Comes* was the best-selling book in the United States for all of 1922. The following year, Fox Film Corporation made it into a motion picture of the same name.”
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A._S._M._Hutchinson (cited 6 March 2018).

[←137]

Pon: derivation of ‘sit upon’, or buttocks. <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/sit-upon> (cited 7 February 2018).

[←138]

Six shillings in 1923 would be worth £16.22 in 2018.
<http://www.thisismoney.co.uk/money/bills/article-1633409/Historic-inflation-calculator-value-money-changed-1900.html> (cited 6 March 2018).

[←139]

The Lonely Unicorn (1922): by Alexander Raban ‘Alec’ Waugh (1898–1981), a British novelist, the elder brother of Evelyn Waugh.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alec_Waugh (cited 29 August 2017).

[←140]

Charles Burgess Fry (1872–1956): “known as C. B. Fry, was an English sportsman, politician, diplomat, academic, teacher, writer, editor and publisher, who is best remembered for his career as a cricketer.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/C._B._Fry (cited 29 August 2017).

[←141]

St Michael and All Angels parish church: “of 13th-century origin. There are monuments ... by the celebrated London sculptor, Charles Regnart.” <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Farthinghoe> (cited 29 August 2017).

[←142]

These would be the common frog *Rana temporaria*, that can breed in southern Britain as early as November or December. T. Beebee and R. Griffiths “Amphibians and Reptiles”, *New Naturalists* 2000, Harper Collins.

[←143]

The King’s Head Inn: “is one of the oldest public houses with a coaching yard in the south of England. It is located in the Market Square, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, and is a Grade II Listed Building. The oldest part of the current structure of the building is of 15th-century design; however, the cellars are much older, dating back to the 13th century, and may have been part of the local friary.” https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/King%27s_Head_Inn,_Aylesbury (cited 29 August 2017).

[←144]

Irwin H.J. (1987). Charles Bailey: A Biographical Study of the Australian Apport Medium. *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, London 54: 97.

[←145]

Direct Voice: ... direct voice is the voice of spirit produced without using the medium’s vocal chords. Direct voice may come from the trumpet, from the cabinet independent of the medium, or from anywhere in the room.”

<https://encyclopedia2.thefreedictionary.com/Direct+Voice> (cited 12 July 2018).

[←146]

E.R. Dodds 1893–1979. “In 1912, Dodds won a scholarship at University College, Oxford to read classics, ... and was awarded a first class degree ... In 1936, Dodds became Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Oxford, succeeding Gilbert Murray. ... Dodds had a lifelong interest in mysticism and psychic research, being a member of the council of the Society for Psychical Research from 1927 and its president from 1961 to 1963.”

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/E._R._Dodds (cited 15 July 2017).

[←147]

Dodds, E.R. (1977). *Missing Persons: An Autobiography*, Oxford University Press, pp.101,102. ISBN 0-19-812086-9 (cited 9 July 2017).

[←148]

Albert Freiherr von Schrenck-Notzing (1862–1929). “...was a German physician, psychiatrist and notable psychical researcher, who devoted his time to the study of paranormal events connected with mediumship, hypnotism and telepathy. He investigated Spiritualist mediums such as Willi Schneider, Rudi Schneider, and Valentine Dencausse. He is credited as the first forensic psychologist by Guinness World Records.”

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Albert_von_Schrenck-Notzing (cited 15 July 2017).

[←149]

The Mediumship of Willi and Rudi Schneider:
<http://www.harrypricewebsite.co.uk/Seance/Schneider/schneider-fodor.htm> (cited 30 November 2017).

[←150]

West D.J. (1949). The Identity of ‘Jack the Ripper’: An Examination of an Alleged Psychic Solution. *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*. 35: 76.

[←151]

Guardian of the Great: A brief biography of E.T. Woodhall, Author of *Jack the Ripper or When London Walked in Terror*. Andy Aliffe –

February 1997. <https://www.casebook.org/dissertations/rip-woodhall.html> (cited 12 July 2018).